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VOL. LXXVII

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THE DIARY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

[THE following is copied literally from the original Diary kept by Private John Timewell, of the 43rd Light Infantry, during the campaigns in the Peninsula between 1809 and 1814. Some necessary alterations have been made in the punctuation (or rather lack of punctuation) and in the spelling, except in the case of the names of places, which have been spelled throughout as Timewell wrote them; it has been thought prudent, however, in these instances to supply an interpretation, which the reader will not perhaps be disposed to call superfluous.

The Diary is written in a small book measuring about six inches by four, and containing fifty-six pages, stitched into a parchment cover, superscribed, *1st Battn., 43rd, Capt. Sherwin's Company, No. 6. Privt. Jno. Tymon, his Book.* Two-thirds of the diary are devoted to the Peninsular War, the remainder containing a description of the disastrous campaign of New Orleans in 1814, in which the 43rd Light Infantry took part.

John Timewell was born in 1782, and the first document relating to his career which has come into my possession is his baptismal certificate, whereby it appears that he was the son of Joan Timewell, and was baptised in Milverton Church, Somerset, on October 10th, 1782. Mrs. Timewell, according to a note made on one of the papers sent to me, lived to the ripe age of one hundred and four, whereas her son died when only sixty-eight "through the hardships he underwent, not in bed for seven years."

Timewell enlisted in the 43rd Light Infantry, some time in 1802-3, under the name of *Tymon;* and he is thus described in his Chelsea documents, although he himself signs his name as *Timon.*

The Diary, as a whole, is extremely accurate, both as regards dates and the facts narrated. Exception, however, must be taken to his statements of losses in the various battles he took part in; these he takes especial pleasure in giving with the utmost precision to the last unit, even in cases where Napier has guardedly contented himself with the averment that they must have amounted to "close on a thousand," or "about three thousand." His reasons for some of the Great Duke's most profound strategical dispositions afford interesting examples of the way in which the men in the ranks endeavour to account for their marches and countermarches. These reasons, as well as the somewhat startling orders he chronicles as having been received from time to time, will of course not be taken any more seriously than his severe aspersions on the conduct of several gallant regiments.

The Diary begins in 1809 with an account of the famous forced march of the Light Division to Talavera, followed in 1810 by the Combat of the Coa and subsequent retreat to Portugal.

The gallant attempt of the French to storm the heights of Busaco, and the overwhelming charge of Craufurd's Division, so magnificently described by Napier, are recounted by Timewell in words which give a good idea of the share of the Light Division in the fight, and of a private soldier's impressions of the supreme moment when, in the words of Napier, "a horrid shout startled the French column, and eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill."

Then follow the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras and Massena's fruitless attempt to force them. The campaign

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of 1811 is given in detail with the various sharp fights which marked Massena's retreat, commencing with Pombal (styled Bumball by our friend).

The success of the British arms at the memorable battle of Fuentes d'Onor is, quaintly enough, ascribed by Timewell to the fact that "God was King that day."

The campaign of 1812 comes next with the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and I question whether any more fitting epitaph on the heroic Craufurd, or one more descriptive of the feelings of the Light Division for their stern chief, has been written than by this private soldier: "We lost our noble General Craufurd, *who was afraid of no French man.*"

The storming of Badajos evidently made a great impression on Timewell, and he speaks feelingly of the "amends for the sufferings of the dreadful night" which they experienced by sacking the unfortunate town, into which "they rushed like lions—*sparing nothing.*"

The portion of the Diary dealing with the manœuvring about Salamanca is somewhat involved, and it is evident that the incessant marching and countermarching of that period was too much for Private Timewell; he, however, recovers himself at Madrid, although his reasons for Lord Wellington's retreat from that place will probably be new to most students of military history.

In the campaign of 1813 he is very much to the front again, and describes with enthusiasm the loot which fell into the soldiers' hands after Vittoria, and how they took "Napoleon's Lady" (!) and were "very near taking Nap [presumably King Joseph] himself"! His description of the fighting in the Pyrenees is rather difficult to follow, and due allowance may be made for this, considering what wild work it was. Timewell, however, seems to have shared in the two combats of Vera, and in the passages of the Bidassoa, Nivelle, and Nive, winding up with the action of Tarbes and the battle of Toulouse; soon after which the army received the "joyful news of peace."]

JOHN TIMON'S PASSAGES THROUGH THE CONTINENT.

We received orders to march from Colchester to Harrige (Harwich) on the first day of June, 1809, and embarked for Lisbon with a fair and prosperous gale; nothing extra during the passage.

We landed on the 3rd July at Santarane (Santarem), eight leagues from Lisbon, and remained there for three days, when we got orders for to advance to Castle a Brank (Castello Branco). Forced march from that [place] to Talavera in Spain. Fifteen leagues we marched in twenty-four hours, which is sixty English miles, and never a drop of water all the way, only a hole we spied in a field about twelve at night. We drank it very hearty; when daylight appeared there was all sorts of dead animals in the same hole and [the water] as white as milk.

Forced March of the Light Division, 28th-9th July, 1809.

We arrived at Talavera on the 29th July, but the battle was over. Then we were ordered on duty as piquet, and remained several days till they could bury the dead, and of wounded there was a great number. The dead bodies was gathered in great heaps and burned, for the smell was so great that no soldier could stand it.

The forces of the enemy being so superior to ours, and for want of provisions, we were forced to retreat, and had no provisions, to a place they called Lascases (Las Casas), in Portungale (Portugal), and [there] we remained for seven days. The price of 3 lbs. of bread at this place was 4s. 6d.; we had 2 lbs. of beef for three men for one day, without salt, and nothing else.

Then we got orders to march as quick as possible, for the enemy was almost surrounding us, to a place they call Castell De Vido (Castello Vido), sometimes receiving rations and sometimes none, hundreds dying on the road for want. We would get 2 oz. of wheat, 2 oz. of peas, 1 oz. of rice, 2 oz. of beans, and was happy when we got that small allowance.

We retreated from that to Camp

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Mayo (Campo Mayor), and remained there for eleven weeks, very comfortable ; we got our rations very regular.

Then our route came on the 9th May, and we marched down all Portungale (Portugal), to a place they call Almeda (Almeida), a garrison town, and encamped about a quarter of a mile from the same.

On the 23rd July, 1810, and when night came on, it began the most terrible rain and thunder that I think ever came from the heavens, and having no tents, nothing but the open fields, next morning we were most pitiful creatures to be seen, all running [with] wet. We fell in to be mustered on the plain, and had mustered two companies when orders came that twenty thousand of the French were just at hand and was making for the bridge. Then we made all speed to get there before them, their shot coming as hail from their small-arms, and our force was only the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, and the 1st and 3rd Casidores (Caçadores) of the Portuguese. We fought from five in the morning to six in the afternoon ; they charged the Brigade three times, but was always repulsed with a great loss. We lost our Colonel, Hull, and 11 officers, 276 men killed and 96 wounded of the 43rd, and the other regiments was equal [in their losses] ; the French lost about 1,500.[1] You may think [of] our condition after the horrid night, and then was obliged to retire all night to Castenia (Castanheira), and there we destroyed all our stores to hinder them to fall into the hands of the enemy. We still continued our retreat to a place they called Mount Saca (Busaco). Then the French came down on us in great numbers not knowing that Lord Wellington had any great number of troops, but they were greatly mistaken. On the 27th September, 1810, we formed our lines for battle, which reached four leagues, that is, sixteen miles, and then the 95th regiment[1] was sent out to scrimage (skirmish), and our British cannons roaring like thunder. Dreadful was the slaughter made among the French, when our British heroes gave them a charge, they fell as thick as hail ; we drove them from our guns down a large hill into their own lines in great confusion, many thousands lying behind.

Combat of the Coa, 24th July, 1810.

Battle of Busaco, 27th September, 1810.

This engagement held for two days, the loss of the French was 6,430 [and] of the British 4,729.[2] But the next morning, the French getting round our right flank, for their number was three to one, we [were] forced to retreat to Alenca (Alemquer). It being a very foggy day, they came on us when we were cooking, and [we] had to leave all behind us, and they took a great number of us prisoners. We had to be on the run all that night, forcing the inhabitants to fly with us, to hinder them to give the French provisions, and many a brave soldier [was] walking half dressed, not having time to put them on.

This retreat was to Ruda (Arruda) heights. This mountain we remained on encamped for six weeks, and it reaches from the river Tegas (Tagus) to the sea, where we made strong works [so] that all the force of the French could not hurt us, though they tried several times, but all was in vain.

The Lines of Torres Vedras, 1810.

But on account of an order from Lord Wellington to the inhabitants to leave their houses, the French was forced to retreat for want of rations as far as Santaran (Santarem). The

[1] The British loss was 272, Portuguese 44, and French over 1,000.—*Napier.*

[1] Now the Rifle Brigade.

[2] Allies' loss, 1,300 ; French 4,500. — *Napier.*

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intelligence of the French [retreat] came to Lord Wellington in the close of the evening of the 3rd October, 1810. Then we followed them to Santarem, they getting the bridge before us and planting heavy guns to hinder us to cross, and to ford it was impossible.

Then we were told off to cantonments at the Quinta for two months, planting strong outlying piquets every morning, two hours before daylight, them at one end of the bridge and us at the other.

Retreat of Massena.

Provisions began to be hard with the French and they were forced to retire, no inhabitants to give them any relief, and leaving on the bridge a straw sentry about the hour of twelve at night. Our sentries soon found it out and made the alarm; then immediately the blockading of the bridge was cleared off and us after them.

We found in their houses, as we passed through, horses hanging up, dressed as same as bullocks for their victuals, and Indian corn made in porridge.

Skirmish at Pombal, 11th March, 1811.

We followed as far as the plains of Bumball (Pombal) where they were ready to receive the British; but as soon as the English steel made among them, off they went like deers, leaving many thousands behind both killed and wounded, besides a great number of ammunition-wagons and guns.

Combat of the Redinha, 12th March, 1811.

In two days' time we fell in with them again on the plains of Conditia (Condeixa) in the morning, and before evening [we] took 3,000 prisoners and a great number of officers' baggage. The plain next morning was covered with English and French soldiers, stripped naked, some not dead.

Action of Sabugal, 3rd April, 1811.

We still pursuing them as far as Savagal (Sabugal), on the 3rd April, 1811, in the morning at five we crossed a large river [the Coa]. Then they opened the fire from their guns on us; but we advanced through smoke and fire up the hill, and in forty-five minutes was in the French lines. In spite of all their shot and shell we charged their cannon three times. The first time the 43rd Light Infantry had the honour to take two guns, one howitzer, but with a great loss.

The enemy's wounded that lay on the ground they burned before they would let them fall in the hands of the Portuguese. The number [that] engaged us that day was 21,000, and our Division, that is, the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, two Portuguese regiments, Captain Ross's Flying Artillery, and King's 1st German Light Dragoons, all only mounted to 7,000 men; and those 21,000 men was the rearguard of the French army that could not get out of the way. The loss of the French that day was 3,000 killed and wounded, 2,000 prisoners and many mules of officers' baggage. Our loss was very great, out of only a handfull, 2,099 rank and file, 27 sergeants and 15 officers.[1]

Then they made to a garrison town in Spain, the name of Roderigo (Ciudad Rodrigo). Leaving 2,000 to keep the garrison of Almeda till the rest could get away, there we halted for ten days. Then the whole of the French joined, which consisted of 150,000. Coming early one morning on us in camp, and our whole strength of British and Portuguese was only 80,000, [they] drove us out of our camp and we went as far as Fountis De Nor (Fuentes d'Onor).

[1] British loss, 200; French, 1,500.—*Napier.*

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Combat of Fuentes d'Onor, 2nd May, 1811.

Then Lord Wellington formed his lines for battle. We then began on the 2nd of May in the morning, very hot on both sides from daylight to dark at night. Then they and us drew back to daylight and morning. But God was King that day! We totally defeated them; the plains was horrid to see, covered with killed and wounded, them crying for mercy from the Portuguese. They lost that day 4,000 killed in the field, 1,520 wounded, and 500 prisoners. The British and Portuguese loss was 3,600 killed and wounded.[1] They retreated in great confusion, not being able to accomplish the design of releasing them out of the garrison town of Roderigo.

About three nights after the engagement there was two strong regiments sent to watch them from getting out [of Almeida], the 4th, or King's, and 2nd, or Queen's, Regiment; and through neglect of those two regiments the French made their escape [by] the crossing at Barbry Pork (Barba del Puerco) where their main body lay. A great number was drowned, and a great number of prisoners was taken that missed their way. The Colonel of the 4th, or King's Own, shot himself; the Colonel of the 2nd, or Queen's, resigned his commission on account of the neglect of their regiments.[2]

Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, January, 1812.

Then we advanced as far as Roderigo to begin the siege. On the night of the 7th of January [we] begun the works, the weather being very cold with frost and snow. We had to cross a river every morning up to our middle, the ice fit to cut us in two, and remain working in that condition for twelve hours under the heavy shot from the town, where many a brave soldier was killed.

On the 19th January the Light and 4th Divisions had orders to be in readiness at the hour of nine o'clock at night for the storming of the town. We begun the assault, and made the town in two hours, but with great slaughter. The elements appeared to be on fire for that time from their guns. We entered like lions, took 1,500 prisoners, and had orders to kill man, woman and child, but the English is more generous.[1]

Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, 19th January, 1812.

We lost our noble General Crawford (Craufurd) who was afraid of no French man.

The 43rd Regiment lost in that two hours eight officers, 255 killed, 109 wounded, and all other regiments nearly the same.

We halted in a small village, two leagues from the town, for eight days. Then we received orders to march for another garrison in Spain, about two hundred miles, the name is Badahos

[1] Allies' loss, 1,500; French near 5,000, of which 300 were prisoners.—*Napier.*

[2] In the diary of an officer of my regiment, which I have by me, the following account of this unfortunate business occurs. "The French could never have escaped had it not been for an accident in Sir William Erskine not sending an order in time to Colonel Bevan, which caused him to be too late at Barba del Puerco with his regiment. Poor Bevan was censured by Lord Wellington, which circumstance preyed so much on his mind, knowing that he had done his duty, that he blew his brains out. The order alluded to was sent from Head Quarters by Lord Wellington's direction, and Sir William Erskine forgot to forward it, and literally, after the business was over, found the document in his pocket." The following squib was current in the Light Division at the time:

The Lion went to sleep,
And the Lambs were at play;
The Eagle spread his wings,
And from Almeida flew away.

The crest of the 4th Regiment is a lion, and of the 2nd a lamb.

[1] Private Timewell, it is hardly necessary to say, must have evolved these "orders" out of his own imagination, or have derived them from his comrades.

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(Badajoz), and had several skirmishes with them on the way.

At length we arrived on the ground, and on the 16th March, 1812, had orders for another siege; and on the 17th, at night, the Light Division opened the ground in front of the garrison, under heavy fire from their guns; and we ended the works on the 5th April, all this time under the fire of their heavy guns. And many a brave soldier fell at those works.

Storming of Badajoz, 6th April, 1812.

On the 6th, at the hour of nine at night, the 3rd, 4th, 5th and Light Divisions received orders for the storming. It then began and held to two in the morning. We were beat back twice, but the third time made it good, but with a great slaughter. We lost our noble Colonel McCloud (Macleod), which every soldier much lamented his loss, for he was a father to them, besides 14 officers, 10 serjeants, 425 killed and wounded, in the 43rd Regiment.[1] The elements appeared in flames; during that time it was the Providence of God that any man escaped that dreadful siege.

The next morning it was a most dismal sight to behold, some wanting legs, some arms and heads, some drowned; and to hear the cries of those brave soldiers for a drop of water, it would have melted the heart [of] stone.

Then Lord Wellington give orders for every soldier to have four hours' plunder in the town.[2] They rushed in like lions, sparing nothing before them, and took money, clothes, victuals and drink, which made them amends for the sufferings of the dreadful night.

The prisoners we took in the town was 2,530; and the loss of the British and Portuguese that night was 3,790, besides what fell in the works.

We halted for a few days to bury the dead and remove the wounded, then came [on] as far as Campmao (Campo Mayor). [We] remained there one night; next morning [we] begun our march down Portungale (Portugal) and they advanced after us to Salamanca with their whole forces.

Then we received orders to cross the river (Tormes) and to attack two forts [Forts San Vincente and San Cajetano] that was in the town, but the fortification they had made we could not touch it; but we starved them out.

Then we advanced to Rueda, within eight leagues of Madrid.[1] There the enemy received a reinforcement; on account of the Spaniards giving way we were obliged to retire, on account of superior numbers and turning our right flank. We made a halt for a few minutes to get a little water, the road being so very dusty and the weather so warm that the men were almost choked; but the enemy coming so rapid down, we could not get a single drop, which caused a number of prisoners to be taken.

Combat of Castrejon, near Rueda, 18th July, 1812.

We had an engagement at Fraka (Castrejon), but could not do any good. The 11th Light Dragoons was ordered to make a charge, but them failing, Lord Wellington and his whole staff was forced to fight themselves.[2]

[1] The 43rd and 52nd alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the Third Division (about 600).—*Napier.*

[2] Another of Private Timewell's imaginary "orders." Unfortunately the sacking of Badajos lasted for two days and two nights, despite the fact that (in the words of Napier) "hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop violence."

[1] Over eighty miles from Madrid, and about twenty from Valladolid which is probably meant.

[2] This incident, mentioned by Napier, is vividly described by Sir John Kincaid (in his ADVENTURES IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE), who was a subaltern in charge of a piquet of the 95th Rifles at the very spot where it

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We then retired as far as Salamanca and lay there for a few days. Then we received orders on 18th June (22nd July) for a general engagement, which begun about five in the morning and held till setting sun. There the brave Wellington gave them a total defeat. In the evening the Light Division was ordered to pursue a heavy column to daylight, but could not fall in with them. The remainder of the French was all this time on the retreat; the total loss of the French that day was 21,000 killed and taken prisoners. The loss to the British, Portuguese and Spaniards was 11,000 killed, 2,213 wounded.[1]

Battle of Salamanca, 22nd July, 1812.

Then fresh orders was for us to advance again as far as Madrid, where we lay for four months and the French retired to Burgus (Burgos) for their winter quarters.

Then we received orders to advance to Burgus Castle to take it by storm, but before we reached there, the French blew it up, which was good news for us. Then we were forced to retire by the misconduct of the Guards selling their ammunition and the Spaniards giving way.[2] We retired as far as Tammas (Alba de Tormes); there we encamped that night in a large wood and very swampy ground. Early next morning, the enemy coming on so rapid, we were forced to retire in square for three miles to resist their cavalry, rushing out of the wood on us in heavy columns. But in a short [time] their infantry and artillery appeared as motes in the sun. They drove us down a very steep hill, their guns playing on us all the time, and at the bottom of the hill there was two large rivers to cross. We forded them up to [the] middle in very cold weather and remained all night in that deplorable condition, and not a morsel to put in our mouths, only the

Combat on the Huebra, near San Munoz, 17th November, 1812.

took place. "All at once there arose, behind the rising ground to my left, a yell of most terrific import . . . and seeing a broad deep ditch within a hundred yards, I lost no time in placing it between my piquet and the extraordinary sound. I had scarcely effected this movement, when Lord Wellington with his staff, and a cloud of French and English dragoons and Horse-Artillery intermixed, came over the hill at full cry, and all hammering at one another's heads in one confused mass, over the very ground I had that instant quitted. It appeared that his lordship had gone there to reconnoitre, covered by two guns and two squadrons of cavalry, who, by some accident, were surprised, and charged by a superior body of the enemy and sent tumbling in on us in the manner described. A piquet of the 43rd had formed on our right, and we were obliged to remain passive spectators of such an extraordinary scene going on within a few yards of us, as we could not fire without an equal chance of shooting some of our own side. Lord Wellington and his staff, with the two guns, took shelter for a moment behind us, while the cavalry went sweeping along our front, where, I suppose, they picked up some reinforcement, for they returned, almost instantly, in the same confused mass, but the French were now the flyers. . . I was highly interested, all this time, in observing the distinguished characters which this unlooked-for *turn-up* had assembled around us. Marshal Beresford and the greater part of the staff remained with their swords drawn, and the Duke himself did not look more than half pleased, while he silently despatched some of them with orders. General Alten, with his huge German orderly dragoon, with their swords drawn, cursed the whole time to a very large amount, but as it was in German I had not the full benefit of it." In all probability, Private Timewell was one of the 43rd piquet mentioned by Kincaid.

[1] French loss in operations about Salamanca, 12,500; Allies' loss, 6,000.—*Napier.*

[2] A curious example of the extraordinary rumours which obtain credence among the rank and file of an army in the field. As a matter of fact, Wellington's line of communications being threatened, he was forced to raise the siege of Burgos and retreat "after five assaults, several sallies, and thirty-three days' investment, during which the besiegers lost more than two thousand men."—*Napier.* No one will need to be told that the "misconduct of the Guards" is another invention; but it is a good example of the reasons assigned by soldiers for strategical operations.

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oack corns (acorns) we gathered from the trees. They took most of our sick and several women prisoners. We had two officers wounded, four men killed, and the 20th Regiment of Portuguese was mostly all taken, not being [able] to keep up for want of provisions; this was five days wanting bread. Then early next morning we marched to Roderigo (along) most cruel roads, over ploughed fields up to our middle in dirt, barefooted and hungry bellies; you may judge our condition.

When we came to Roderigo, we had a day's biscuit; it was a glorious sight after being so long wanting. Here the French came no farther. Then we went to a town two leagues farther; the name is Galagus (Gallegos). Remained there six months, very comfortable.

On the 20th May, 1813, the whole of the British got orders to advance, and on the 21st, in the morning, marched, falling in with the enemy very often and having a few scrimages; but on the 20th of June we came to Victora (Vittoria) and in the morning of the 21st about four o'clock begun the action.

They had 190 pieces of cannon playing on us. Tremendous was the fire from their guns and musketry; the elements appeared in smoke and fire. We took Napoleon's Lady and all her equipage, and were very near taking Nap. himself, two of our dragoons riding up to him; but he was rescued by a squadron of the French, who got him away.[1]

This battle held from four in the morning till setting sun, the longest day in all the year. We took six waggons of money, forty of shoes and all the provisions they had for 250,000 men, clothing, officers' baggage, and other stores, besides 190 pieces of cannon.

Most horrid was it to be seen next morning, the plains covered with killed and wounded of both sides, both man and horse. The loss of the French was computed 9,716 killed, 6,019 wounded, and 17,000 prisoners.[1]

That was a glorious day, and gave them a fatal blow which made these take to the mountains like so many goats, without arms or accoutrements. They left in Pampeloney (Pampeluna) 10,000, the rest made good their retreat to the Pyronees mountains.

Then the [soldiers] left in Pampeloney was forced to kill the cavalry horses for [want] of provisions, thinking they would be set free, which the French [tried] several times but never could succeed. They gave themselves up prisoners of war; the loss of the French at Victoria (Vittoria) was 42,776.

We received orders to advance to the mountains after them; these mountains goes by the river Vera. The British encamped on one side and them on the other; they kept there for three days, but we routed them with a great loss. They made then to the highest mountain in Urup (Europe) which goes by the name Laron (L'Arrhune). There they made strong works, and us finding outlying piquets every day in it. I never suffered so much cold and hardships as was there; nothing to shelter us from the cold, and being so very high.

Second Combat of Vera, 7th October.

Here we stopped six weeks. We received orders on 9th October to advance and drive them [from] their works, and on the morning of the 10th made the attack. In this attack we suffered much. We drove them into France to a place they call Arance (Aurantz).

[1] General Gazan's wife was taken, but sent back in her carriage under an escort.—*Journal of Lieut. Simmons, 95th Rifles.* "Nap." is of course King Joseph.

[1] French loss 6,000; Allies' loss 5,176. —*Napier.*

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There the French remained and us remained for two months, finding strong outlying piquets every day; their sentries in one side of the field and us in the other, our piquets and them scrimaging every night. Never did I spend a more happy Christmas night than we had there.

Battle of the Nive and Combat of Arcangues, 9th-13th December, 1813.

But the French got a reinforcement and drove us to a large chapel.[1] There we kept our ground and went to work to fortify it night and day for six days. We had most laborious fatigues, digging [among] the corpses and the head-stones to shelter [us] from the shot of the enemy; drinking the water out of the graves, for we could get no other relief.

Then orders went to Lord Wellington of the deplorable situation of the Light Division. He sent a reinforcement to us; then we advanced on their piquets and drove them as far as Bayouhn (Bayonne). There they made another stand for seven days, but we made round their right flank [and] took them unawares with all their tents and stores and made 700 prisoners, without firing a shot.

Combat of Tarbes, 20th March, 1814.

Then off they went as far as Tarbes, falling in with them again on the 20th March—had another battle — but the British steel made them fly as far as Tolouse (Toulouse) leaving 300 killed, 157 wounded, 1,000 prisoners, besides all the officers' baggage, which was a very good prize. We followed them as far as the Sand village (Samatan) two leagues from Tolouse; there we halted for ten days. The inhabitants of the village all was fled when we came to it. There we had puncheons of wine in every house, as good as you pay in England five shillings a bottle. If you had but seen the soldiers in glory there with fifty glasses on their table all full from morning to night, and even washed potatoes in it, it was so plenty.

On the 2nd April, about the hour of twelve at night, our route come for Tolouse, where we arrived at daybreak and encamped for two days about two miles from the town. The morning following the Spaniards came up; their strength was 10,000 chosen men for the engagement. They remained in camp to Easter Sunday 10th April, 1813 [1814], when at six in the morning the battle begun with the Spaniards and French till midday. But the Spaniards was beat back twice, though they fought like lions for seven hours. But the General of the Spaniards, seeing these brave soldiers fall in such numbers, that he went to Lord Wellington for a division or two of the British which was granted in a instant. Then they made a most desperate charge, fearing nothing, [and] made the French to leave their works in the greatest confusion, leaving many thousands behind, killed and wounded.

Battle of Toulouse, 10th April, 1814.

The loss of those brave Spaniards that seven hours they were engaged [was] 4,732 killed, 700 wounded. The English [lost] 2,520 killed, 964 wounded. The French lost in the works 6,000 killed and wounded; 8,000 prisoners was taken, 2,552 taken in a fort a small distant from Tolouse.[1] The engagement held from six in the morning to four in the afternoon. This was the total defeat [at the end] of [the] long and tedious war of Bonapart.

Then the French retreated ten leagues from Tolouse and the British halted three days to get refreshment, and well they were used.

[1] Chapel of Arcangues, occupied by the 43rd during the combat.

[1] Spanish loss, 2,000; English 2,659; French about 3,000.—*Napier.*

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Then orders came for us to advance after them again, but we only [were] about five leagues on the march when the dragoon [1] came to General Alten with the joyful news of peace between France and England. This was the joyful news for the whole army, to think hardships was at an end. Then we returned to Tolouse and remained there for eleven days; never was men used better than the inhabitants done to the English soldiers.

Then we received orders to march to Mountage (Montégut), where we stopped for two months in quarters; the friendliest people I met with in all my travels; never was soldiers used half so well in England. A loaf of ration bread in this town was 76 lbs. and white as your quartern loaves in England.

Then we got the route for Blamford (Blanquefort). We remained there for twelve days in camp, and in this camp a bottle of brandy was only tenpence, one pint of wine twopence halfpenny, and seven pound of bread fivepence.

Orders came for our embarkation for England. We then marched to Conahac (Canténac) and embarked on board His Majesty's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, of 120 guns. Was on board for eleven days, very comfortable and nothing extra during our passage. We landed at Plymouth and went into quarters. This gives you a small sketch of my travels through the Continent.

[Here the Peninsular diary ends, and with it our knowledge of John Timewell's "Passages through the Continent."

In October following, he accompanied the 43rd to America and served throughout the campaign of New Orleans, returning to England in June of the following year. Twelve days afterwards he embarked with the 43rd for Holland and disembarked at Ostend on the day Waterloo was fought. He reached Paris on 7th July and the last entry in his diary is on the 24th of that month when he notes he was "Reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, Empiour of Rusha, King of Prusha, and the Empiour of Astria!"

In September, 1816, he was discharged from the service on account of ophthalmia, and granted by a grateful country a pension of sixpence per day! In his discharge documents he is described as being five feet four inches in height. Thirty-two years later he was one of the survivors of the Peninsular campaigns who received the long-deferred General Service medal for the Great War.]

[1] The English Colonel, Cooke, and French Colonel, St. Simon, who arrived from Paris with the news of the abdication of Napoleon.

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THE MEETING OF HORACE AND VIRGIL.[1]

THE close friendship of two great poets, like Horace and Virgil, is always a subject of interest to their readers; and the prominence which Horace gives to Virgil in his poems is one of those pleasing features which have endeared the younger of the two great contemporaries to posterity, and inspire in us a more direct and personal liking for him than for any other poet of antiquity. The friend of Virgil is the friend of us all. He styles Virgil "my soul's dear half" (ODES, I. iii. 8); he names him among those three

> Men than whom on earth
> I know none dearer, none of purer worth. (SAT. I., v. 41.)[2]

In the list of the friends who are at once his consolation and his pride, he brackets Virgil along with Mæcenas (SAT. I., x. 81). A meeting with Virgil by the way is a memory for ever:

> O what a hand-shaking! while sense abides
> A friend to me is worth the world besides. (SAT. I., v. 43.)

He calls him "best Virgil" (SAT. I., vi. 55), best of poets and of friends; and, long before the composition of the Æneid was begun,

> The muse that loves the woodland and the farm,
> To Virgil lent her gayest, tenderest charm. (SAT. I., x. 45.)

The character of Virgil's poems was not so favourable to preserving the memory of his private friendships, for he did not know Horace during the early years when he was writing that more personal kind of poetry, of which some specimens, possibly all he ever permitted to go before the public eye, are preserved in the book called CATALEPTON. In the Æneid or the Georgics the name of Horace could hardly be introduced. There is no assurance that any of the Eclogues were composed after the first meeting of the two poets. I think, however, that we can find in this book traces of the impression that Horace's early work made on Virgil, delicately veiled indeed, and showing not personal friendship, which had probably not begun, but merely the recognition of poetic merit alone with a frank statement of differing judgment on the burning political question of the time, —a question of such transcendent importance that no Roman could stand apart from it, or contemplate it from the cold heights of artistic isolation, as Goethe gazed on the growth of the Germanic feeling of freedom and unity.

As to the exact time when their acquaintance began nothing is recorded. It was before the summer of 38 B.C., for about that time Virgil introduced Horace to Mæcenas,[1] and we may be sure that, before he took the responsibility of presenting the

[1] This paper was read at the meeting of the Franco-Scottish Society in Edinburgh, July 13th, 1897.

[2] As in my former paper, THE CHILDHOOD OF HORACE, I have used Conington's translation of the Satires and Epistles.

[1] When Satire II., vi. 50, was composed in the winter of 31-30, it was nearly seven complete years since Horace had begun to be in familiar intercourse with Mæcenas, and eight full months had then elapsed since his first presentation (SAT. I., vi. 61).

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young poet to the rather exclusive and fastidious minister, he had given himself some time to observe his character. On the other hand, it must have been later than 41, for it was not till that year that Horace can have settled in Rome. He had been present at the battle of Philippi late in 42. After that some time elapsed, during which the war was concluded and lands at Venusia (among which was Horace's patrimonial estate) were assigned to the victorious soldiers of Augustus, before Horace settled in Rome, landless, friendless, an adherent of the unsuccessful and unpopular party (EPIST. II., ii. 50), looking about for some way to earn his living. How much longer time was needed before Horace rose so far above this unpromising situation as to come within the view of Virgil, there is no evidence. We may well believe that it required some considerable time; but, without insisting on this, we may confidently say that only the years 40 and 39 are open for the first meeting of Horace and Virgil.

Horace's poverty and friendlessness are rightly taken by every reader as a proof that his introduction to Virgil must have been brought about through his poetical work. He began to write as soon as he settled in Rome:

> Bereft of property, impaired in purse,
> Sheer penury drove me into scribbling verse. (EPIST. II., ii. 49.)

Can we, then, discover any evidence which may suggest what part of his earliest work, and what qualities in it, caught the notice and won the approval of Virgil? I think that we can find the evidence among Virgil's own writings.

Among the earliest poems of Horace that have been preserved to us,—and there is no reason to think that any poems were known to the ancients which have since been lost—is the sixteenth Epode. This poem, one of the most interesting that he has left us, is assigned unanimously, and almost with certainty, to the period during or immediately following the disastrous and bloody Perusian war. The poem, then, was composed in the first half of the year 40 B.C. Some years previously Horace had had sufficient belief in one of the contending political factions to fight for it; but when he wrote this Epode he had lost his faith in his former party, and had found nothing to replace it. He saw no hope for his country or for himself; and he consoled himself by an excursion into the land of dreams. He would abandon his country, and seek far in the western seas that happy land of which people talk and poets sing, where the Golden Age of peace and quiet and plenty is always present. The world of reality was beyond salvation; life had degenerated into an endless riot of bloodshed; only in fairyland or dreamland was any refuge left. This thought leads him off into a fanciful description of the Golden Age, the work of a rather young poet, a versifier of mere day-dreams, "the idle singer of an empty day." In his Golden Age there is no reality, for neither faith nor belief underlies the picture. Despair is seeking self-forgetfulness for a moment, and cheating itself with the words of hope, as the poet writes of

> The rich and happy isles
> Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untill'd land with sheaves,
> And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
> Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
> And the russet fig adorns the tree, that graffshoot never knew;

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Where honey from the hollow oak doth
ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet
from the sky-dividing hills;
There to the pails the she-goats come,
without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad
returns the friendly herd.
.
For Jupiter, when he with brass the
Golden Age alloy'd,
That blissful region set apart by the
good to be enjoy'd;
With brass and then with iron he the
ages sear'd, but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright
home arise and follow me![1]

That this is a poem of politics is obvious. It did not express the views of the literary circle to which Virgil belonged. It was the work of one who had fought and suffered for the old republican and conservative party; but it embodied a frank recognition of the fact that the conservative policy was a failure, that no reinvigoration of the old senatorial party was possible, that the constitution and government which had made Rome great was not able to keep her great and happy, and that some radical change was necessary. But the suggested new life in some happy island of the West must remain a mere dream. There was no course open to the dreamer except either to acquiesce in the government of the Triumvirate, or to plot against it; and plotting was entirely alien to the practical and sane mind of Horace. This course of acquiescence in the Empire, as the least of evils and the only practical solution of the problem of Roman administration, was adopted by many adherents of the old republican party. The same spirit continued among the aristocratic party in Rome for more than a century; and it characterised the attitude of Horace for many years after he became intimate with Mæcenas, until the stress of conflict between Antony and Octavius drove him wholly over to the side of the latter. Antony represented the subjection of the Roman spirit to Oriental influence; and his victory would mean the transformation of Roman government into a semi-Oriental despotism, lasting for a short time, to be swept away in new torrents of blood. When that issue was clearly presented, Horace became an ardent partisan of Octavius, and the change of tone became manifest in his poetry.

The policy which Mæcenas impressed on Octavius, and which was carried out in a singularly able and artful way, was to recognise and encourage this spirit among the senatorial party, to treat as friends all who were actuated by it, and not to press them for more active and complete approval. The author of the sixteenth Epode was in a hopeful state of mind for the men who favoured this policy; and we need not wonder that, three years later, we find Horace enrolled among the intimates of Mæcenas:

To this extent that, driving through the
street.
He'd stop his car and offer me a seat,
Or make such chance remarks as
"What's o'clock?"
"Will Syria's champion beat the Thracian cock?"
"These morning frosts are apt to be
severe;"
Just chit-chat, suited to a leaky ear.
(SAT. II., vi. 42 ff.)

The real and deep-seated strength of the new Empire lay in the fact that the literature of Rome was almost entirely enlisted on its side. The terms in which the admiration of the Augustan writers for the Empire are expressed, are to our taste exaggerated and sometimes even repellent. The placing of Augustus in the seat of the supreme God seems to us to be mere fulsome and foolish flattery; but

[1] From the translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

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this impression must not blind us to two facts. In the first place, the Empire of Augustus was actively and zealously supported by the best thought and the greatest writers of the time,—in marked contrast both to the previous period, when the literature of Rome was hostile to Cæsar, and to the following period, when again most of the great men of letters show more or less strongly the anti-imperial spirit. In the second place, men like Virgil and Horace were no bought supporters of a political party; they believed in the policy which they advocated, and believed in it so thoroughly that, in the dearth of a religion, it became to them to some extent a religion; and their belief combined with the fashion of the age to give to their advocacy that extreme form of laudation which often offends us. To a spirit like Virgil the sixteenth Epode would be welcome; but, as I think, he was not content, as was the practical mind of Mæcenas, with the unconvinced acquiescence of a despairing opponent. He longed to make his own belief common to the whole of Rome. My hypothesis is, that the sixteenth Epode attracted the attention and interest of Virgil, and that he replied to it by the fourth Eclogue.

It will, I think, be conceded that, among those poems of Horace which may possibly have been published as early as 40 or 39 B.C., the sixteenth Epode is almost the only one likely to have won Virgil's admiration or interest. Take, for example, the seventh Satire, which may perhaps be as early. The inference which would probably be drawn from it is, that its author could never come to write anything which would rank as literature; and we may almost doubt if it really was published before the complete first book of the Satires was issued (probably in 33 B.C.), for its quality is so poor, that it would surely damn a young and unknown author.[1] Only an established reputation could survive such a failure, whether looked at as humour or wit, as satire or poetry. The second Epode, which would deserve Virgil's praise, seems to me to bear the stamp of Horace's more developed style. His mind required time and knowledge and leisure before his real power could show itself; in his earlier works there is a certain vulgarity (apart from their coarseness and other faults), contrasting with the urbanity and grace of his maturer style. When he came in contact with the polish, taste, and tact of good society, his nature recognised and responded to them; but it was not rich enough to produce them until stimulated by meeting them in others.

Professor Sellar, with his delicate instinct, has recognised a certain quality in the sixteenth Epode to which Virgil's nature would respond, "the vagueness of its idealising sentiment in marked contrast to the strong hold on reality characteristic of his later art." The quality is not unnatural in a young poet whose character was still unformed; but in his development it was dwarfed by stronger tendencies in his nature and by the circumstances of his life. Only when Horace was addressing Virgil directly in his third Ode does Mr. Sellar again find the same quality uppermost in his poetry. "In both poems," he says, "may probably be traced the early influence of Horace's intercourse with Virgil." I cannot, however, place the beginning of that intercourse so early as the composition

[1] It may be assumed that certain Satires and Odes were published singly before they appeared in the completed books; and I believe that, in some cases (*e.g.*, in ODES, I. ii.) we can distinguish certain stanzas as additions made when the poem was republished in the collected volume. The sixteenth Epode I believe to have been also published separately before its appearance in the collected book of Epodes B.C. 31 or 30.

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of the Epode. One poet may influence his contemporary before personal intercourse has begun, for Virgil's poetic power had already been recognised in Rome before the Epode was composed; and, before Horace had discovered his own proper line, he might well be influenced by the tone of Virgil finding a corresponding chord in his own nature. That the influence of Virgil on Horace was confined to these two occasional efforts, I do not believe; but it rarely appears in superficial imitations like those of ODE I. vii. 25. It worked deeper, remaking and refining the spirit of Horace. It tamed the hungry wolf which his maturer thought saw in his earlier nature, and which might have been made fiercer and stronger by the neglect and injustice of a hard world. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the meeting with Virgil made Horace what he is to us; and that the generous recognition and help accorded by the successful poet to the young beginner first supplied the genial warmth needed to bring his nature to its richest development. From this point of view we feel that the compliment which Virgil paid to Horace by echoing two phrases in the Epode becomes doubly interesting. As Kiessling has pointed out,

> Nec magnos metuent armenta leones

is an intentional reminiscence of Horace's

> Nec ravos timeant armenta leones;

and

> Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
> Ubera

is suggested by Horace's

> Illic injussæ venient ad mulctra capellæ,
> Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera.

The Epode, as it reached Virgil's ear, acted on him in such a way as to crystallise into poetic form ideas that already existed vague and unspoken in his mind. The fourth Eclogue is the expression of those ideas. With regard to the date of this poem, there is again almost universal agreement that it was composed in the year 40 B.C. I should suppose that the end of 40 represents the date when the poem was conceived, and that 39 was the year in which it became known to the public, or at least to Virgil's own circle.

The sole value, and the only justification of such an hypothesis is, that it should make Virgil's poem more significant to us; and it seems to me that on this hypothesis the fourth Eclogue becomes far more full of meaning, and that what was obscure in it becomes clear. This Eclogue has been the subject of much discussion; and the poem, which was once interpreted as a prophecy of the birth of Christ, has at least this analogy with early Christian literature that probably no two scholars are fully agreed about its intention. Mr. Mackail, in his charming book on LATIN LITERATURE, holds that there is nothing to understand in the poem; and that its only obscurity arises from the old prejudice that there is some special meaning in it. According to him, if I rightly comprehend him, it is a typical eclogue, a dream of Italian scenery.

If Mr. Mackail will consent to call the poem Virgil's vision of what Italy might be, or what it was to be, I should agree that the description is, so far as it goes, correct. It is Italy that Virgil is always thinking of and dreaming about; the picture of the fourth Eclogue is a picture of a glorified and idealised Italy, like a landscape of Claude Lorraine in which details of later and of earlier life are set in exquisite scenery as the painter had beheld it. The

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details are often not strictly consistent with one another, and are therefore hated and despised by Mr. Ruskin; but all are necessary to an ideal picture of Italy. You could never have seen all these details united at any one moment in any actual Italian scene; but they are all integral parts of one's dream of Italian story, and they all come together in the vision of Italy as it might be, the Italy of the new age which lies before Virgil's eye in the immediate future. In condemning the employment of the term, the Golden Age, to describe the picture, Mr. Mackail undoubtedly is guided by a right instinct. Many people fancy that when they have labelled the Eclogue by that name they have explained its character, thereby missing wholly the aspect which Mr. Mackail sees so clearly and expresses so well. Let us then, like him, reject the term, and rather speak of the new age, on which in Virgil's vision Italy is entering.

Taking this poem as Virgil's reply to Horace, we see at a glance its meaning. "Seek not the Better Age," it says, "in a fabled island of the West. It is here and now with us. The child already born in Italy will inaugurate it and live in it. The period upon which Italy is now entering more than fulfils in real life the dream of a Golden Age perpetuated in a distant or a fabulous island, The marvels which are told of that island are being realised now in Italy under the new order through the influence of peace and prudence and organisation. The new Roman generation will in this way destroy every noxious plant and animal, and will make the land sufficient for its own people by the good agriculture which grows all useful products in abundance; it will improve the natural products and make the thorn tree laugh and blossom with flowers. By naturalising the best that grows in foreign lands, it will render Italy independent of imports, and put an end to the too daring art of navigation." The Eclogue was, like Locksley Hall, a "vision of the world and all the wonders that should be," after the new Empire of Rome should have had time to show what science and government, working in unison, could do for Italy. "But first the mission of Rome to subdue and rule the world must be carried to completion by further war in the East; a new Argonautic expedition must explore and bring into the Roman Peace the distant lands to which the efforts of one of the united rulers of Rome are now to be directed; a new Achilles was sailing for another Troy," when Antony, ally and brother of Augustus, set out to conquer the Parthians.

The much-disputed question what child is meant no longer presents any difficulty. In this vision of the coming age the scenery is Italian, and the new-born child is the representative of the new Roman generation. Just as Virgil elsewhere addresses the Roman people in its collective form,

> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;

so here he foresees that the collective Roman people

> Pacatum reget patriis virtutibus orbem,—

will impose the Roman Peace on the world and rule it by the hereditary Roman virtues.

It is a total misconception of Virgil's intention to look for any reference to a special human child; and every attempt to identify the child of the Eclogue with any child born, or expected to be born, about the year 40 or 39 B.C., only makes

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clearer the impossible nature of the attempt. The child of whom Virgil sings is the representative of the new Rome, bearer of its majesty and power, favoured of the Gods, shielded by them from all evil, guided by them to greatness and to empire. The child is brought up in the wisdom and the virtue that lie in the knowledge of Rome's glorious past; he still requires some of that training in war without which the true Roman character can never be perfected; but he passes through this as a mere stage of education; and thereafter the very forces of nature will adapt themselves to his directing will, for the ultimate aim of the true Roman is not war, but the peaceful direction by organisation and skill of the rich gifts of nature. Fate itself calls on the young Roman to assume the *honores* (the Roman career of public office), and to give lasting happiness to the longing universe.

This idea of the divine mission of Rome had not yet developed in the form which it soon afterwards took,—the belief that the Emperor Augustus was the incarnate God, Mercury or Apollo or Jupiter, who had come to save the world from its unendurable burden of crime and war—but the steps in that development were easily taken. The poem marks a definite stage in the development of the former vague belief in the majesty of Rome into the later worship of the Emperors as the representative and embodiment of that majesty. There were vaguely present in Virgil's mind, as he wrote, ideas that might have developed in a more healthy direction; but the times were unpropitious, and in the result the patriotism of the new Empire and the wider Roman State was built on the shifty foundation of an official worship of the Emperors as the divine power incarnate on earth.

While I should thus try to express (following out the suggestive hint of Kiessling) what I take to be the meaning pointed to in Mr. Mackail's somewhat enigmatically figurative language, I think that he is not right in narrowing the scope of the poem so much as he does in some of his remarks. He omits to take into account two facts which determine the evolution of this ideal picture in Virgil's poem. Virgil is perfectly sure that the glorified and idealised Italy of his vision is being realised in their own time and before their own eyes, and he connects that realisation with a new-born child. These are two ideas to which no real parallel can be found in preceding Greek or Roman literature. The Better Age had been conceived by the Greeks as lying in the past, and the world's history as a progress towards decay. Even where a cycle of ages was spoken of by the Greek philosophers, it was taken rather as a proof that no good thing could last, than as an encouragement to look forward to a better future. Moreover Virgil's new age, though spoken of in his opening lines as part of a recurring cycle, is not pictured before his view as evanescent; it is coming, but its end is not seen and not thought of by him.

How does Virgil arrive at his firm conviction that the best is last, and that the best is surely coming, nay that it now is? Is it entirely his own inspiration, springing mature and full-grown like Athena from the head of Zeus, or can we trace any stages in its development to the perfect form which it has in this poem?

Again, the association of a young child with this coming age is something entirely alien to Greek and Roman thought. It springs from a sense of a divine purpose developing in the growth of the race and work

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ing itself out in the life of ever new generations, a thought so foreign to the philosophical speculation of Greece and Rome that it imperatively demands our recognition and explanation. Nowhere can we find any previous philosophy or religion that had grasped the thought firmly and unhesitatingly, except among the Hebrew race. To the Hebrew prophets, and to them alone, the Better Age lay always in the future :

> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made.

The Hebrews always recognised that the divine purpose reserved for them a future better than the past, and they alone associated the coming of the Better Age with the birth of a child. We must, I think, look to the East for the germ from which Virgil's poem developed, though in the process of development nourishment from many other sides determined its growth and affected its character.

Looking at the poem from another point of view, we recognise that it is a metrical experiment, which Virgil tried in this one case and never repeated. Its metrical character seemed to him appropriate to his treatment of this one subject; but he found no other subject which it suited, and he considered that the true development of the heroic verse lay in another direction.

Landor in his criticisms on Catullus's twelfth ode, has the following remarks on the metrical character of this Eclogue. "The worst, but most admired of Virgil's Eclogues, was composed to celebrate the birth of Pollio's son in his consulate. In this Eclogue, and in this alone, his versification fails him utterly. The lines afford one another no support. For instance this sequence (lines 4-6)

> Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas
> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
> Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Toss them in a bag and throw them out, and they will fall as rightly in one place as another. Any one of them may come first; any one of them may come last; any one of them may come immediately; better that any one should never come at all." But in this criticism (apart from the fact that the force of lines 4-6 would suffer seriously if they were transposed, though grammar and metre might be uninjured), Landor has not observed that Virgil is deliberately trying an experiment in order to obtain a special effect. I agree that the ruling metrical form would be unsuitable for ordinary Latin use, but its employment is obviously intentional and dictated by the subject; it is no case of accidental failure in versification.

The two most distinguishing and salient metrical characteristics of this Eclogue are, first, that the stops coincide more regularly with the ends of lines than in any other passage of Virgil, so that to a large extent each single verse gives a distinct sense; and secondly that in a number of cases the second half of the line repeats with slight variation the meaning of the first half, or when the sense is enclosed in two hexameters, the second repeats the meaning of the first. These characteristics are unlike any previous treatment of the hexameter. As to the first, it is true that in the earliest stages of Virgil's metre the stops are placed at the ends of lines to a much greater extent than in its later stages. But there is a general agreement that the fourth Eclogue is not the earliest; and even compared with the earliest, its metre is seen to be something peculiar and apart.

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These characteristics are distinctly those of Hebrew poetry; and it appears to me that the metrical treatment of this Eclogue can hardly be explained except as an experiment made in imitation of the same original, from which sprang the central conception of the Better Age surely approaching and inaugurated by the birth of a child. Virgil found the idea and the metrical form together; that is to say, he did not gather the idea from a secondary source, but had read it (in translation) as expressed by a great writer, whose poetic form dominated his mind for the moment. Only a writer of the loftiest poetic power could have so affected the mind of Virgil. We notice, too, that the peculiar metrical form is most marked where the expression approaches the prophetic type, while in the descriptive parts the metre is closer to the form common in the Eclogues.

That such an origin for Virgil's idea is possible will be doubted by no one who takes properly into account both the width of his reading, and the influence which the strange and unique character of the Jewish nation and religion (and here the religion made and was the nation) already had exerted and was exerting on the Græco-Roman world. That is a subject over which there hangs, and must always hang, a thick veil; but enough is known to give us increasing certainty, as time goes on, that the fascination which Judaism exerted on a certain class of minds was very strong and its influence on Roman society far greater than is apparent in the superficial view which alone is permitted us in the dearth of authorities.

Finally, the often quoted analogies with several passages of the prophet Isaiah afford some indication as to the identity of the great poet whose words, either in a Greek translation or in extracts, had come before Virgil and influenced the development of his thought. It is true that there are numerous points in this Eclogue which go back to Greek models. The ideas taken by Virgil from a Semitic source are developed in a mind rich with Hellenic knowledge and strong with a vigorous Italian life. Virgil is never a mere imitator, except in his most juvenile work; he reforms and transforms everything that he has learned from his great instructors. It is an Italian idyll that he has given us, not a mere transplantation of a foreign idea, or of any number of foreign ideas.

The prominence which one inevitably gives to Mr. Sellar and Mr. Mackail in any study of Roman poetry must suggest the reflection that their sympathy with the most delicate qualities of Latin literature is probably due in some degree to the peculiar double University training through which both passed. Thinking also of Mr. Andrew Lang, not to mention others, one can hardly fail to observe a certain character common to them amid their diversity of intellectual endowment; and one asks whether the common quality does not spring from their common type of education. I believe strongly in the importance of a double, or even triple, University education, and would welcome a more systematic recurrence to the old fashion of the wandering scholars in the time when there was one common language for all scholars. But of the possible combinations I doubt whether at the present day any one is more invigorating, or more productive of strong, catholic literary insight and historical sympathy than a Scottish university course followed by a course at Oxford; and as I watch the development of one generation after another of Scottish students, the idea is confirmed.

W. M. Ramsay.

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A NEW ACADEMY.

It was Edmond de Goncourt's constant dream to found an Academy. Even during his brother's life the project had taken a generous and definite shape; and when an untimely death carried off Jules, the survivor was the more loyally bound in honour to perfect the enterprise. But the institution, as he devised it, had not the most distant resemblance to the Academy of Richelieu. It was rather like a college at Oxford or Cambridge than a lofty, imperious court of reference. Its members were free to pursue their art without duty or responsibility, and in return (for nothing) they were to receive an income of £250. A common dinner, held once a month at a cost to each Academician of not less than twenty francs, was the sole restriction imposed by the pious founder; and even if this occasional meeting caused dissension among the members, it was but a passing inconvenience, which the timely exercise of tact and caution might remedy. Indeed, no better form of endowment could have been designed, for it was genius, not mere scholarship, that was to receive an unconditional reward; and for a moment it seemed that not only would an august name be perpetuated, but a lasting benefit would be conferred upon the literature of France.

The enterprise, moreover, was not spoiled by a too hasty conception. For thirty years it lived and grew in Edmond de Goncourt's brain. It was discussed month by month at the celebrated dinners once held at Magny's, a now vanished tavern of the Latin Quarter, where the most distinguished writers of France were invited to tinker its constitution and to revise its laws. But the founder alone was responsible for the election of his Academicians, and it is but natural that they should be chosen from those whose attendance at the Grenier, the literary paradise at Auteuil, was patient and exemplary. At the outset M. de Goncourt was determined to elect only such men of genius as the "general reader" despised or misunderstood, and for a while that implacable Chouan of letters, Barbey d'Aurevilly, was of the band. This choice was the more creditable to M. de Goncourt, because Barbey never belonged to the sacred circle. The founder, in fact, could scarce boast of his acquaintance. He had met him, where he met all the world, at the house of M. Daudet, and with his customary observation had noticed that he poured more brandy into his coffee than seemed prudent. But he cherished a very proper respect for his admirable literature, and therefore he would make him nephew by adoption. That Flaubert should find his place in the Academy was only natural, and even M. Zola's name was ascribed for a while upon the roll of fame. Yet death, alas, removed Flaubert and Barbey, while M. Zola, ambitious of the true laurel, took to the evil courses of candidature, and so disqualified himself.

Thus the list shifted with the shifting years, and if a constant revision could have made it perfect it would now stand above and beyond criticism. M. de Goncourt, moreover, was persuaded to take the whole world into his confidence. The most ardent and accomplished gossip of his time, he

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recorded the trivial utterances of himself and his friends in a notebook, which a century hence will prove a document no less puzzling than remarkable. Nor did he ever display the reticence which compelled Saint-Simon to leave his manuscript unprinted, and Pepys to conceal his confessions in a cypher. As if to cheat death itself, he printed his journal in his own lifetime, and thus enjoyed the fruit of posthumous fame. At any rate, the whole world knew that the Academy would be founded when Edmond de Goncourt was no more, and all the world knew the general tenor of the novelist's will. It was no surprise then that two classes were found to be rigidly excluded from the advantages of this literary college, —functionaries and poets. That the servants of the Government should be left unendowed was just and reasonable. Their bread and cheese, at least, are assured them, and it is a common superstition that every Government provides its functionaries with leisure as well as with sustenance. But why poets should thus be deprived of benefit is, indeed, a dark riddle, for of all men poets are least able to convert their talent into money. However, M. de Goncourt would have none of the irritable tribe; perhaps he was thinking of the banquet at twenty francs, and by a wise prevision determined to lessen the chance of conflict; perhaps he reflected (and this is the more probable solution) that neither his brother nor himself strayed from the path of coloured prose, and was reluctant to subsidise an art which he had never practised. At any rate poets and functionaries are outcasts from this newest Academy, and one of the chosen had the utmost difficulty in freeing himself from the taint of government service.

When M. de Goncourt died, then, his Academy was already established; so much was certain, but none, not even the fortunate elect, could name the favoured Academicians. The clamour of excitement raised in the journals silenced the voice of grief, and even sorrow for the dead was hushed by a chorus of disappointment. All those who had devoutly attended the great man's receptions, and had been signalled out for notice in the Journal, believed their chance sound and comfortable. They were, so to say, a band of nephews waiting for the inheritance of their literary uncle, and since the college was limited to ten, and since M. de Goncourt had in reality nominated but eight, the field of disappointment was wide. Nor was the difficulty ended with the nomination. The founder had transcribed his will with his own hand, and by a strange confusion he had retained clauses which time had rendered of no avail: he had neglected to erase the names of those whom death had taken; and his last will and testament, made not long before his death, was nothing more than the conglomerated resolutions of many years. Wherefore it went to the lawyers, and it is immensely to the credit of French law that the will was interpreted by the spirit and not by the letter. The testator's wish was obvious and acknowledged, but informality has generally been held sufficient to override the most loudly expressed desire. The court, however, with a strange wisdom determined not to cheat a lifelong ambition, and the Academicians have nothing more to do than to elect two colleagues and to eat their dinner, once a month, with what peace they may.

And what of the eight, upon whom the master conferred the sublime honour of selection? The acknowledged president is M. Alphonse Daudet, marked out for this distinction by friendship and achievement

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alike. Time was he practised the banished art of poetry; time was he discharged the duties of a public functionary. But he has long since put away both these follies, and his devotion to prose, at last exclusive, qualifies him to perpetuate the memory of his lifelong friend, Edmond de Goncourt. He is, moreover, not only by the public esteem but by his personal performance the foremost novelist of France, if we forget the wider popularity of M. Zola. In him the hapless Empire found its most genial historian; in him the arrogance and jollity of the reckless South are expressed at their liveliest. The gaiety and pathos of JACK, the brave humour of TARTARIN are, like the days spent by M. Faure at Peterhof, never to be forgotten. When he deserted romance for actuality he proved,—in SAPHO for example—that he could worst the realists at their own game. Above all the ancient Academy found in him its most strenuous opponent. His L'IMMORTEL was nothing less than a bitter castigation of Academic intrigue and Academic pettiness. If therefore the College of Goncourt were in reality a protest against the foundation of Richelieu, then M. Daudet's courage and independence had given him the right to sway its council and to preside at its dinners. Nor is this all: for thirty years M. Daudet had been the friend of the founder; at Magny's he had shared the discussions with Tourgenieff and Flaubert; he had been the real hero of that famous JOURNAL DE GONCOURT which shall astound our great-grandchildren, for though it was Edmond de Goncourt that held the pen, it is Alphonse Daudet who is the protagonist in this intimate drama. Wherefore he is the first chosen of the new Academy, and it is only because he does not fulfil the essential condition, which M. de Goncourt imposed upon his foundation, that the world or his colleagues should quarrel with his presidency.

M. de Huysmans was chosen on other grounds. His devotion to the Grenier was without reproach, and he it was who told the Master that the inhabitants of Bothnia never put out their blubber-candle without reading by its flickering light a few pages of GERMINIE LACERTEUX, a daring experiment upon the Master's credulity which should not be cheated of its reward. But, apart from his devotion, he is one of half-a-dozen who live for literature and for literature alone. He has never concerned himself with the circulation of his works, and he has resolutely shrunk from the temptations of journalism. The result is that he has crystallised in himself all the literary movements of his time. He began as the pupil of M. Zola; he worshipped at Médan with as patient a devotion as Paul Alexis himself, and his contribution to the SOIRÉES,—the immortal SAC AU DOS—was the subtlest and most brilliant of that brilliant and subtle anthology. But after the SŒURS VATARD and one or two experiments he outgrew the cult of naturalism, and even went so far as to denounce his master. Then it was that he resumed in a series of marvellous phantasies the familiar frailties of France. In one novel he tore to pieces the folly of the æsthetic movement with an irony so just and a humour so vigorous that comment was impossible and superfluous. Again, he tackled the prevailing mysticism with the same admirable sense of fun and proportion; he pilloried the Black Mass and the prophets of the diabolic movement in a work that was half history and all romance. The Black Canon of Lyons lives in his vivid pages, and his admirable satire was sufficient to kill the cult which might have involved intelligent France in

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a tiresome scandal. Having accomplished so much, he did not stay the march of his intelligence, and passing from black to white he created in En Route the novel of decorative Catholicism. Whatever he has touched, he has touched with the hand of an artist anxious only for the perfected result and indifferent to the opinion of the garrulous world. If therefore his devotion to M. de Goncourt were more than half ironic, his devotion to letters is simple and whole-hearted, and his admission to the College is as proper as it is humorous.

M. Paul Margueritte is a less worthy, but inevitable Academician. His attendance at the Grenier has been equalled only by his perception of the popular taste. He has realised better than ever that Naturalism must have its reaction, and his works are wittily calculated to amuse the vulgar without bringing the blush of shame to the modest cheek. Moreover, he is a good workman, who knows the limits and the possibilities of his talent; and it is quite likely that his election to this Academy is but the prelude to an admission into the larger, more exclusive coterie which bears upon its shoulders the literary burden of France. In fact, he was born to wear the green coat of the older foundation, and you know that the dinner, which he will eat once a month under the presidency of M. Daudet, is but a halt on the road to the Institute. Moreover, by taking his brother into partnership he has paid to the Master's memory the sincerest tribute of flattery, and until he passes into the more august assembly he will do nothing to besmirch the fair fame of a gracious hostelry.

The admission of M. Rosny to the sacred circle is no less just, for M. Rosny was always the faithful champion of the Master, and he remains a novelist of well-merited appreciation. To say that his works are a trifle dry is but to give them the praise that they deserve. They are certain never to catch the popular applause, but they are certain also never to descend upon vulgarity. To get a due measure of his talent in the terms of English fiction you must amalgamate Mr. Henry James with Mr. Wells, since in one aspect he is a delicate analyst of the emotions, in another he is a bold inventor of scientific and prehistoric complications. Devoted only to the practice of his art, he has shared all his enterprises with his brother, and thus, again, he has merited the loyal respect of M. de Goncourt, whose talent was always influenced by the memory of Jules.

With M. Geffroy you come upon a lower plane. For M. Geffroy has never risen higher than the highest journalism. He has for many years proved himself a critic of knowledge and discernment, but his work wins its immediate reward, and it is difficult to see what place he should fill in an exclusive and endowed Academy. In France, however, the journalist who writes over his own signature is already a man of letters, and it would be idle to try M. Geffroy by the standard of Fleet Street. At the same time, M. Geffroy does not hide his light under a bushel. With him you do not confront a man of genius like Barbey d'Aurevilly, magnificent and misunderstood. He makes an immediate appeal to an interested audience. His articles appear every week in a widely-read journal, and there seems no reason why he should be subsidised to perform the work of a capable and conscientious critic. M. Octave Mirbeau is exposed to the same objection, for he also, despite his courage, pertinacity and insight, is nothing more nor less than an accomplished journalist. His leading-articles are looked for every Sunday with an eager curiosity, but

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all the world knows where to look for them, and no endorsement can make them either better or worse. He has more than his share of that Norman wit which is easily understood on our side of the Channel, and he possesses in an eminent degree the trick of discovering unknown genius. No sooner had M. Maeterlink produced his first play than M. Mirbeau pronounced him, in one of those phrases which stick for ever and mean nothing, the Belgian Shakespeare. And since that eminent experiment in discovery M. Mirbeau has brought a dozen talents to light, so that an article from his pen is sufficient to create an immediate interest and a passing success. But this is not the work which requires a public recognition and a handsome endowment.

With this beginning, what shall be the future of the new Academy? Indeed, if it is to provide encouragement for unacknowledged talent, not more than three of its members have a right to partake of its august dinner. Whatever we may think of M. Daudet's genius, we must confess that it lacks neither appreciation nor reward. He is not, like Flaubert and Barbey, making war upon a recalcitrant democracy. Wherever the French tongue is understood, there he is read with enthusiasm and delight. He has fought his own battle, and he has conquered. Not all the endowment in the world can improve his art, or give another sparkle to his wit. Had he lifted up his finger he might have entered the older institution, despite his advertised hostility; and one doubts whether friendship should be sufficient to open the doors even of a private college. Moreover, M. Margueritte might be trusted to fend for himself; and nothing save time is needed for his election to the highest honour which France can confer upon her men of letters. M. Hennique, who will occupy the place of Vice-President, deserves no endowment, and MM. Mirbeau and Geffroy are journalists. In brief, tried by the loftiest standard, the Goncourt Academy is already a failure, and with this inauspicious beginning you wonder whether it will ever attain the least and lightest of its ends.

It was established with the avowed intention of encouraging literature and of making war upon the Academy of Richelieu. And so little will it encourage literature, that its president is a distinguished novelist who needs no encouragement, while two of its members are practised journalists who see the reward of their work at the week's end. One only of the chosen indisputably deserves his place,—M. Huysmans, whose independence of spirit might have been trusted to overcome the most obstinate opposition. What, then, can be the purpose of this admirably designed college, beyond the proper perpetuation of M. de Goncourt's memory? The monthly prize will be awarded to a mediocre piece of prose, for ten men at variance with themselves are not likely to make an admirable choice. Nor can the monthly dinner result in anything better than dissension. Men of letters are notoriously quarrelsome, and where there are only ten the opportunity of dispute is four times as great as where there are forty. The author of Là-Bas, for example, has spent his life in writing for himself alone; he has never cast even the most casual eye upon those who might some day be persuaded to read him. What can he have in common with the accomplished gentlemen who write assiduous articles, destined to appear on a certain day and in a specified column of a popular journal? Will literature be benefited by their periodic meeting, or will they produce

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a single line which would have remained unwritten but for the intervention of M. de Goncourt? Probably not, and you are driven back upon the belief that the new endowment will be rather a reward than an encouragement, that it will differ in no respect from the despised, yet dignified, House of Richelieu.

The French Academy, which holds its meetings under the dome of the Institute, began as a coterie, and has ended as a conspicuous department of State. It was, indeed, no less than an attempt to convert a private meeting into a public council, and it succeeded so admirably that no detraction in the world can make the French Academy anything less than the outward representation of whatever is distinguished in the life of France. Of course it has failed, because art is ever a free-lance, and because the best of governments can only embody in its institutions the spirit of the commonplace. Not even forty angels could purify a language, and the Academic dictionary is nothing else than an amiable and foolish pastime. But it is a pastime which the Goncourt Academy will miss, unless the younger school devotes itself, as in honour bound, to the collection of Japanese prints, for at least it prevents the discussion of literature, and saves its members from an infinitude of boredom. Again, the Academy has failed to attract the men of genius who have flashed their light upon France. But this failure, too, was foredoomed and inevitable. Men of genius neither seek companionship nor prove themselves companionable; and when once a public institution has won the right of electing its own members, it must become an exclusive club. To compile a list of the distinguished men who have found the doors of the Academy closed against them is ridiculously easy. Balzac, Dumas, Gautier, Barbey d'Aurevilly were all far greater than MM. Sorel and Houssaye, MM. Léon Say and Jules Simon. But they could never have been elected to the Academy, because their talents set them too high above the decent level of mediocrity which is essential to a branch of the Civil Service. Nor is M. Zola likely to fare better than his superiors; indeed, it may safely be said that the few really great writers who have found their way beneath the famous dome, have arrived at their arm-chair in their talent's despite.

But this is not said in dispraise of the ancient Academy. We would only insist upon the self-evident proposition that man is man, even though he wear a green collar to his coat, and that the noblest club can do no more than express the preferences or the dislikes of its members. The old Academy has never swerved from its ambition of collecting under one roof forty gentlemen tinctured with literature. At times the tincture has been of the slightest; more rarely still the much abused title of "gentleman" has been misapplied. But at any rate the Academy has proved a reputable figure-head, and its numberless *cliques* have prevented it from degenerating into the mouth-piece of school or parish. Above all, it is supported by the unbroken tradition of three centuries, and though its dictionary be a piece of superfluous dilettantism, though the intrigues between the "dukes" and the "poets" are trivial enough, the institution is carried along by the weight of its antiquity, and it will never lack esteem so long as the French language remains the material of a finished art. After all, it is no small achievement to have represented for three hundred years the common sense of the community, and it is this that the Academy has

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achieved. As for the men of genius, they are far better outside, since no exclusion can discredit them, and since, being free of this world and of eternity, they need the shelter of no house made with hands.

But while the Academy of M. de Goncourt must fail as a protest against the elder foundation, while it merely includes the same elements in a state of less intensity, it is prevented by its very rawness from achieving a separate work. It is fresh, untried, and traditionless. Of the old Academy it may be said that it is a gentlemanly, middle-class club, which every Frenchman would be glad to enter, and with which every Frenchman would be bored when once he got there. The Goncourt College starts with a higher ambition, but must inevitably from its constitution fall far lower. A coterie which includes M. Huysmans and M. Margueritte cannot fight a pitched battle against stupidity, or the burgesses of this world, because it is too bitterly divided against itself. Moreover, it will lack the austerer qualities which distinguish the House of Richelieu. The eight men of letters, already elected, will doubtless dine together on the days appointed; doubtless they will toast the pious founder in appropriate terms; also they will discuss questions of literature, with tongue in cheek; and they will elect their colleagues and award their prizes without listening to the clamour from outside. But the elections will surely be humorous enough to provide material for a comic opera. For where the common dinner is essential they must look to companionship as well as literary merit. Possibly their disagreement will be so fierce as to result in complete inactivity. But narrowness begets narrowness, and the very limits of the new Academy will ensure intrigue and dissension.

Above all, it will never profit literature, since literature is too wayward and delicate to be fostered by endowment. Give a man a thousand pounds and a comfortable house, and probably he will refrain from that masterpiece which once was seething in his brain. Moreover, the very power of election prevents a simple honesty. The unhappy ten may perhaps discover some common ground of sociability, and shift their judgment from literature to life. But whatever their fate they will eat their dinner, disdained or forgotten by the writers of France. They were chosen to found an Academy, and they will never escape from a collection of coteries. The larger body counts three, the smaller is not likely to count less than ten. And one's only regret is that the founder is not here to watch its progress. For none was more skilled than he in half-silent irony, and the growth of his own Academy might have provided his Journal with many agreeable pages.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

It was one o'clock on a certain Friday, the hottest day that Soloporto had as yet known in an unusually hot season. The sun shone in a dazzling, cloudless sky, distributing his beams impartially on everything they could reach; and they reached me, Pepe Romagno, with such insistence that I strolled a few paces further down the street, and leaning in the shade against the door-post of the shop of my friend Luigi Fascinato, who dealt wholesale in cabbages, garlic, and onions, continued my occupation of rolling a cigarette. It was the time for *siesta* and pedestrians were few, though a good many carriages plying for hire rolled past, occupied chiefly by young men (frequently without waistcoats) sitting in the idlest of attitudes; for in Soloporto during the warm season no one who has thirty *soldi* in his pocket hesitates to spend it in saving his legs the length of a street. The great sleepy oxen, having dragged their carts alongside the coasting-craft in the Canale Grande, opposite to which I was standing, had been relieved of their yokes, and now lay, ruminant and massive, taking their rest; while their masters, stretched supine on the pavement in the shade of the houses, with their arms under their heads and their hats over their eyes, took their *siesta* also.

In the market-square hard by most of the stall-holders had departed, and only the fruit-sellers still kept their places, for the sun cannot spoil grapes and peaches and apricots; those who dealt in salads and green stuff had carried away what remained unsold of their limp and drooping stock, and the vendors of poultry had betaken themselves and their cackling, thirsty loads to their farms on the outskirts of the town. Only the pigeons seemed unaffected by the general lassitude, for they cooed and preened themselves round the fountain, or explored the refuse of the half empty market-place, with no apparent diminution of energy.

The Canale Grande, as everyone knows, runs up from the sea in a short straight line to the white columned portico of the church of San Antonio Nuovo, and is wide enough for a small vessel to lie alongside each quay on either hand, while a third might pass between on her way outwards or inwards, through the two opening bridges, called, according to the colours they are painted, the Ponte Verde and the Ponte Rosso. Hither come the Turkish and Greek craft with tobacco, and oddly rigged Dalmatian coasters with fustic and planks, and sometimes a hold full of dried figs, which are thrown out with spades. Sicilian and coasting vessels are here too, and one of these, the Stella del Mare of Ancona, lay exactly opposite to Luigi's shop, where indeed it had been moored for his especial convenience. The Stella del Mare had sailed up the Canal on the night before, laden with onions and a few water-melons, and manned by Toni Capello, his wife Nina, her brother Giacomo, his brother Tomasao, and a little cur dog belonging to all four.

Toni had only been married a couple of months, and was a handsome young fellow of five and twenty,

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brown-skinned and brown-eyed, with beautiful white teeth under his black moustache when he smiled, and crisp, curly black hair; Nina was pretty and immensely proud of her good-looking husband, but also (and I must confess she had cause) terribly jealous of him. The other two men and the cur were of the ordinary kind, and merit no special description. In addition to several other employments to which I will refer later on, I, Pepe Romagno, earned a fair amount of money by writing letters for those who either could not or would not write for themselves. Owing to my superior education (of which also more presently) I was in great demand as a scribe; and epistles being sometimes exchanged between different parts of the city, I was not infrequently employed to answer my own letters. I leave you to imagine what frightful consequences might have ensued had I not been the soul of honour.

Now I had often written to Nina in Ancona for Toni during his courtship, and had read her answers to her lover, for he could neither read nor write himself; thus I knew all about them both, and had more than once administered a little advice to Toni respecting the bounds of discretion in an affianced man, which in his case appeared indeed limitless. The incident I am about to relate, however, proves once more how an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory.

I have said that it was the hour of *siesta;* but Nina, thrifty soul, who had been washing shirts all the morning on deck, had taken her basket and departed in quest of maccaroni and beans for supper; and oddly enough it was precisely during the half hour of her absence that there occurred to Bina Kovachich the unavoidable necessity for purchasing a water-melon. The pile of that fruit on board the Stella del Mare was a private venture of Toni, who only took the onions as freight, and he sold them as occasion offered. Bina's father was a coppersmith, and his dark old shop in the Ghetto was all agleam with his wares; owing to their highly polished surfaces, Bina had had so many opportunities of admiring her own pretty face that she had ended by falling in love with it, and what was worse, endeavouring to get every man of her acquaintance into the same condition. Toni had traded to Soloporto for over a year, and as copper cooking-utensils on board ship need occasional repair, like their companions on land, he was precisely the sort of young man to entrust a job of this kind to a craftsman with a pretty daughter. What more natural, then, than for an old acquaintance to continue her custom? And it was of course a desire to do Toni a good turn that had brought Bina to the edge of the Canal that morning.

I could not, however, persuade myself that it was for Nina's benefit that Bina had arrayed herself in her best clothes, and twisted her sleek hair into the most fascinating knots and coils, ornamented with tortoise-shell combs and arrows. At all events there she was, and at sight of her, Toni, who had been half dozing on a pile of matting bags used to pack the onions, roused himself up and proceeded to select a fruit. The customer was, however, difficult to please; one melon was far too large, another probably half run to seed; a third she was convinced had a bruise, and a fourth seemed hardly ripe. At last, however, one was found to her liking, and the vendor, drawing his clasp-knife, proceeded to cut out the usual small square block of rind and flesh to show the quality, which, as he had truly averred, was superb,—a bril-

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liant, dark-red pulp, studded with flat handsome black seeds. All was not over, however; there still remained the debatable question of price.

"How much?" demanded Bina.

"Twenty *soldi*," quoth Toni.

"*Benedetta!*" screamed Bina; "twenty *soldi!* Do you think I am made of money? Ten *soldi*."

"Twenty," repeated Toni, with a flash of mischief in his eyes.

"God forbid!" expostulated Bina. "How can you dream of asking a poor girl such a sum; come, be reasonable, say twelve *soldi!*"

"Eighteen," said Toni, apparently nerving himself to relent a little.

"You must be joking," said Bina; "find someone more foolish to joke with. I am going," and she swung her petticoats round.

"Sixteen then," said Toni. "Come, it's dirt cheap at sixteen *soldi*."

"I'm glad you think so," replied Bina tossing her head saucily; "you must be much richer than I am to think a water-melon cheap at sixteen *soldi*. I'll give you twelve,—there now!"

"It's a great deal over a twelve *soldi* size," said Toni, patting the smooth striped rind sympathetically. "A splendid melon like that for twelve *soldi;* why, it's the best and biggest I have on board; upon my soul it is."

I had heard him make the same assertion with equal fervency six times previously during that same morning, and Bina probably understood how much it really meant, for she persisted in her offer of twelve *soldi*.

"Well, fourteen *soldi*," said Toni, with a gesture implying that the fruit was torn from him against his will at that price. "I will let you have it for fourteen *soldi*."

"Twelve," repeated Bina steadily, throwing him a languishing glance.

Toni looked carefully round. Giacomo and Tomasao were fast asleep under a little awning rigged up of sails in the stern; the cur was wide awake certainly; so was a big ox ruminating hard by; but they would tell no tales. Scarcely anyone was passing, and the rascal did not see me; the deck was nearly level with the quay, and if Bina stooped a little——

"Well, Bina," he said in his softest sweetest voice, and throwing a tremendous amount of expression into his brown eyes, "Ill let you have it for twelve soldi *and* a kiss." He emphasised the conjunction.

I think it exceedingly probable that Antonio Kovachich's daughter had all along foreseen this proposal; indeed she may have come to the Stella del Mare that morning quite as anxious for a kiss as for a melon. She made no verbal answer, but taking twelve little copper *soldi* out of her pocket she dropped them one by one into Toni's palms, and then stooped forward and curved her red lips towards him in the most tantalising fashion. They had scarcely been brushed by an equally ready black moustache when I was aware of a figure coming swiftly round the corner; reprehensible as I felt his conduct was I could not allow poor Toni to go unwarned, and I lifted up my voice. "Toni," I cried, "Nina's coming!"

The effect of my words was more than instantaneous; it was electrical. Up to the time of Toni's compromise I fancy Bina had not been sure if his wife was on board or not; now, when I say that she fled as fast as her legs would carry her, leaving both the water-melon and its price, I have said enough to show you that she was very unpleasantly startled indeed. As for the other conspirator, he dived suddenly down into the little cabin, still unconsciously grasping the melon. Nina

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leaped on board and hurried after him, spilling a lot of maccaroni, and as I dislike the sound of a woman's voice when raised above a certain pitch I strolled away to finish my second cigarette.

How pleasant it is to be a philosopher! Given a sufficient supply of food, a cigarette of tolerable tobacco, a ready match, a shady corner in summer, a sunshiny one in winter, and what more can a man want? I should say, perhaps, a man who is a philosopher, and I would strongly advise all who read this to strive after such an eminently desirable frame of mind. I will not venture to point out the best method of training for this result; it must vary with the circumstances of the individual; but I emphatically warn everyone against the manner in which I became a philosopher.

One may say of philosophy what your Shakespeare said of greatness: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Never having been great in any sense of the word I have had no practical experience of these sentiments; but with regard to philosophy I say: "Be born philosophical if you can; strive to be philosophical if unfortunately you are not born so; but never, dear friends, reduce yourselves to such a condition that philosophy is thrust upon you. Once the result is brought about you will probably, like myself, be happy enough; but I cannot recommend the thrusting process as an agreeable one." In order, however, to explain how I became a philosopher it is needful to inflict on the reader some account of myself previous to the day on which I begin this story.

My father was an Englishman, my mother an Italian, and the former fact accounts for my knowledge of your literature though I have not claimed the nationality to which I have a right. Some English autobiographies of self-made men begin, "I was born of poor but respectable parents," and I am sorry that in this particular I cannot emulate many of my illustrious compatriots; my parents were neither poor nor respectable. My father, the heir to great wealth, came abroad after leaving Oxford, to make the grand tour essential in the days of his youth to the completion of a young man's education. His parents had long been dead, and the income upon a magnificent estate was being accumulated for him by his guardians, who, however, neglected to provide him with a sufficiently discreet tutor or companion on his travels. I have been given to understand that after getting into innumerable scrapes and difficulties my father, being still abroad with the ineffectual tutor, met my mother, a beautiful and charming actress, and married her in Milan a few days after he came of age.

I have gathered from various old letters and family papers once in my possession that this step caused grave displeasure to his relatives in England, whom he never saw again, for he was too well pleased with life abroad to care to return, and his income could not be withheld. He proceeded therefore to enjoy himself after a fashion which no one could call philosophical. If you are fond of cards and wine, and the usual accompaniments to these pleasures in the way of expensive friends, you can run through a good deal of money in a very short time, a task in which I have reason to believe my father was ably seconded by my mother. Of him I have no recollection; but I connect my mother with a vision of a beautiful oval face, with large dark eyes and a high pale forehead crowned with masses of black hair. They died of cholera within a few

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hours of each other when I was four years old, leaving me to the tender mercies of my mother's relatives in Italy and those of my father in England. I had many subsequent interviews with the family solicitor, but my first meeting with him is one of the earliest things I can recollect. When he came to Italy to inspect me he was a man past middle age, portly, and wearing gold spectacles on a very wrinkled face; his clothes were dark coloured, and his high collar, as stiff as starch could make it, almost concealed his ears. Round his throat were swathes of black silk confined by a small diamond pin. His boots creaked and shone like glass under short drab gaiters; he stared at me through his glasses for a moment, then cleared his throat with a tremendous noise, took a big pinch of snuff and cried, "God bless me!" The noise, the snuff, and the exclamation combined alarmed me so much that I fled,—a meagre, large-eyed, pale-faced little creature—to my grandmother for protection, and clinging to her skirts hid my face till sufficiently reassured for another peep at the stranger.

Grandmother Anello had sold matches round the *cafés* till her only child, my beautiful mother, had been employed at the theatre, and quickly coming to the front had made her brilliant marriage with the Englishman my father. This was a lucky day for the old crone, who lived henceforth on an ample pension provided by my father; she had lived with her daughter as my nurse ever since my birth, and she was at that time of my life of which I now speak the object of my deepest love. Her sunken flashing eyes never looked fiercely at me, nor did her cracked old voice ever speak to me in any accents but those of kindness. I used to sit on her knee and twine my fingers among the coral beads round her wrinkled yellow throat, while she told me all manner of stories or raised a hoarse quavering chant to lull me to sleep.

I suppose the family lawyer was impressed with her devotion; at any rate he decided that I was to remain in her care till I was eight years old. Having attained that age I was transferred to England for purposes of education; and here I spent the ten unhappiest years of all my life. I disliked my relatives as much as they disliked me, which was not a little; they were a frigid, calm, reasonable, unlovable tribe, and so soon as I was eighteen I suggested that a year or two in Germany to finish my education would not be amiss. To Germany accordingly I went, under the care of a tutor who was as discreet as the man who had escorted my father to Italy had been the contrary. I returned to England at twenty years of age, without having had the chance of sowing one wild oat of the bushel I was wearying to fling broadcast, and resolved to break my bonds on the earliest possible opportunity.

The head of my family was an old lady, aristocratic, haughty, and handsome. Diamonds flashed on her withered fingers, and a white widow's coif crowned her abundant grey hair. She was always consulted with much deference by the family lawyer whenever any business was brewing. A few weeks before I came of age I asked her permission to go to France for a fortnight. Perhaps the request was unreasonable; I do not know; at any rate she refused it, and I, boiling with anger, accepted the refusal with every show of respect. As I left the room I heard the family lawyer say, with a pinch from the inevitable box: "Better have consented, Lady Elizabeth. What's bred in the bone is born in the flesh.

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Better let the lad have a chance of ——"

I heard no more, but what I had heard increased my respect for the old gentleman's perspicacity. I was determined moreover to have a fling, come what might, and, being fairly supplied with money, I set off secretly for France just a week before I came of age.

Of course people were sent to track me, but travelling in those days was not quite so rapid as at present, and I remained undiscovered till my twenty-first birthday. Having previously found out that the family lawyer was in Paris, I called on him on that day at his hotel, and announced my intention of living henceforth abroad, in order to renew some of my pleasant, childish impressions of sunshine and warm air, and colour in earth and sky and sea; I would never return, I said, to that land of grey clouds and chill winds, of order and propriety and money-getting and respectability. I directed that my income should be paid to me through a certain bank; I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness and consideration in coming to Paris at his advanced age to look for me; I made my bow, left the room, and never saw him again.

When I recall the succeeding twenty years of my life my mind is torn in two: on the one hand I remember with regret how totally devoid of my present simple philosophy was my existence then; on the other, a flicker of delight rises within me from the ashes of half forgotten things. Ah, it is good to be young and rich and free, to be blithe and light-hearted, to be glad in the gleam of red wine and the scent of flowers, to know the sweetness of women's smiles and the softness in their eyes, to claim the pagan's birthright of sunshine and clear air and star-lit skies, to shroud conscience and heart in the simple joy of living and moving in beautiful places! These things are indeed passing pleasant; and when the inevitable happens, when the chapter is finished and the clock has struck, when to-day is done and to-morrow begins to take its place, then, my friends, comes philosophy, the philosophy that presents itself as an alternative to suicide, the philosophy which, if you have a thread of manliness left in you, you will accept, the philosophy, in fact, that is thrust upon you.

A noted French writer has bid us to use men for our advancement and women for our pleasure, but always to preserve our honour. Never desiring advancement, I concerned myself little with the first item of the advice; but the two last precepts I have always fulfilled. No debt of mine on horse or card was ever dishonoured, though I confess the end was bitter when I found nearly all my obligations held by one man, a Jew usurer, who, with the instinct of his race, knew exactly the moment to swoop upon his prey to the best advantage. He would not grant me time to pay, except upon such extortionate conditions that my debts would have been practically doubled. Everything therefore went, and I found myself free indeed from all pecuniary embarrassments because I had simply nothing to be embarrassed about and no security upon which anyone would lend me a farthing. I found that first year of apprenticeship to philosophy sufficiently hard to endure; but it came to an end like everything else, and I had not died of hunger, nor killed myself in despair. The former result I attribute to my Italian blood, which assimilated itself more readily to altered conditions of life and amusement; the latter to that which was English in me, which

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supplied a certain dogged resolution to go on living in spite of fate. Without wearying the reader with a tedious account of every circumstance of my existence, I may say that in many cities I found various forms of employment. I have taken toll at the gates of race-courses where my own horses once ran; I have sold wine where I used to buy it. In those days I learned to mend more shoes than I wore, and to turn and repair other clothes than my own. In fact, philosophy, who found me, on the day I took service with her, a useless man who had done nothing but amuse himself all his life, has turned me out after a sufficiently severe training rather a handy fellow, who has done and can do almost anything except lie, thieve, or beg; for through all the vicissitudes which have fallen upon me I have never forgotten that I was born and shall die a gentleman. A few months, however, after the hot day of which I have just told you a story, I fell into a most disagreeable experience, whence I was rescued by a chance which brought me, at one and the same time, good luck and a new friend, of both of which more shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Reader, do you know Soloporto? If not, the loss is yours, for it is one of the most interesting towns in Europe. Long before the birth of Christ the Roman eagles fluttered above the steeps that overhang a marshy level in the northernmost part of the Adriatic where the tideless sea claimed an almost complete sway. This desolate morass was the only possible landing-place for some twenty miles of naked iron-bound coast, against whose grim rocks the white waves fretted in vain. But once the first Roman galley thrust its heavy wooden prow through the salt ooze, once the first stalwart soldier, buckler on arm and sword in hand, had raised his helmeted head to gaze keen-eyed on the naked heights rising grim and uncouth above the marsh where the sea-wind sang unhindered,—and the loneliness of that desolate spot was gone for ever.

At first a mere cluster of huts, affording temporary shelter to a handful of Roman soldiers, rose within an earth-work, crowned by the inevitable standard bearing the Imperial eagle in its pride of place; then, as the Roman thirst for conquest increased, more permanent habitations were erected, and gradually the low steep hill became covered with buildings. Neither his gods nor his pastimes were ever neglected or forgotten by the ancient Roman; and a temple to Jupiter was soon reared on the highest part of the hill, hard by the camp, that Martial and Flavian, and their companions of the guard, might have no long distance to go in order to record their parting vows or deposit their thank-offerings to the god upon their safe return. Nor were the long detentions in camp allowed to become wearisome; lower down the hill a stone theatre was raised, where sports and shows and games might be witnessed, and wagers exchanged. But except to seaward, those very earliest settlers could have had little range. Behind the hill, and its slope where they had established their camp, rose other hills, the nearer ones rocky, but the further, only however some three miles inland as the crow flies, overgrown with a dense and impenetrable forest, sparsely inhabited by savage tribes with whom in their labyrinthine solitudes even the fearless Romans would hardly come to close quarters. These forested mountains extended for many miles along the coast, and formed the step to the great table land beyond.

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One thing succeeds another, and Time's foot leaves its print everywhere; to look at the modern city of Soloporto to-day you could not tell that its inhabitants were once martial and disciplined. If you climb the steep streets of the Ghetto till you reach the cathedral you may see, through a grating made for the purpose, how St. Giusto's tower has risen above the carven columns that were once reared in honour of him who held the thunder-bolts; hard by, in a damp and dreary little enclosure, you may see certain earthen wine-jars and sculptured stones collected as relics of the conquerors of the world, while down in the cellars of Antonio Kovachich's shop I have seen part of the pillars which once adorned the Roman theatre.

It is hardly, however, on account of its past that Soloporto is interesting now. Few of its inhabitants know that the place has a past; fewer still know or care what that past was; but if you would see the gateway of the East, if you would watch the strange and complete, yet imperceptible, mingling of Occident and Orient, if you would stand for a while in a debateable land where Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics do congregate with Lutherans and Catholics old and new, if you would see a score of countries in one town, a score of human types in one street, then, my reader, come to Soloporto.

Though the place is not that of my birth, and though I am not especially attached to any one spot on earth, still I confess that this town has a certain fascination for me; the reader must therefore excuse me for having for a moment forsaken the recital of my own adventures which I would fain believe he finds more interesting.

There was much poverty and not a little sickness in Soloporto during that autumn and winter, and for me also it was a hard time. People did not care to pay for the mending of shoes that would by any means stay on the feet without such assistance, and the clothes of my usual customers suffered much, to my mind, in appearance from the lack of my attentions. The letter-writing business, too, fell off just at this period, probably from the same cause of poverty, and I confess I was sorely pinched. I could live, but not save, and when trade was bad I was compelled to dispose of many necessaries which in the face of starvation seemed superfluous. I could not of course afford to take my warmer coat out of pawn when the cold weather began, and one can do without a waistcoat better than without food. I freely confess that, contrary to my wont, I wore my coat buttoned up just then because there was nothing underneath it. I grew a beard too when my razors went (at half their value) because it is a good protection to the throat and chest. I will not distress myself by recalling an exceedingly painful period in my life, but pass over a fortnight of indescribable want, the last day of which found me crouching on the bare floor of a garret in the roof of one of the oldest houses in the Ghetto. The Bora, that terrible wind which is at once the scourge and the saving of Soloporto, for it scours the drains and sweeps away the evil odours, was abroad that night, and it was bitterly, piercingly cold. I shivered from head to foot, and suffered the more that for the first time for years a cruel hunger gnawed me. The rent of my garret was paid up to the next day; after that I should have no roof, for I have never, since the day philosophy was thrust upon me, purchased that which I could not pay for. Not a single *soldo* remained of my scanty store, and to-morrow I must beg, if I could, though even in my sore straits I felt I would rather die. The Bora roared among the roofs,

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shaking the crazy rafters and finding its way through a thousand crannies till the air I breathed was a-quiver with cold. At last I could bear it no longer; I was nearly frozen, and raising my stiffened limbs I took the door-key, the icy contact of which was positive pain, and groping my way down the filthy stone stairway found myself at one o'clock in the morning in the empty street.

The narrow alley was black in the shade of the tall old houses, with their dark windows, that seemed to me like the closed eyes of the dead, and all the space between the frozen footway and the strip of clear sky overhead was full of the unearthly, unforgettable sound of the wind. It shrieked among the stars, and moaned through shadowed archways, it buffeted the swinging signs of the little drinking-shops, and hurled itself like some invisible monster against everything in its path; there was not an inch of brick or wood or stone or iron in the city that did not give back its icy chill, nor an angle that did not echo its ghastly breath. I stumbled along as warily as might be, for even without the terrible force of the wind the frost had rendered one's footing insecure, and I suppose my misery must have half crazed me, for when a dark object was suddenly blown towards me on the ground I stooped and clutched it as an animal pounces on its prey. I was nearing one of those streets which serve in new Soloporto to connect the Ghetto with the modern part of the town, and I pushed on towards the corner round which had been blown the magnificent fur cap I held in my hand. A clear patch of moonlight flooded the roadway just here, and as I paused for a second to cling to a post for support against an extra strong blast, a man fought his way into the comparative shelter of the alley. I saw him like a photograph as he crossed the patch of moonlight, a young fellow of five and twenty or thereabouts, bareheaded and handsome, with clean-cut features like those of a statue, but with none of the effeminacy which is sometimes associated with the type. He wore a long coat with a great fur collar, and held his hands deep in his two pockets till a sudden onslaught from the wind sent him staggering towards me with arms outstretched. I caught at the sleeve of his coat (I remembered having once had one exactly like it), and held him for a moment till the blast had passed by and lost itself screaming in the distance; then I presented the fur cap and bowed to him as I spoke: "This is doubtless your property, Signor?"

I have not lived my life for nothing, and I knew instinctively that the man I spoke to was a gentleman, and I shrewdly suspected an English gentleman. Hunger and pride fought within me. The first cried, *ask, or accept;* the second wondered with fierce hesitation whether one gentleman would recognise another. I was a handsome man once myself, and the meagre light concealed deficiencies of apparel, while perhaps my sudden access of pride brought back with it a sense of undeniable equality that was apparent in tone and gesture. He gave a joyful exclamation, and taking the cap put it carefully on, pulling it well down over his ears, while I nerved myself to bear the clinking of the coin that would purchase bread. Next there ensued a pause, interminable to me, but in reality occupying just the time that it takes for one man to look another in the face. Then without hesitation the stranger bowed and held out his bare hand with a heavy English signet-ring upon it. He spoke in Italian. "A thousand thanks! The

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cap is mine; good night, Signor." He was gone! The warmth of his strong young grasp yet lingered in my palm, undefiled with a beggar's dole. He was gone, but the unready tears welled to my eyes with a sting. I was a gentleman still, and in spite of my rags my peer had known me as such. From that hour I loved Thomas Willoughby with that durable self-respecting affection that one man sometimes bestows upon another.

I turned again in the direction of my miserable shelter, but the night's adventures were not yet over. As I stumbled along, fighting with the wind and trying to keep my feet on the frozen paving, I suddenly slipped, lost my balance, and came to the ground. I fell on my left side, involuntarily extending my right arm and hand to clutch at some means of saving myself; nothing was there, but my open hand was forced by the shock into a small heap of drifted snow and rubbish whirled by the wind into the angle of a door-step. My fingers closed together in the freezing mass, but as they met my palm I felt that something hard was in their grasp, and I held it firmly while again struggling into an upright position. I was terribly bruised and shaken, but fortunately had broken no bones, and the burning curiosity to know what I had picked up partly diverted my thoughts from my unhappy accident. I was not far from my own door, close to which a gas-light had been flickering in the wind when I came out. As I drew near once more, intending to scan my prize, for upstairs I had no candle nor even a match left, I saw that the light had vanished, and the cause was clear enough. The ground was strewn with fragments of glass and tiles; some of these from the roof had evidently been hurled down by the wind upon the glass-lamp, and the flame, once exposed to the strength of the storm, had been quickly blown out. The moon, which had shown me this damage, passed at this moment behind a cloud, and there remained nothing for me to do but grope my way upstairs again and pray for a beam from heaven to show me the contents of my hand. I dared not stay outside to try to reach another gas-lamp for fear my numbed fingers should relax their hold, which I tightened to the best of my ability as I climbed to my garret. I could feel that I held a tiny flat something wrapped in paper, and my heart gave a great leap as the sudden thought darted into my mind that it might be money.

At that moment I felt if possible more hungry than before, and crawling into the corner farthest from my rattling door I crouched down and, holding the tiny packet between my clenched teeth, set to work to rub my hands vigorously together to restore their lost circulation, so that perhaps touch might reveal the nature of my discovery.

So soon as I could again feel my stagnant blood stir in my veins I very cautiously began unfolding the paper, which was limp but not destroyed by its contact with the snow. Inside was a coin, and never did opium-eater in his most ecstatic moments of imagination cover a wider range of fantasy than did I, Guiseppe Romagno, that night. The moon remained persistently hidden; through the pane of glass in the roof which lighted my lodging I could see the night sky, all dark save for a faintly twinkling star here and there. I was therefore quite free to speculate, and, calling philosophy to my aid, I spent my coin on fifty different meals in order to forget my gnawing hunger.

It was an English shilling, and I enjoyed an ample plateful of English roast beef,—one of the few pleasant

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things I remember in connection with England. It was a French *louis d'or* and I breakfasted at Bignon's and bade the obsequious waiter keep the change. It was an Italian *lire*, and I drank coffee and smoked a cigarette at Florian's, and heard the hum of Venetian life around me, and watched the moonlight sweep over the great *piazza* and move with magic fingers about that wondrous harmony of gold and bronze and marble that men call St. Mark's. It was an Austrian *krone*, and I sat in the Cucina Popolare in the next street and ate *risotto* and drank a glass of white wine, which in Soloporto is held more warming during the cold weather. Finally my treasure-trove turned into a five-*kreutzer* piece, and I bought a great hunch of bread and gnawed it with the relish I had felt when twenty-four hours before I had eaten it as my last meal.

I suppose that at last I must have fallen into a doze, for I wakened with a start at hearing my neighbour below stirring, as the clock in the town-hall boomed six. She was a widow, an elderly woman for whom I had once or twice written letters; and as it was still pitch dark I thought I would ask her to lend me a light for a few moments, for I could not wait till the tardy winter dawn came to investigate my prize.

I went down the stair aching in every limb from the cold and the effects of my accident on the previous night. A bright gleam shone through a chink in the door as I knocked.

"Come in," cried a woman's voice, and I entered.

"Teresa," I said, "I should be so much obliged if you would lend me a candle for five minutes."

"Surely, Signor Pepe, but with the greatest pleasure; here by good luck is an end of candle I can well spare. Shall I light it?"

I thought of the draughty staircase and my own entire lack of matches, and felt doubtful.

"Take the matches too!" quoth the kind soul, whose ready wit guessed perhaps at the cause of my perplexity though she did not allude to it; and I went up the wooden steps again carrying the candle and matches. Once inside my room I closed my door, for I might have gold in my possession, and it is well to beware of prying eyes in the Ghetto. My apartment was absolutely bare of everything, so I struck a match and held it underneath the candle till the grease had sufficiently melted to adhere to the floor, where I fixed it, and then lighting the wick I drew forth my parcel.

The paper had once been white, but was now naturally stained and dirty; I unfolded it with fingers shaking with excitement, and found—a fifty-*soldi* piece! Imagination is such a wonderful power that I do not deny feeling a sudden pang of disappointment,—I, without a *soldo* in my pocket!—that I had not found a golden coin. Hunger, however, is even more powerful than imagination, for it is a very stern reality, and at this instant my hunger clamoured for bread. Fifty *soldi* meant dry bread enough to preserve life for three or perhaps four days, and I was just going to snatch up the money and go in quest of the earliest-risen baker, when it struck me to examine more closely the paper in which it had been wrapped. There was writing on it, and some figures had also been scrawled above a date. The whole inscription was as follows: *Pepe. 51 ft: 75S: 20 Guigno.*"

The words interested me in some vague way, though one could twist absolutely no meaning from them, and I looked at them absently for a moment. Then I noticed that there were three double numbers written down; one could play for three double numbers in the weekly lotteries, and

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fifty *soldi* secured the chance of a good prize. I went on thinking in the same strain; there too was my name *Pepe* and *Guigno*,—what might that mean? G.—Why the Graz lottery was drawn in two days, and G. stood for Graz, of course! What if I played this money? Could I, dare I, burn my boats in this fashion, silence the murmurings of my hunger, and disregard its craving pain? All that was English in me urged an instant call upon the baker; all that was Italian remained fascinated by the odd coincidence I had noticed. Finally hunger conquered, and I blew out the bit of candle and, taking it and the matches, I went down again to Teresa's room to return her loan before going out for food. She was making coffee as I entered, and I sniffed it involuntarily.

"Have you much to do this morning, Signor Pepe?" she asked.

"No, nothing very pressing," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I am in some concern about my daughter in Rovigno," said Teresa, "and I should like to write to her, if you would not charge too high, Signor Pepe, times being hard for us all in winter. Do you think you could do it for thirty *soldi*, — and a bowl of coffee and a crust?"

"Of course, of course, for an old friend like you, Teresa," I said, for one must never be too eager to do business; it brings down prices. "Perhaps though as a favour you will not mention such a low sum, if you should be asked for my terms. I cannot always work at that rate, you know."

"I'll not mention the sum to a living soul," protested Teresa energetically as she poured out her coffee. "Here is your bowl, Signor Pepe, and the bread, and if you will be so kind as sit down and drink it and warm your hands a bit over the charcoal and mind the door till I return, I shall be back in an instant, but I must carry coffee to my son-in-law, the butcher in the Beccheria, who is always at work early on Saturdays."

Teresa bustled out, and I sat down, having made up my mind that as soon as the letter was written I would play for the Graz lottery. Here I was eating and drinking and warming myself, with fifty *soldi* to gamble with in my pocket, and thirty *soldi* more in prospect which, with my present meal, would keep me till the next night in food; and five minutes earlier I had been a miserable starving mortal without even the spirit to run a risk! Everything English in me subsided, and the Italian entirely re-asserted itself.

So soon as the letter was written and addressed I offered to stamp and post it for old Teresa; and when this had been done I purchased my lottery-tickets for Graz in the numbers 51, 75, and 20. I joyfully paid down the fifty-*soldi* piece, and went away clinking the thirty I had just received in very good spirits indeed. Before mid-day I had a commission to write two more letters,—I who had not written one for weeks!—and in the evening when I ought to have given up my room, I paid the rent for two nights more in advance. One clear day, the next, must elapse before the result of the Graz lottery was made known, and I do not know to this moment how I ever got through the hours. They did pass somehow, and I hung about the doorway, where the winning numbers were to be posted at ten o'clock on that eventful morning, for quite an hour before that time. As it drew nearer I grew faint with excitement and apprehension; possibly also I was not physically very strong just then, for though I had eaten food every day, its quality and quantity were not precisely of a nature to induce robustness.

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At last the man came out with the long black-framed slips of white paper with their big black numbers. There were three or four. I read *Soloporto* with its numbers, *Prag* with its numbers, *Leopoli* with its numbers; then came the fourth frame, and I grew giddy, while everything was blurred before me. I dared not look.

Close by a little lad, on his way from school with his satchel on his back, had stopped to peel an orange. I touched his shoulder. "Can you read figures?" I asked, almost humbly.

"Of course I can," he said rather disdainfully.

"Then read me the winning numbers for the Graz lottery."

The child stuffed the fruit into his mouth, and moved in front of the announcements; and I moved with him, closing my eyes and leaning on his shoulder. He began: "Fifty-one, seventy-five, twenty——" then I gripped his shoulder so tightly that he struggled for freedom.

"I beg your pardon," I whispered releasing him as I staggered for support against the nearest lamp-post. I, Pepe Romagno, had won twelve hundred florins!

CHAPTER III.

I AM inclined to think that as people, like myself, of mixed nationality advance in years, the influence of the more phlegmatic race will assert itself with increased strength. Possibly this may be because age impairs the vigour of youth mentally as well as physically, and risk no longer presents so much temptation. At any rate the fact remains. I have a strong suspicion that if I had been fifteen or twenty years younger I could have easily cast off the fetters of philosophy, which to-day have gnawed into me, and become again a spendthrift, amusing myself with my hundred pounds so long as it lasted, and finding myself finally no worse off than I was when fickle fortune dropped this gold into my grasp. I say this advisedly, being in the main an honest person and not anxious to claim more virtue than there exists in me. Being, however, fast in the said fetters, by reason of long custom in the wearing, I went soberly to work in the disposal of my windfall. First, of course, I took my warmest coat out of pawn, rescued my razors, and bought a new waistcoat. I also engaged a comfortable room for myself in a small inn outside the town, as the spring was just upon us and rent much cheaper than in the city itself. I only slept there, however, continuing my usual occupations in Soloporto itself, having placed over three-fourths of my hundred pounds to my credit in a certain bank lest I should again be overtaken by evil days. These very reasonable and praiseworthy proceedings I attribute to my English blood, for had I been entirely an Italian I am sure I should never have bestowed my winnings in this way.

In the meantime wherever I went I kept a sharp look-out for the stranger I had met in the Ghetto. I felt convinced I should recognise him immediately if I saw him, for, as you are already aware, circumstances had combined to impress him on my memory. But winter passed, spring came, the early summer was just beginning, and having seen no one at all like him, I was fain to suppose that he had been one of the many thousand strangers who annually pass through Soloporto on their way to or from the East.

One glorious Sunday morning I set forth from my lodging in the little inn bent upon a long walk. I cannot say that I should like to live all the year round in a rural solitude;

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the mansion of my father's family was what you call in the country, and ever since my English experiences I have fought shy of renewing the disagreeable impression of remoteness which that dwelling produced on me. Still, every now and then I would go for a long aimless excursion to some lonely spot where one might breathe a purer air for an hour or two, and find the quiet needful for the consideration of important subjects. I was somewhat perplexed just at that time, being engaged in letter-writing for a young man who was deeply in love with a young woman. They had both engaged my services as scribe, though neither was aware that the other could not write; and in order to guard against their discovering that the same person wrote and answered the letters, I adopted the plan of sloping my writing from left to right when I wrote from Gino to Carlina, and from right to left when she requested me to reply to her admirer. This innocent proceeding produced the desired effect; but I often found some difficulty in reconciling my conscience with the deviations from fact which they sometimes desired me to convey to each other.

Gino was a luggage porter at the St. Andrea station, whence the railway climbed tortuously up the barren steeps and wound round the gorges of the great dreary range of mountains that rises behind Soloporto. He had the best heart in the world under his blue linen jacket, and a strong arm in hauling about boxes and hampers, so that he was always sure of steady and remunerative employment. From every point of view he was a far better match than Carlina (who was a housemaid at the other end of the town) had any right to expect. Not content, however, with Gino's admiration, the minx must have more than one string to her bow, and had taken up with a jackanapes of a hairdresser's assistant, whose well-oiled locks and smirking manner, acquired in the course of his profession, had caught her volatile fancy. At the moment of which I write I was engaged in an epistolary quarrel anent this rival, which I was endeavouring to patch up, being anxious that Gino, for whom I entertained a genuine regard, should marry the frivolous little housemaid if his heart was really set upon it.

I passed a good many hours in the woods, and successfully decided the various questions for the consideration of which I had repaired to these solitudes; then I set forth once more along the footpath I had climbed, which presently emerged into the dusty, white high-road leading down to Soloporto. I followed this until its winding and dreary monotony became broken by the walled gardens surrounding the country-houses of those who were obliged to remain near the town, and yet preferred the country in the hot season. As a rule, until the month of June these *campagnas* were closed and vacant save for their peasant caretakers, but one got pleasant peeps through their barred gates of freshly opened green leaves and the pink and white foam of blossom. Having passed two of these deserted dwellings I came to the short cut to Soloporto which led to my lodging, and thence to the outlying streets of the city. I saved a long piece of winding road by following this byeway, and it was my invariable custom to use it. On this particular afternoon at the end of April, however, I resolved, having time at my disposal, to take the high road to my inn. Barely fifty yards beyond the short cut was the gate of another *campagna*, a very pleasant one though of small size; it stood well back from the road almost hidden among trees, and as I approached, a fox-terrier dog (I recog-

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nised the breed at once) rushed out, and by means of most friendly demonstrations contrived to cover my clothes with the dusty print of his active little paws. Being fond of dogs, and this one recalling many memories of England where I had been well acquainted with his kind, I caressed the animal, and wondered who on earth he belonged to, for the canine inhabitants of Soloporto are not noted for beauty or breeding, and this creature possessed both. The next moment, however, I heard a long clear whistle, and a young man appeared at the gate.

"Peter," he cried, "you disobedient little brute, where are you off to now? Come here, sir, come in at once."

My black and white friend lingered irresolute at my side; he ceased his demonstrations, looked at the speaker, and then turned his intelligent brown eyes to my face, evidently unable to make up his mind as to the best thing to do. I did not try to influence his decision, for I had recognised his master's voice, and wished to see if I myself had been forgotten, for by this time I had come down the road as far as the gate. My dusty condition was instantly noticed.

"By Jove," cried the Englishman, "what a mess that dog has made of you! Pray,"—here he broke off his native language and resumed his sentence in Italian,—excellent Italian it was too, almost purer than mine, which of late years has, I regret to say, become somewhat tainted with the bastard dialect of Soloporto. "Pray, Signor, come in for a few moments, and let me place a clothes-brush at your disposal. I cannot think what made the dog run at you like that; he generally avoids foreigners."

I did not say that I was only half a foreigner, partly because experience has taught me caution in dealing with strangers, and partly because I could hardly suppose that the fact had anything to do with Peter's friendliness. "Many thanks, Signor," I replied; "with your permission I will come in."

Directly I spoke the young fellow turned and looked sharply at me. "Surely we have met before," he said in a half puzzled tone.

"Yes," I answered, smiling, "we have met before; but the weather was much colder when I last had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Of course, of course," he cried, holding out his hand, "I remember perfectly now. What an awful Bora there was that night! It took me an hour and a half to get out here, and I assure you I was obliged to do the last half mile on my stomach, upon my soul I was. But come in, come in and sit down, and make yourself at home."

Although I am by no means enamoured of the English character in general, yet as a rule I will grant that nation credit for candour and sincerity. If an Englishman wishes to be rude, it is impossible to mistake his intention; if he wishes to be hospitable, you may be sure he is not inviting you under his roof and wishing you elsewhere at one and the same moment. The English are the worst hands at deception in the world; their subterfuges are so clumsy that one sees through them at once, and they cannot even lie artistically. In the present instance I knew my host meant what he said, and a wave of intense pleasure swept over me as I began to realise that there was one to whom I need not condescend, but might associate with on equal terms.

As these thoughts chased each other through my mind I was following my new friend up a path which led to the front of the house. We stepped into the usual mosaic-paved entry, and there I was left alone save

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for Peter, who subsided into a panting heap on the ground just where a patch of sunshine had heated the chilly paving.

In a couple of minutes my host reappeared followed by an elderly English manservant of the most approved type, who was armed with a clothes-brush. This he used with some dexterity, though I thought I could detect a dumb protest about his deft proceedings; English servants do not care for dusty strangers who are suddenly introduced into a house straight off the high road, and I felt that Wakefield (that was his name) imbued his perfectly correct bearing with a trifle of suspicion.

"Bring a bottle of Carmenet, Wakefield, and the cigars," said his master. "Will you sit here or in the garden?" he inquired, turning to me; "perhaps the garden will be pleasanter."

I assented, and we repaired to a couple of comfortable basket chairs under a vine of wisteria whose fragrant purple clusters were a sufficient protection from the sun. Peter came too and snapped at the flies, as he sat on his haunches and watched them dancing in the sun.

"What a charming place Soloporto is," said my host, waving a freshly lit cigar in an expansive sort of fashion in the direction of the town.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Ever since last September. I was passing through on my way from Egypt, and liking the look of the place, I stayed. But it is time we introduced ourselves," he went on, with the particularly frank smile which was one of his attractions, for it modified the rather stern regularity of his features. "My name is Thomas Willoughby, and I have no profession, but a good many tastes which serve me instead. And you are——?"

"I am Guiseppe Romagno," I answered, "and I am a Jack of all trades, partly tailor, partly cobbler, partly scribe." I watched him rather narrowly to mark the effect of my words, but he never flinched; though he was English, I give you my word he never flinched.

"That must be quite exciting, Signor Romagno," he remarked; "you must have immense opportunities for the study of human nature."

"I sometimes wish that my professions involved a little less study of human nature, Signor Willoughby," I said, thinking at that moment of my tiresome difficulty about Gino and Carlina. "It is a disappointing quantity when you get to the bottom of it, I assure you. Human nature is of exactly the same ingredients in every individual, only the quantities differ; and this difference of quantities is what we call character."

"An ingenious theory," said my host, pulling at Peter's ears, "and perhaps in the main a sound one; it will account too for a good deal that is invariable in everything. I think, —do not let me offend you by my suggestion, it is rarely applicable— but I think, Signor Romagno, you must be a philosopher, since you seem able to look at your fellow-creatures in general from a detached position. I believe that is the correct attitude for philosophy."

I thought of the immortal Shakespeare, who spoke of "salad days" and "greenness of judgment," as combined; but I felt that there were exceptions to the rule, and that Thomas Willoughby, though undoubtedly in his salad days still, was by no means green in judgment; he had found out that I was a philosopher.

"You are quite right, Signor Willoughby," I answered gravely; "many years ago I had philosophy thrust upon me."

"How interesting that must have

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been," he said, looking at me with increased attention.

"That is not precisely the adjective I should apply to the process," I answered rather drily. "I don't know what effect it might have upon you, but there are epochs in life when one is so much occupied in living, in receiving continual disagreeable shocks, in adapting oneself to all sorts of novel and unpleasant conditions, in looking at things in general from an unfamiliar and repugnant standpoint, that one has no time to discover if all this sort of thing is interesting or not. When you have time to find out anything, you will find out that you have become a philosopher."

My auditor laughed, a spontaneous ringing laugh that it did one good to hear. "I don't think, Signor Romagno, that I shall ever make that discovery; the process by which it is attained sounds far too complicated and disagreeable, and besides, I am not sure that one is any the happier for studying humanity from a distance and becoming absolutely devoid of the power to wish for anything, like that fellow in the tub—what was his name?—Diogenes. I like to make friends because I enjoy their company, not because I am anxious to put their characters under a microscope. I am sure I should not be at all pleased if anyone studied me after that fashion; any decent man would know that he must fall short."

"Diogenes," I remarked, "was not really a philosopher; he was a cynic; besides, his first youth was not spent at all philosophically."

"Well," said Thomas Willoughby carelessly, "you evidently know a good deal more about the old fellow than I do; but if he was not philosophical in his youth he must often have regretted that age brought it on. I don't think that if I lived to be a Methuselah I should ever turn philosopher."

I sipped my wine (an excellent vintage, and quite unlike the beverage which philosophy provided for me as a rule), and watched my new acquaintance as he smoked in tranquil comfort. Ah! once I too had been like him, once I too should have spurned philosophy, once I too had had no profession but many tastes like Mr. Willoughby, and, as was also evidently the case with him, the means of satisfying them. Should I try to save this frank, generous young fellow, to whom I had been so strangely introduced, from my own fate? Should I strive to warn him of what might be in store?

There had fallen a silence between us, not the strained and weighty silence which so greatly disturbs an ill-assorted meeting, that silence which each refrains from breaking because he thinks the duty devolves upon his neighbour. No! the present pause was one without the slightest sense of constraint; it had fallen quite naturally and neither of us was ill at ease; we were both philosophising. To myself, who am nowadays much given to the consideration of what some call trifles, it was a singular proof of the sympathy which already existed between Thomas Willoughby and myself.

I had just decided that it was not of the slightest use to preach the possible to this young man, when a light step on the gravel of one of the paths attracted my attention, and I looked up to see a very handsome young woman, of the regular Soloporto type, going to the pump among some bushes at a little distance to draw water. My companion looked up also and, following the direction of my eyes, vouchsafed an explanation.

"My cook," he said calmly; "a good-looking woman isn't she? But this place is really remarkable for pretty women. I am no devotee of ugliness,

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and I can't for the life of me see why one should not enjoy the frequent sight of beauty if possible. I have a strong tendency to Bohemianism, Signor Romagno, and England is the most uncomfortable country in the world to indulge such tastes, therefore I came abroad; but in order to retain some hold on the skirts of English respectability I brought Wakefield also; he keeps up appearances for me, and I shine in the light of his reflected propriety. Tell me, did you ever see anyone who looked so perfectly irreproachable? And I assure you in his case appearances are not deceitful. I think he would be glad to go to England again, for he can't speak any Italian,—languages are not his strong point, he has a low opinion of foreigners —but he sighs and grumbles and stays on, chiefly I fancy because he has a real regard for me and is afraid I should come to grief without him. He was once my father's servant, and he sometimes forgets that I am no longer a little boy. But if you don't care to smoke any more, come and see some of my things. I bought all manner of curios in the East."

He led the way into the house, which with the exception of two or three of the smallest rooms used for sleeping, was crammed with Indian embroideries and metal work, Japanese bronzes and Chinese porcelain, Arab and Turkish armour, ancient pottery from Cyprus, curious old pictures from Italy, and Heaven knows how much more in the way of Venetian glass, wood-carving and so forth. One could pretty well trace this young man's wanderings by his purchases which, regarded with the eye of intelligence, formed a complete map of his route.

"Are you going to settle altogether in Soloporto, then?" I asked.

"Why do you ask?" he enquired. "Because I have unpacked all my things? I always do that if I stay more than two months anywhere. Wakefield does all the packing and unpacking; he is a capital hand at it."

If practice makes perfect I saw no reason to doubt that Wakefield was indeed an expert in this branch of his duties, and I formed a high opinion of the strength of his attachment to his master.

"I intend to stay in Soloporto just so long as it suits me," went on Thomas Willoughby. "When I am tired of the place I shall move on; at present I am not at all tired of it, and I have made no plans for the future."

"Do you intend to spend all your life in this way?" I asked, struck almost with admiration at its magnificent independence.

"Oh dear no," he answered smiling; "by and by I shall return to England and select a nice pleasant girl to marry; possibly, if choice be difficult, I may ask my mother's opinion; and I shall marry and live happy ever after, as the story-books say. Some day, Signor Romagno, I shall turn into the most orthodox English father of a family, some day but not *just* yet," and he executed a wink of surpassing expression.

"But do you think that kind of life will suit you after this one?" I enquired.

"Oh, I dare say it will," he said lightly, "if I get enough of this kind of life first; but I don't intend to hurry myself, or to be stinted in my own way. We have had one horrid example of such stinting in our family, and I don't mean to be made another; one of my relatives came to smash about a generation ago, sometime before I was born, in fact. He had the family taste for having his fling, and, not being allowed to indulge it, the consequences were disastrous."

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It began to dawn upon me that Wakefield's post was no sinecure, but I felt singularly drawn to this blithe young fellow with his light heart, his infinite capacity for amusement, his careless enjoyment of existence, his inexperience in all but pleasure. At any time of life such a personality is refreshing to meet, but when one is nearly sixty years old, as I was, its effect is like that of new wine. It exhilarates, it refreshes, it inspires. I felt younger myself at that moment than I had done for many years, and had indeed been so much attracted and fascinated by my new friend that I had been quite unmindful of the flight of time. Having discovered by means of the bells ringing for vespers that it was already six o'clock, I began to take my leave with many apologies for so protracted a visit.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Willoughby; "I should have had no idea of the time myself if you had not told me. And when and where, Signor Romagno, may I give myself the pleasure of returning your call?"

"I have a room in the inn not far down the road," I answered, "and I am generally there at this time of year after six in the evening."

"Good," he said, "I shall look you up," and we parted, with I can only hope as pleasant an impression on his side as on mine.

(To be continued.)

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THE MURDER OF THE DUKE OF GANDIA.

In the year 1497 a crime was committed in Rome which made an extraordinary impression not only on the careless minds of the pleasure-loving Romans, accustomed as they were to dark and secret tragedies, but also on the imaginations of people dwelling far away to whom the actors in the affair were not personally known. The force of this impression was due partly to the fact that the victim was the son of a Pope, and of a Pope moreover whose name was never mentioned without some word of fear or hatred; for it was Roderigo Borgia who occupied the holy chair, and his crimes were a byword throughout the world. The family and station of the murdered man would alone have made the affair a nine days' wonder in Italy; but a more permanent interest has been stamped on it by certain circumstances which lift the story out of the mere ruck of brutality which filled Rome in those days, and make it well worthy of attention even now.

It will never be necessary to preface any record of events in Rome during the last years of the fifteenth century by a description of the character of Alexander the Sixth, the second Borgia Pope. His is one of those names which, justly or unjustly, carries with it even now a certain thrill of dread, such as one feels in speaking of Nero or Caligula. History has searched with little success for redeeming qualities in the character of this villainous old man. One indeed there was with which a certain sympathy can be felt, namely the passionate affection which he lavished on his children, for whose welfare he laboured with all the energy of his unscrupulous nature. It was the Duke of Gandia, the eldest surviving and the best-loved of these children, who now perished beneath the knife of an unknown assassin; and it is to his more terrible brother, Cæsar Borgia, that the guilt of the murder has been usually attributed during all the centuries which have since gone by, whether on sufficient evidence or not, being one of the points which will presently be investigated.

The historian who values truth may well hesitate before pronouncing on the characters of the chief members of the Borgia family. The histories and chronicles of the period are filled with stories of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Lucretia which, taken together, paint their portraits in colours so much darker than those of ordinary humanity as to necessitate a strict examination of the evidence on which the delineation rests; for it is one of the unwritten laws of history that an assertion which imputes exceptional wickedness to any individual is to be tested far more carefully than one which squares with the ordinary qualities of humanity. This is mere justice to those who cannot now defend themselves; yet it is a work of infinite labour and responsibility. It was performed by Gregorovius on behalf of Lucretia Borgia, whose character, freed from the accretions of four centuries, proves to have been in many respects grossly slandered by her contemporaries. Alexander and Cæsar remain sketched for posterity as monsters, men in whose characters there

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was no good thing, scarce any human pity or kindness, nothing more than a ruthless determination to gain by whatever means place and power in the world. It may be so, though this is not the occasion for discussing so great a question; but there are no grounds for regarding the character of the Duke of Gandia as an historical puzzle, or for looking on him as other than a listless, good-natured debauchee, popular enough in the corrupt society among which he lived, but wholly lacking in that force of character which makes the very names of his father and his brother Cæsar terrible still.

Weak as the Duke of Gandia was, the Pope loved him with even more than the passionate love which he wasted on his other children; and seeing in his eldest son the hope of his house, he devoted his immense and unscrupulous energies to carving out a principality for him. His first scheme was to appropriate the lands of some of the Roman barons on whom he was waging a more or less open war; but this plan failed, and the Pope then fell back on the easier device of despoiling Holy Church. He proposed to the sacred college that the city of Benevento together with Terracina, Pontecorvo, and the outlying districts, should be erected into a duchy and conferred on the Duke of Gandia. So timid or so venal were the cardinals that, with one honourable exception, they not only approved but loudly applauded this alienation of Church lands; and even the vice-chancellor, Cardinal Sforza, whose unholy support of the Pope had long since been exchanged for an equally unclean opposition, welcomed the proposal as cordially as the rest.

Whether this outward show of complaisance did not cloak a deeper feeling which it was not safe to express is a question which may fairly occur to anyone who ponders over the subsequent events. But if such a feeling existed it found no voice. The scheme proceeded, the duchy was created, and the Duke was formally invested at a solemn consistory. Almost at the same moment a high dignity was conferred on Cæsar Borgia, who, despite the opposition of the cardinals, was nominated by the Pope to be Papal Legate at the approaching coronation of the King of Naples.

On the evening before Cæsar's departure on this honourable mission Vanozza, his mother, gave a farewell supper in her vineyard, near San Maria in Vincola. The Pope was not present, but most of the members of the Borgia family were there and in the highest spirits, as well they might be at a time of such prosperity for their name. The newly created Duke of Benevento, backed as he was by the whole force of the papacy, might naturally look to be the chief subject in the realm of Naples; while if his influence grew powerful enough to lead him some day to the throne itself, the turn of fortune would be by no means unexampled in medieval Italy. Cæsar's prospects were perhaps less brilliant; and it has been argued that his fierce and savage temper must have been unendurably galled by seeing his weaker brother become the founder of a line of princes, if not of kings, while he, though he might like other cardinals acquire vast wealth and unlimited influence over affairs, could gain no further step in rank, being debarred from the holy chair by the stigma of his birth. It may have been so, though there is no evidence that Cæsar did really so estimate the position; and it cannot be out of place to observe that those who have followed most closely the career of this extraordinary man, who are best

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aware how few were the elements in the corrupt society of the day which had the slightest chance of successfully resisting his ruthless energy and his indomitable will, may well hesitate before assigning limits to what he might have achieved, or prophesying that any obstacle was beyond his power to overcome.

These are not futile speculations; for indeed the student, anxious to do justice even to this dark and terrible man who has been the execration of four centuries, cannot choose but strive and strive again to divine what was in his mind as he sat at supper near his brother on that June evening in the year 1497. If it be true, as posterity has agreed to believe, that he was devising fratricide, he allowed no trace of hatred to be seen, and nothing occurred to interrupt the gaiety of the party. The evening was not far advanced when a masked man, habited like a servant, came to the Duke's seat and whispered in his ear. The incident attracted little attention, for the mask had been seen to come to the Duke almost daily during the past month, always bringing some secret communication which he delivered in the same way; while those who were acquainted with the Duke's mode of life were at no loss in ascribing this mystery to some lingering feeling of decency and self-respect.

Shortly after he had received this communication the Duke rose from table, pleading an engagement in Rome; and Cæsar excused himself also, on the ground that he had appointed to set out for Naples early on the following morning, and must therefore bid farewell to the Pope before his Holiness retired for the night. The two brothers left in company: their mules were at the gate of the vineyard; and with a small train of servants they rode back into the Holy City,—so named even then, when the title was the ghastliest of mockeries. At the Palazzo Borgia, then the residence of the Vice-chancellor Cardinal Sforza, the brothers parted. Cæsar took the road leading to the Vatican. The Duke dismissed all his servants except a single groom; and, taking up the masked man, who had come to him in the vineyard, upon the crupper of his mule, he rode away towards the Piazza Giudea, where he dismissed the groom also, telling the fellow to wait for him in that spot an hour before midnight, but not to wait long, implying that it was uncertain whether he would come or no. And so the Duke and the mask rode away alone together; whither they went, or on what errand, is one of the unsolved mysteries of time.

How Cæsar spent the remainder of that night is another question which still awaits an answer. According to Tomasi (whose biography of Cæsar was published in 1655) he was not seen openly by anyone in Rome from the moment of his farewell to the Pope until his return from Naples. But this assertion is one among many grounds for distrusting Tomasi's narrative, for it is abundantly established that Cæsar did not set out for Naples that night, nor indeed for several weeks; and when this author goes on to preface a confessedly supposititious account of how Cæsar waited for his brother and slew him with the words "many conjectures make it probable," we may fairly ask whether fratricide is to be imputed on conjecture, and whether history, even in its byways, cannot demand a surer basis.

It is, however, certain that the Duke of Gandia did not return to the Vatican. In the morning this circumstance was reported to the Pope, who, being well aware that

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for any irregularity in the movements of his sons there was probably some disgraceful reason, would not permit enquiry to be made, stating his conviction that the truant would return when the approach of night enabled him to do so unobserved. But, as the day went on, strange reports began to fly about Rome. A priest, sleeping in the precinct of St. Peter's, had been roused in the night by a terrible noise, and peering affrightedly down into the church, had seen it filled with torches flitting to and fro where no mortal bearers could have been. Though this event had no obvious connection with the disappearance of the Duke, it was universally regarded as an evil augury, and had its share in exciting the minds of the Romans. When therefore later in the day the Duke's mule was found straying homewards with one stirrup-leather hanging loose while the other had been slashed off, evidently by a sword-stroke, the idea of a tragedy at once began to circulate through the city. Ere long it became known that the groom, who took the Duke's orders on the previous night, had been found crawling along the roadway mortally wounded, and that in the very act of making some statement about his master he had died without finishing his sentence. By this time the Pope's anxiety could no longer be subdued. Night had fallen and the Duke had not appeared. Searchers scoured Rome in every direction. An impression gained ground that the luckless youth had been murdered and thrown into the Tiber. The boatmen were questioned, and at length one George, a Slavonian, was encountered, who told the following tale.

"On Wednesday evening," he said, "I had landed the produce of my nets; and while I watched the fish, was getting what sleep I could in my boat, when I saw two men come out on the main road from the left-hand corner of our church of San Hieronymo. It was five o'clock in the morning, and from the movements of the men it was evident that they had come to see whether the road was clear of passers-by. Having satisfied themselves that no one was about, they went back behind the church, and a minute later two more came out and made a similar reconnaissance with the same result; whereupon they beckoned to their comrades and a man appeared mounted on a white horse, carrying on the crupper behind him the body of a dead man, whose head and arms hung down on one side and his legs on the other. Two of the men held the body up, while the others watched the road. The rider, who wore a gold-hilted sword, backed his horse towards the river at that spot where refuse of all kinds is discharged into the water; and the two who were with him, after heaving the body up once or twice ineffectually, hoisted it over the parapet, and let it fall with a splash. Then the rider, who seemed to have turned his face away to avoid the horror of the sight, asked whether the fellows 'had thrown it in'; and as if reassured by the answer, '*Si, signor*,' he turned and looked down at the water. The dead man's mantle had loosed itself from his body and was floating down the stream; seeing which, the cavalier asked what that black thing was swimming. The fellows answered that it was nothing but his mantle, and gathering up stones, they sank it to the bottom. A moment later they all went away together, following the main road for a short distance, and then taking the lane that leads to San Giacomo." On being asked the natural question why he had not at once reported this to the authorities so that the men might

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have been followed with some prospect of success, George made the following very grim reply. "In the time that I have spent plying my trade upon the river I have seen dead men thrown into it a hundred times in the same way, and no questions asked on any one occasion. I did not therefore see the need for departing from my custom of minding my own business and leaving all such dangerous affairs alone."

A multitude of boatmen were set to drag the Tiber; and about noon on the following day they hooked up a sack into which was crammed the body of the luckless youth, gaily dressed in the dark green hose which he had donned for his mother's banquet, still wearing his dagger sheathed by his side but stabbed with five deadly wounds, and having a wide gash in his throat.[1]

The discovery of the body was followed by a scene of terrible excitement in the city; and the Romans, fearing apparently that the Spaniards, who were both numerous and powerful, would exact some dire vengeance for the fate of one whom they regarded as a chief among their party, retreated precipitately to their homes. The shops were shut, and through the deserted streets parties of Spaniards coursed furiously, brandishing drawn swords and vociferating that they were betrayed. Meanwhile a Venetian at that time in Rome, being, as he said, very curious for news, was on the bridge which spanned the Tiber near the castle of St. Angelo, when he heard such an outcry as hardly seemed to be produced by human voices; and above the tumult he could distinguish the sonorous voice of the Pope who, roaring like an animal in his uncontrollable grief, bewailed in this frantic manner the death of his worthless Absalom.

Such are all the certain facts which can be collected. The Governor of Rome was directed to probe the story to the bottom. He examined many people, but found no one who could tell him whither the Duke rode on the last night of his life, or who was the masked man by whom he was accompanied, if not guided, on this fatal expedition. The enquiry had lasted just a fortnight when it was dropped by order of the Pope.

This curious circumstance, that the enquiry was closed by the very person who appears to have been most interested in pursuing it, is one among several reasons for suspecting Cæsar Borgia of the murder,—reasons indeed which have appeared so strong to most writers on the subject, both contemporary and modern, that with scant hesitation the majority of them have laid the guilt at Cæsar's door, often with as much confidence as if the charge were proved up to the hilt, instead of being, as it is, supported by nothing more than suspicion based on the statements of certain persons living at the time. On such statements every man is free to form his own opinion; and as it cannot be a matter of indifference, even to a character so stained with crime as that of Cæsar Borgia, whether this peculiarly terrible act is, or is not, justly attributed to him, it is in some sense a measure of justice to test the evidence. The cause of truth, which is that of history, can never suffer from a patient hearing of both sides.

In commencing this enquiry one naturally turns first to the aforesaid biography of Cæsar Borgia by Tomaso Tomasi. This work, which appeared one hundred and fifty years after

[1] This does not quite tally with the story told by George, who saw the body hanging over the hindquarters of a horse; but it may have been thrust into the sack when the men were seen by him struggling behind the parapet.

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Cæsar's death, cannot of course claim the value of a contemporary record. It was dedicated to Vittoria della Rovere, a relative of that Pope Julius the Second who was the Borgia's fiercest enemy. The very title-page of the book, which has probably done more than any other to brand Cæsar Borgia with the shame of almost incredible iniquities, might therefore raise doubts as to its absolute fairness; while when we open it, all such doubts are at once removed by the passionate invective which storms along its pages. It is the work of a man too angry to search for evidence. He knows Cæsar to be a fiend, and he takes that as an admitted fact for the basis of his narrative. To his mind it is not for a moment doubtful that Cæsar contrived the murder of his brother. He even knows that the actual assassins were four in number, and can give us word for word the long oration, most beautifully phrased, which Cæsar made to encourage them on the evening before the deed, a speech which no other writer gives, which could only have been obtained from some one of the murderers, who were never identified, and which is beyond doubt a mere rhetorical exercise of the writer. The book is, in short, a brief for the prosecution; yet even Tomasi lets the truth slip out. "Of the slaying of the Duke," he admits, "whatever may be said by others, the circumstances could not be certainly known, since they were buried as deeply by the authority of him who executed them as by the shades of night." This is the exact truth; and as Tomasi was conscious of it at least once in the course of his work, we need feel no surprise on laying down the book to find that it contains nothing whatever which deserves the name of evidence against Cæsar Borgia or any other person.

We pass backwards from Tomasi to the age in which Cæsar lived, and examine the accounts of men who were his contemporaries. The result is disappointing to one who searches for a reasonable basis of conviction. Guicciardini, Machiavelli, Giovio, all believe that Cæsar was the murderer; but while stating their belief, they have neglected to record the grounds of it. No one of them can tell us where Cæsar spent the night of the murder, whither the Duke of Gandia rode, who the masked man was who sat behind him on his mule. One can only conclude that these mysteries were as dark to them as they are to us. What they give us may claim to be regarded as the current opinion of their time, a thing of interest and of a certain value, but one on which all experience teaches us not to lean as if it were the rock.

Passing still further back towards the time of the murder we find, three years after it was committed, the first public declaration of belief in Cæsar's guilt. The Venetian ambassador, Polo Capello, delivering in the Senate his account of what he had achieved and learned during his embassy at Rome, used these words: "*Etiam amazò il fratello* (also he slew his brother)."

The Venetian ambassadors were generally well informed, and this statement by Capello is certainly the most solid piece of evidence which can be produced against Cæsar, being made doubtless with a full sense of responsibility on an important public occasion by a man who must certainly have known the opinions of the best informed persons of the Roman court, and who may conceivably have had certain warrant for his words. Indeed, if Capello had been ambassador in Rome at the time of the murder, the highest importance must have been attached to his judgment. But this

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was not so. Nearly two years had passed before he presented his credentials to the Pope. The enquiry, as we saw, was hushed up at the end of a fortnight. Therefore Capello's is not first-hand testimony; and as he does not tell us on what grounds he formed his judgment, we can hardly set it down as more than a statement of current public opinion, which may have been either right or wrong. It is certainly somewhat more important than that of the historians, since it approaches more nearly the date of the crime.

So great a writer as Gregorovius appears to argue that Capello's assertion should be taken as conclusive, because it cannot be presumed that he would have stated as a certainty what was really nothing more than a presumption, however strong. Perhaps not; but, as it happens, we are in a position to estimate the trust-worthiness of Capello's information by another story about Cæsar which he told the Senate on the same occasion. "And another time he slew with his own hand under the very mantle of the Pope, thrown round him for protection, that Messer Peroto, the Pope's favourite, so that Peroto's blood spurted over the Pope's face."

Now if this terrible story were true, one writer whose work remains must have known it, namely, Jean Burchard, master of ceremonies to the Pope, whose Latin diary, written with care and detail from day to day, is one of the most valuable authorities for the events occurring at the Borgia's court. Burchard gives us quite a different, and a much less dramatic, story of Peroto's death. On the 14th of February, 1498, he writes: "Perottus, who on the 8th of this month fell into the Tiber, not of his free will (*non libenter*) was found in the river, and about him many things are said in the city." But, it may be said, Burchard perhaps feared to record the truth; Peroto may have been stabbed first and thrown into the river afterwards. Let us turn to another authority, of Capello's own city, a man having access to the best information and possessed with a perfect passion for arriving at the truth,—Marin Sanuto, the value of whose diaries is known to every student of this period of Italian history. We find Sanuto confirming Burchard, adding only one or two particulars about the manner of the drowning. It will hardly be maintained that the joint authority of Burchard and Sanuto who wrote at the time of the occurrence is of less weight than the unsupported statement of Capello, whose opportunities of gaining information did not commence until Peroto had been dead for fifteen months. Doubtless he reported to the Senate what he and many other persons believed to be true; but the inference is almost irresistible that it was not true, and that he was wrong.

Burchard's account of the circumstances which preceded and followed the murder of the Duke of Gandia is that which has been given in these pages. It contains no suggestion whether expressed or implied as to the authorship of the crime; but this silence cannot be adduced, as Roscoe argued, in exculpation of Cæsar Borgia. For the diary has no sooner recorded all the unquestionable facts of the affair, when, at the point where the writer might have been expected to set down his suspicions, if not his knowledge, as to where the guilt lay, the diary suddenly breaks off, to be resumed only after an interval of many weeks and without further allusion to the matter. It is easy to guess at reasons for this exasperating hiatus; but scarcely worth while to consider any other than the most probable, which is that Burchard found it would be dangerous to set

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down all he knew. If this was so, of course the inference is that some very high personage was concerned, whether Cæsar Borgia or another.

This is very uncertain ground; there is firmer treading when we turn to the diaries of Marin Sanuto. These diaries were the work of a man whose life was spent, for the most part, not in writing history but in collecting materials for it; and who for this very reason was not exposed to the temptation of sacrificing truth to a telling phrase, or of giving life to a dull passage by inserting a sensational story which was not certainly true. His industry in searching for the fact was equalled only by his accuracy in recording it; while his social standing and his reputation as a scholar enabled him to supplement the official information open to him in Venice by the reports of trustworthy private correspondents in many other cities. His testimony therefore on any event occurring within the long period covered by his diaries is of indisputable value, if not of absolute authority.

Sanuto has much to tell us about the murder, which he evidently regarded as a striking and important public event. His account of the circumstances agrees in all important details with that of Burchard. But the reasons, whatever they may have been, which led the Roman diarist to stay his pen had no force in Venice; and Sanuto gives us not only the letters of Niccolò Michel, at that time Venetian ambassador in Rome, but also notes down from time to time during the next six months the various reports which reached him from his private correspondents in the Holy City.

These documents, full and interesting as they are, contain nothing which can be understood as fastening suspicion on Cæsar. If we may accept his diary as a complete record of his knowledge on the subject,—and surely this is but reasonable—Sanuto not only did not suspect Cæsar, but had not heard that anyone else suspected him. This may be said confidently to be the state of Sanuto's knowledge up to the date of his last reference to the murder, which was written more than six months after the event. Of course he must subsequently have become aware of the accusations in Capello's speech, but the fact that he made no correcting entry in his diary tends to show that he attached no importance to what Capello said.

Who then did murder the Duke of Gandia? Naturally Sanuto has asked himself this question, and he supplies some materials for answering it,—though, true to his business of amassing materials rather than of sifting them, he confines himself to setting down the various reports which reached him.

On the tenth day after the murder, Sanuto tells us, letters reached Venice from the ambassador in Rome, to the effect that a solemn consistory had been held a few days earlier, when all the cardinals then in Rome, with one solitary exception, came forward to tender individually their condolences to the Pope on the terrible calamity which he had sustained. When the last had spoken and retired, the Pope addressed them in words which show how deeply the stroke that slew his son had pierced his own heart, and which may indeed have been the only expression of true feeling and repentance that the proud and rebellious sinner ever uttered. "The death of the Duke of Gandia," he said in broken accents, "has been the greatest grief which we could have to bear; for we loved him marvellously, and cared more for no other thing, no, not for the Papacy itself. Yea, if we had seven Papacies

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we would give them all to regain the life of the Duke, which God, perhaps, reft from him for some sin of ours, since he had done nothing to earn so terrible an end." Alexander then mentioned that suspicion had fallen on Giovanni Sforza, Lucretia's husband, who but a short time previously had made a headlong retreat from Rome, leaving his wife behind for reasons which, though not certainly known, may possibly have had their root in an equal dislike of poison and the dagger ; on the Duke of Squillace, Gandia's younger brother, who had certainly a strong and terrible motive for hating the dead man, if indeed he did so hate him ; and on the Duke of Urbino. "God pardon him," he concluded, "whoever he may have been. For our part we have resolved to give no further thought whether to the Papacy or to our own life, but to hand over the better ordering of the one and the correction of the other to six of you, our brothers the Cardinals, whom we will presently name."

Such was Alexander's public profession of abasement and of unfitness even to regulate his private life. But who was the absent cardinal on this solemn and remarkable occasion? It was Ascanio Sforza, whose office, that of Vice-chancellor, was of the first importance at the Papal Court. So noticeable was his absence on this occasion that he had not chosen to leave it unexplained ; and the Spanish ambassador, Don Gracilasso Della Vega, rising when the Pope had finished, delivered an apology for the Vice-chancellor, who had commissioned him to express his condolences with the Pope, and to explain that he had abstained from offering them in person on account of the rumours which were connecting him with the crime,—rumours, he added, which not only led him to fear violence from the Spaniards, if he left his palace, but which it was even possible that his Holiness might have credited. To this the Pope replied : "God forbid that we should harbour such a fancy, or think his Reverence could do the slightest wrong, for we have regarded him as a brother."

It is this Cardinal Sforza to whom Sanuto ascribes the murder ; and it is plain that within five days of the event there were so many men in Rome of the same opinion as gave the Vice-chancellor cause to fear for his life. But it will be said the Pope himself brushed aside these suspicions with a public profession of his love for Sforza. He did ; but his words, so far from destroying the case against the Vice-chancellor, go some way to strengthen it ; for it is impossible to believe that the Pope was sincere. His relations with Sforza had long been such as to make the profession of brotherly feeling absurd ; and there was at the very moment of the murder a fresh and bitter cause of quarrel between the Pope and the Duke of Gandia on the one side and the Vice-chancellor on the other.

This Cardinal Sforza was brother of Ludovic, "the Moor," who murdered his nephew and usurped his duchy of Milan, and who invited the French into Italy, thus bringing on his own country for his own ambitious ends miseries and sorrows which no human intelligence can number, and whose manifold treacheries were fast alienating every ally from his side. Ascanio had been one of the chief agents in that unequalled act of simony by which the Borgia planted himself in St. Peter's chair. His vote and the votes of his followers were bought, so Burchard assures us, with no less than four mule-loads of silver, in addition to the coveted prize of the Vice-chancellorship. Indeed it was well worth while for the Borgia to gain as an

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adherent the brother of the Duke of Milan, who was by natural position one of the four chief potentates of the peninsula, and who seemed not unlikely at that moment to play a part much greater than any previous occupant of his throne. Thus the Pope lent a willing ear to the proposal of marriage between his daughter, Lucretia, and Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, a near relation of the Duke and the Vice-chancellor; and by this marriage the alliance which the Borgia desired with the power of Milan was sealed and cemented.

Not many months had passed, however, before a great and terrible change occurred in the political atmosphere. Ludovic definitely pledged himself to France. The invasion of Charles the Eighth began to loom through the troubled air. The young King was backed by the Pope's bitter enemy, Cardinal di San Pietro in Vincula, afterwards Pope Julius the Second, who was known to desire nothing more ardently than to see the reform of the Church begun by his own installation in the Borgia's place. The Pope took fright, and drew nearer to the King of Naples, against whom the French expedition was directed. So great a discord thus grew up between the Pope and the Vice-chancellor that the latter left Rome, and even five months later when the French were nearing the Holy City refused to return unless he could be assured of his personal safety. That his life had been in danger is shown by the fact that he demanded a hostage of rank before he would return to discuss the position of affairs; and as it was Cæsar Borgia who was sent as guarantee of the Cardinal's safety, one may safely conclude that the danger anticipated was from the Pope himself.

This happened in the year 1494. One cannot here follow in detail all the relations between the Pope and the Vice-chancellor up to the date of the Duke of Gandia's murder. It must suffice to say that as there was so little brotherly feeling between them in 1494 that thoughts of murder were clearly entertained, so on a later occasion their intercourse was so far embittered that the Cardinal again demanded a hostage before he would place himself within reach of the Pope. These are assuredly strange proofs of brotherly affection.

But this was ancient history at the time of the murder; let us see what was the actual condition of affairs at that date. Sanuto, writing up his diary in December, 1497,—six months after the murder, and when, it might be supposed, a sufficient interval had passed to enable him to sift the false reports from the true,—makes the following entry.

> Concerning the death of the Duke of Gandia. From letters received from Rome we learn that the cause of the death was as follows. Cardinal Ascanio, the Vice-chancellor, invited to dine with him many lords and men of note, among them being the Duke of Gandia. Whilst they sat at table an altercation sprang up. The Duke flung the word "coward" at some of those present; they retorted with a still more offensive taunt, which galled the Duke so much that he sprang up, left the table, and straightway sought the Pope, complaining that he had been insulted. The Pope was highly incensed, and despatched messengers to Ascanio ordering him to send those who had insulted the Duke to the palace forthwith. Ascanio replied by begging the Pope not to make too much of the matter, for that he would come and explain it. The messengers, on reporting this answer to the Pope were at once sent back, and this time they were armed, and entering forcibly into the Vice-chancellor's palace,—in defiance of the franchise of Cardinals, whose houses cannot lawfully be violated—they demanded the man who had insulted the Duke, saying that the Pope meant to have him at all hazards. Thus yielding to force, Ascanio gave up the culprit,

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begging that the Pope would use no violence, but would wait till the morning when he would explain all to his Holiness. However when morning came, it appeared that the man, who was one of the Cardinal's chamberlains, had been summarily hanged; which cruelty was resented by many persons, especially by the relations and friends of the sufferer, who was a man of rank. The Duke, satisfied with having tasted revenge, went about Rome gaily; but the Pope cautioned him to go carefully.

We may imagine how fiercely Ascanio must have resented this gross insult to his person and his privileges, and the smallest acquaintance with the spirit of the times will convince us that the Pope's warning to the Duke was by no means superfluous. Will anyone credit the existence of "brotherly feeling" between two men who were divided by such an offence as this, occurring as it did upon the avowed hostility of years? Can it be believed that the Pope was sincere, that his words were not, in plain English, a lie? With what object this lie was told, what were the reasons which induced him to disclaim openly a suspicion which he could not but have entertained in his heart, it would be futile to enquire. There are no materials for arriving at a judgment.

Let us summarise what has been said. The charge against Cæsar Borgia of complicity in his brother's murder rests first on the existence of an apparent motive, and secondly on the opinion, expressed but unsupported, of many of his contemporaries. The motive, if prompted by ambition, did not necessitate Gandia's murder, since Cæsar's force of character was such that he could have won the Pope's consent to any scheme of aggrandisement which he chose to form. Another motive has been suggested, namely, a rivalry with the Duke in a certain intrigue; and certainly this rivalry constitutes a case for suspicion against Cæsar, who was quite capable of killing either his brother or anyone else who stood in his way. But to discover a motive is not to prove Cæsar's guilt. As has been shown, Cardinal Sforza also had excellent reasons for killing the Duke of Gandia; and the best informed judgment in Rome both at the time and for six months afterwards held that he had done so. As one passes further away from the time, one finds a growing idea that Cæsar was the murderer; but the years in which this belief grew and found expression are those in which the tremendous force and ruthlessness of the man's character was manifesting itself to an Italy lying spell-bound before him, palsied by the terror which was his strongest weapon, and hating him as the weak always hate the strong. This is the soil in which true impressions starve and legends flourish. Such legends incrust the whole history of the Borgias; and this fact warns us to receive with caution the beliefs of contemporaries who might so easily have recorded the circumstances which convinced them, but who fail to do so.

This is no plea for Cæsar Borgia. I have desired to maintain nothing more than that the evidence on the subject of this terrible crime does not justify the confident assertion of Cæsar's guilt which has been almost universally made, and that the claims of another candidate for that bad eminence have been insufficiently considered.

A. H. Norway.

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TENNYSON.[1]

LORD TENNYSON'S memoir of his father is a book which it would be pleasant to praise, but a review of it would be foreign to the purpose of this essay. Yet the subject cannot be dismissed without a word as to the spirit in which so honourable a task has been accomplished. The book can give pain to no one, and from the first page to the last there is not a name mentioned in it but in charity at least, if not in kindness. Tennyson's temper would seem to have had this of greatness, that it drew out the best nature of those who met him. Old Rogers figures here in almost a lovable aspect; and in all that has been written of Carlyle, I have read nothing that sketched him with such a tenderness of humour. One realises how great must have been Lady Tennyson's share in the work; the record of Carlyle's rough gentleness to her is essentially a woman's record. Thus the book adds much that is interesting and beautiful to our knowledge, not only of Tennyson in his domestic life but of his intimates. On Tennyson the artist, however, and upon his poems, it throws very little new light; simply because revelations are impossible when there is nothing to reveal.

No poetry was ever more interpenetrated with its author's personality than that of Tennyson, yet it was strangely little affected by the incidents of his life. The man in him lived singularly within himself, singularly self-contained, singularly unchanging. His poems were the utterance of a deep central nature slowly shaping itself into words, not, as for instance Byron's were, the cry or the retort of that inner nature in response to some attack from the outside. IN MEMORIAM, it is true, came to birth under the stimulus of a great sorrow; yet who doubts that, if Arthur Hallam had lived to the full measure of a lifetime, the substance of IN MEMORIAM would still have been written in some other form? Indeed the central thought of the poem was repeated, and more than once, in the half articulate cry of a lyric, as for example in VASTNESS:

> Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all these old revolutions of earth;
> All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—what is all of it worth?
> What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?
> All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?
> What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
> Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the deeps of a meaningless Past?
> What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?—
> Peace, let it be! for I loved him and love him for ever; the dead are not dead but alive.

The faith which gave to life its significance for Tennyson was the faith in a continued life after death, and sooner or later that was bound to find expression in a poet's confession of faith. Hallam's death pressed the questioning home upon him, but it

[1] ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *A Memoir by his Son*. In two volumes, London, 1897.

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added no new element; Tennyson was unchanged by the shock. There is no spasm in the development of his nature, no sudden leap, but a steady harmonious maturing from flower into fruit. Of such a process biography can tell us nothing except that it went on; and the result of a temper with such power of self-sufficing is a life so level that it has no crises to record.

Yet in his life there was one critical decision which had to be taken, more significant than anything else. At their father's death the Tennysons were left without much money; Alfred Tennyson had just means enough to live at home and devote himself to poetry without being a burden on his mother. Naturally enough he chose to do so, and follow the bent of his whole life. But there came the choice which presents itself to almost every artist, unless he be exceptionally lucky or unlucky. Tennyson fell in love, wanted to marry, and where was the money? He might undoubtedly have earned a competence by throwing himself into some form of journalism and trusted to the future for an opportunity to do his true work. But his mind was quite clear that to produce literature primarily for money and not for itself was the damnation of a poet, and his first loyalty was to his art. He met Miss Emily Sellwood in 1830, when he was twenty-one and she seventeen, and a few years later became informally engaged to her. Yet he would not compromise his principles even so far as to accept the offers of magazines who wanted verses from him. In 1840 Miss Sellwood's parents broke off an engagement which seemed to promise no termination, and for ten years all correspondence was forbidden between the pair. In 1850 they met again; Tennyson's fame was now established, he saw his way to offering marriage, and married accordingly they were, but not till he was forty-one and she thirty-seven. The unique good fortune which made of his later life a triumphal progress was with him in this also; but, as none who reads his life, or has read his writings, will doubt that the happiness of his marriage was the chiefest of all life's gifts to him, so must that long-deferred attainment have meant the supreme self-denial in his life-long service of art. It was one self-denial among many, yet, were it the only one, it alone would suffice to prove that Tennyson was no spoiled child of fortune, but had to eat the bread of bitterness and drink the waters of affliction for long years in the desert before he attained to that amazing prosperity which still dazzles our judgment.

For if you come to think of it no man of our race, within living memory, except the Duke of Wellington, has died in such greatness. In poetry he had reached a more unchallenged supremacy than any poet since Pope. Like Pope he lived to see himself the standard of poetic style, the elaborator of a new perfection in language; like Pope he attained to riches which even a successful merchant would not disdain; but how incomparably greater than Pope's was his happiness! In his physical nature he was gifted with a union of stature and beauty such as alone would have distinguished him, if one could separate such beauty from the higher distinction of intellect. In his disposition, apart from superficial eccentricities, he was so gracious that friendships surrounded him and ripened with the years; and though criticism could hurt him, jealousy had no hold upon his nature. The letters that passed between him and Browning are a thing to read and be thankful for, as one remembers Pope's miserable catalogue of suspicions, animosities, and stabbings. His domestic life was crowned with a

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marriage such as many poets have written of but few realised; graced with children, and set in two such homes as, the Memoir may well say, certainly no other poet has ever called his own. The greatest men of his own day, not alone the men of letters, but soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and philosophers, looked up to him openly as a mind stronger than theirs, a name that would outlive theirs; nations sent him their tribute of praise and begged him to commemorate their heroes; a great Queen honoured and loved him. For a career so imperial in the majesty that art may bestow upon the fortunate, one must go back to Titian. And yet this man's empire was far wider than Titian's. The beauty that he fashioned could travel to the ends of the world, and was not confined to any place; it was not the luxury of the great but the possession of all. He stirred a public wider than ever Byron swayed, for wherever the English language was spoken he was known not merely as the poet, but as the teacher and comforter. Not alone from England, but from the wilds of Australia, from palaces and from poor men's homes, came messages of gratitude unlooked for, uncalled for, whose sincerity was not to be mistaken. And as one reads through these volumes and comes upon letters from Thackeray, from Jowett, from Mr. Gladstone, from Mr. Ruskin, in answer to each new volume, all ranking the poet with the very greatest, it is impossible not to feel an unwillingness to attempt any further criticism. To the praise of such men it is superfluous to add a common tribute; and if these men are mistaken who is likely to be in the right? Moreover any critic of the generation which has been brought up on Tennyson must be aware that his entire attitude towards poetry is affected by that master; that he judges work from a technical standpoint at which Tennyson has placed him; in short, that what he knows of poetry he has largely learned from Tennyson. Yet some sort of effort has to be made to assign to this great man his place in the hierarchy of poets.

These volumes establish one thing conclusively; that Tennyson was to the vast majority of his own generation, and probably also in his own eyes, the poet of the IDYLLS OF THE KING. If you had asked Mr. Gladstone, or Jowett, or Thackeray, to justify their faith in their contemporary, it is to the IDYLLS that they would probably have pointed. Thackeray's letter after reading them might have turned the head of any poet. "You have made me as happy as I was as a child with THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, every step I have walked in Elfland has been a sort of Paradise to me. . . Do you understand that what I mean is all true, and that I should break out, were you sitting opposite with a pipe in your mouth? . . . Gold and purple and diamonds, I say, gentlemen, and glory and love and honour, and if you haven't given me all these why should I be in such an ardour of gratitude?" Jowett writes: "The 'Lily Maid' seems to me the fairest, purest, sweetest love-poem in the English language. . . . It moves me like the love of Juliet in Shakespeare (though that is not altogether parallel), and I do not doubt, whatever opinions are expressed about it, that it will in a few years be above criticism. There are hundreds and hundreds of all ages (and men as well as women) who, although they have not died for love (have no intention of doing so), will find them a sort of ideal consolation of their own troubles and remembrances. Of the other poems I admire 'Vivien' the most (the naughty

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one), which seems to me a work of wonderful power and skill. . . . The allegory in the distance *greatly strengthens, also elevates, the meaning of the poem.* I shall not bore you with criticisms. It struck me what a great number of lines—

> He makes no friends who never made a foe—
> Then trust me not at all, or all in all—

will pass current on the lips of men, which I always regard as a great test of excellence, for it is saying the thing that everybody feels." And in 1893 he added: "Tennyson has made the Arthur legend a great revelation of human experience and of the thoughts of many hearts." Mr. Gladstone in his criticism declares that, "We know not where to look in history or letters for a nobler or more over-powering conception of man as he might be than in the Arthur of this volume. Wherever he appears, it is as the great pillar of the moral order and the resplendent top of human excellence."

These quotations may suffice to establish my point: that the IDYLLS OF THE KING were the work of Tennyson which readers of all classes most readily took to their hearts. Yet at the present moment who can deny that the general trend of opinion has changed? The IDYLLS have certainly passed into the national inheritance; no reader of poetry is ignorant of them; yet they are not the things which we turn to when we take Tennyson from the shelf. Jowett's forecast of a great accession from them to the store of detached poetic expression which "passes current on the lips of men" has been amply fulfilled; yet except the MORTE D'ARTHUR, a fragment composed far earlier than the rest, there is no single poem of them all which retains its original hold on the imagination. Why is this? First, because they are allegories. No man can do two things together so well as one thing. If he describes a fight simply because he is possessed with the image of that fight, as Homer was, with the faces of the men fighting and the passion in their hearts, he will describe it better than a man who has also to be thinking of some other ideal contest. Take the three tiltings in GARETH AND LYNETTE; there are the encounters carefully distinguished in their details, but can you feel the thrill of battle in any one? Or take the love-scenes in the IDYLLS. How is a man to give you the passion, the tragedy, or the pathos of lawful and unlawful love if all the time his eye is on his allegory? In the beautiful poem of ELAINE, which so moved Jowett, the allegory is for a time happily in the background; it is only towards the end that we return to the bloodless moralisings. The poem is good as a poem just in proportion as it ceases to be interpretable into ethics, in proportion as the poet is concerned with his immediate subject and not with his ulterior purpose, in proportion as the characters assume flesh and blood and cease to be abstractions. Yet upon the whole is there any single figure, man or woman, in the IDYLLS who really lives as, not to name Achilles or Ulysses, Nausicaa lives, or Hector, or Helen; as Dido lives; or, to come lower, as even William of Deloraine lives and breathes? Not one, I think, not even Lancelot, humanised by a mixed nature and touched certainly with the poet's own lineaments. Gawain, Vivien, and the rest, get no fair play; they are types bound to do what they are bid; indeed, could any one of Tennyson's characters conceivably have run away with

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its creator, as, for instance, Shylock probably did, so as to alter the prearranged conception? The essential thing in the poet's mind when he wrote the IDYLLS was not the story but the moral of the story. The IDYLLS OF THE KING were his message to his time, consciously didactic. They were, in the last resort, sermons; sermons which affected the whole race as no utterance from any pulpit could ever do, which raised unmistakeably the national ideals; but which, being sermons, were half consciously shaped for a particular age and its particular requirements, and so have fallen into the decay that attends all moral exhortations. The poignant truth of one generation becomes the platitude of the next; each age requires its own prophets to stir it. Think of Pope's ESSAY ON MAN; that is a poem which in its way profoundly interested England and even France, which survives in admirable phrases, the condensation of its best thoughts, but which as a whole is superannuated. So, I fear, it will be with the legend which Tennyson, as Jowett says, made "a great revelation of human experience and of the thoughts of many hearts."

It is true the IDYLLS are narrative poems, and when their philosophy has ceased to interest,—it can never cease to influence for it has wrought itself into the very essence of Anglo-Saxon thought—men may still read them for the beauty of the tale. No sane man would deny that Tennyson wrote at times great narrative poetry; the ballad of THE REVENGE is there to prove it. But his inspiration was above all things lyrical, and no poet has been more responsible for the extraordinary extension given to the domain of lyrical poetry in this century. Poems like TITHONUS, ULYSSES, THE REVENGE, and MORTE D'ARTHUR are essentially lyrics; they are not a song perhaps, but they are a chant But THE IDYLLS OF THE KING are in great measure pure narrative, in great measure narratives of battle, a style which suited Tennyson's genius no better than it did Virgil's, the poet who is most of kin to him in temper and achievement. Tennyson, it is true, wrote one of the best war-songs ever written, THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE; but he wrote it when he, like the whole nation, was at fever-heat. Otherwise the fighting instinct finds no genuine voice in his poems. Even in THE REVENGE one does not enter into the fight; rather one feels the whole scene as if from a height, the contrast of numbers, the turmoil below, and the peaceful heavens above it.

> And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
> But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

It is Virgil's touch in the description of sacked and burning Troy; men are slaying, women shrieking, flames crackling,—

> Ferit *aurea* sidera clamor.

There you see the man's true genius. Virgil, like Tennyson, tells of wars in his own golden utterance conscientiously; but you can see the relief to either when the hard narrative slips into a simile, or into the description of some softer beauty that their own eyes have gazed on. As Tennyson was encumbered with his allegory, so was Virgil hampered with his taste of celebrating imperial Rome; and the best things in the narrative work of each are those when the poet turns aside from his purpose; and as the true Virgil is to be sought not in the ÆNEID but in the GEORGICS, so is the true Tennyson to be sought outside the IDYLLS. Had only the conventions of art been

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less rigid we might have had more of the lyrical Virgil; instead of wasting his time in stringing precepts of husbandry into metre he might have written more passages like that magnificent conclusion in the second Georgic, which Tennyson so loved and which certainly no man in any language has come nearer to rival.

It is interesting to trace in two old letters a forecast of what now almost every reader feels. "I am not sure," wrote Mr. Ruskin in 1860, "but I feel the art and finish in these poems a little more than I like to feel it. Yet I am not a fair judge quite, for I am so much of a realist as not by any possibility to interest myself much in an unreal subject to feel it as I should, and the very sweetness and stateliness of the words strike me all the more as *pure* workmanship. As a description of various nobleness and tenderness the book is without price; but I shall always wish it had been nobleness independent of a romantic condition of externals in general. . . . I cannot but think that the intense masterful and unerring transcript of an actuality and the relation of a story of any real human life as a poet would watch and analyse it, would make all men feel more or less what poetry was, as they felt what Life and Fate were in their instant workings. This seems to me the true task of the modern poet. And I think I have seen faces and heard voices by road and street side, which claimed or conferred as much as even the loveliest or saddest of Camelot." Ten years later, in 1870, Edward Fitzgerald acknowledged the volume containing THE HOLY GRAIL: "Dear old Alfred, I write about it what I might say to you were we together over a pipe, instead of so far asunder. The whole myth of Arthur's Round Table Dynasty in Britain presents itself before me with a sort of cloudy, Stonehenge grandeur. I am not sure if the old knight's adventures do not tell upon me better touched in some lyrical way (like your own LADY OF SHALOT) than when elaborated into epic form. I never could care for Spenser, Tasso, or even Ariosto, whose epic has a ballad ring about it. Anyhow, Alfred, while I feel how pure, noble and holy your work is, and while phrases, lines, and sentences of it will abide with me, and I am sure with men after me, I read on till the Lincolnshire Farmer drew tears to my eyes. I was got back to the substantial rough-spun Nature I knew; and the old brute, invested by you with the solemn humour of Humanity, like Shakespeare's Shallow, became a more pathetic phenomenon than the knights who revisit the world in your other verse."

Surely there is the truth of the matter. Tennyson was a great lyrical poet endowed with a fine dramatic gift, a power of embodying human nature in a poem. He was not, I think, a dramatist, though dramatic writing makes so large a proportion of his whole; his genius found itself not in drama but in dramatic monologue. In THE IDYLLS OF THE KING, his most immediately popular work, he was neither lyrical nor dramatic; people were taken with the earnestness of his moral and with the novelty of the setting which he gave to tales so strange in themselves yet made so familiar by the magical touches of English landscape which pervaded the whole work. In MAUD, the poem where his originality most strongly asserted itself, he is at once dramatic and lyrical. He extends the sphere of the lyric to a dramatic narration; and the fresh form introduced into poetry roused significant hostility. What is novel, as the IDYLLS were, will always please and interest; what

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is new, if it be a force, inevitably generates revulsion. Tennyson, who was acutely sensitive to criticism and unusually diffident, was almost outfaced into a disbelief in MAUD; for many years it would seem he only confessed his fondness for it with an apology; but to the last, and rightly, it was the favourite child of his imagination. MAUD is probably the only one of his long poems which will stand as a whole. THE PRINCESS, beautiful as it is, rests upon a fantastic framework that has no foundation in human nature. The poetry is squandered upon a triviality and outgrows the subject; yet not only the lyrics, which are imperishable, but some of the superb love-scenes at the end must surely survive. In MAUD alone one finds a story of true dramatic interest continuously narrated, a story thrilling with elemental human passion. Yet how characteristic of Tennyson that his single presentation of passion should be linked with the thought of madness; and even in MAUD love is not the disturber, it comes to allay fever, not to inflame it. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;" there you have Tennyson's philosophy as embodied in his life, his art, and his teaching. He does not, like Browning, welcome the leap of our aboriginal self as making for good, as something that will stand to us when the trained control of a lifetime cracks in the stress; he believes in the disciplined mood, and that is in a certain sense his limitation. There is too little of the old Adam in him. Power manifested in repression rather than any passionate outbreak is for him the true subject of poetry; his delight is in the beauty of order; his most characteristic love poem of all is perhaps the splendid fragment LOVE AND DUTY. A mind so austere clothed itself strangely in that sensuous and luxuriant style; but in MAUD for once the restraint is abandoned, and the poet sets himself to put into words the sheer joy of living, the uncalculating effervescence of youth.

The genesis of the poem is characteristic; it was written backwards. The stanzas beginning "O that 'twere possible" had been composed long before the rest, and even published; another lyric was produced to explain the situation, and so the thing grew. Whether the narrative, the whole monodrama, was originally present in some misty shape or no, whether it grew up by what Tennyson himself calls "unseen germination," as did his poem of the Grail, or whether it was simply devised when some asked him for the sense of a lyric which had been written by itself, a single cry of vague yearning, does not appear. One would incline to the last supposition, for even in MAUD the story is inferior to the poetry; the chief beauty of the work lies in the beauty of parts, not in the cumulative effect of the whole. Nevertheless Tennyson was never so well guided as when he hit upon this form; a drama told in the lyrical utterance of succeeding moods. For all his best work ultimately, I think, shapes itself down to that; the dramatic expression of single moods or even of a whole life's temper when it can be simplified down to the unity of lyrical expression. So in a way that is not less truly dramatic than it is lyrical he expresses the old farmer who stubbed Thornaby waste; so he renders the passion of Rizpah, her whole woman's nature up in revolt against the world that killed her son, and feverishly clutching still in her fancy at the dead bones that are not dead to her:

> My baby, the bones that had sucked me, the bones that had laughed and had cried.

These are perhaps his highest

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achievements as an artist, these are dramatic creations. Yet what the world asks above all of a lyrical poet is the expression of his own emotion; and even more perhaps than RIZPAH or THE NORTHERN FARMER, it will cherish poems like ULYSSES, where Tennyson renders a temper not foreign to his own. In MAUD, too, and LOCKSLEY HALL the undescribed speaker is surely that visionary self whom every artist entertains and sees in fancied situations. What keeps a poet alive is what he can tell humanity about humanity, what he can render of the mysterious thrill of life, the laughter and the tears of things. A lyric poet may sometimes take on him the province of drama and make the world feel with some creature of his own; but the world is always just as willing to feel with himself, to see life through his eyes. Only, it must be made to feel; and that is where Tennyson sometimes fails. That is what will set a line between the dead and the living in his work after years have gone over him. He was not like Wordsworth who wrote vilely when inspiration was lacking. Tennyson never wrote, and could not write vilely; in anything but the quality of giving life to his creations he was in almost every line that he wrote a great poet, scarcely in technical qualities inferior to Milton. It may be worth trying to separate the characteristics of his poetry which are common to all his work, from the finer and more essential spirit which will keep much of it, unless we are all strangely deluded, alive for ever.

The first is of course his style, and his style needs no praise. Tennyson could extract from the English language the richest harmonies without cumbering his line with polysyllables or any strangeness of diction. And all this rich melody never obscured the sense; no poet has ever had a finer instinct for the right and only word. Tennyson's skill in the use of language is scarcely less unapproachable than Titian's in form and colour. "The sunniest glow of life dwells in that soul," Carlyle wrote to him, "chequered duly with dark streaks from night and Hades; everywhere one feels as if all were filled with yellow glowing sunlight, some gorgeous golden vapour; from which form after form bodies itself; naturally *golden* forms." And this style, this golden mystery of language, by whatever chemistry it came into being, was recognisable before he was out of his teens and did not fail him after eighty winters. Compare the earlier ŒNONE with the later, LOCKSLEY HALL with LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER; whatever has altered for the worse it is not the manner. Yet no one would place the later poems in these pairs on a level with the earlier. The fervour of youth is out of them; they do not convey that thrill so unmistakeably present in LOCKSLEY HALL, and felt even in the colder beauty of ŒNONE.

ŒNONE is a good example of those poems about whose survival one would be doubtful. It is a masterpiece of a master in description, and it formulated, perhaps for the first time, Tennyson's characteristic creed in ethics; but it will hardly stir another age to enthusiasm. Descriptive poetry is more apt than any other to pall on the reader. THE LOTUS EATERS will survive, not for the magnificent opening stanzas, but for the song of those who crave for rest, who desire to put aside life's battle and drowse away into sleep under an unregarding heaven. That is dramatic expression of a mood and of a faith, or an unfaith, which humanity will always recognise. He would be a strange critic who could not feel the glory and the beauty of Tennyson's imaginary descriptions

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which, like the figure-pieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds (an artist who much resembles him), impressed his own generation far more than the less gorgeous landscapes, etched in with a few swift words from actual life. Yet the latter are what posterity will value. The Memoir tells us how he kept note-books like a painter, and jotted down effects in the form of words born of the moment's sensation. Tennyson himself explains to a correspondent his procedure. "*As the water-lily starts and slides:* suggestion, water-lilies in my own pond seen on a gusty day with my own eyes. They did start and slide in the sudden puffs of wind till caught and stayed by the tithes of their own stalks, quite as true as Wordsworth's simile and more in detail." And here is a note almost at random from his journal of 1846. "Early next morning off by rail to Kehl, confusion about the two railways, douane, stop and see Cathedral, nave magnificent, rail to Basle, Three Kings, *green swift Rhine roaring against the piers*, Swiss fountain." Always going about the world with the keenest observation, always by unconscious habit translating the impression into words, Tennyson acquired an inner vision not less distinct than any painter's, and the most miraculous skill in selecting the precise word or form of words to render it; and so he attained to those sudden descriptive touches which flash a whole scene on the consciousness. Never in all his life did he show a more magical instance of this skill than in the second stanza of CROSSING THE BAR,—the lines which he bade his son set at the end of every edition of his poems for a crowning utterance:—

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me!
> And may there be no moaning of the bar,
> When I put out to sea.
>
> *But such a tide as moving seems asleep,*
> *Too full for sound and foam,*
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.

There you have a picture which no painter could render on canvas, for it is given alike to eye, ear, and mind. You see the gentle, resistless motion of the tide, you hear the hush as it sweeps by,—the silence when sound is looked for, the silence that one can say is heard; and you see the significance of that familiar strangeness. But there is no use in speaking of these stanzas; they are beyond all praise; the movement of the verse, the perfect suggestion and severe restraint of the imagery, and the majesty of the thought make them unforgettable. They are characteristic of all that is best in Tennyson: they have the beauty of metre, the beauty of description, and the elevation of thought which are the things common to all his work; and they have above and beyond all these the touch of magic which transforms admirable verse into great poetry.

There are of course judges who consider that apart from style, apart from his eye for nature, apart even from the lyrical inspiration, which is constant in no poet, Tennyson has a truer and more abiding greatness as a thinker. I cannot feel this. His intellectual reach is not sufficient to keep him living. THE TWO VOICES will scarcely retain its significance for a second generation; and even IN MEMORIAM will hardly go down to posterity's apprehension as a coherent whole. There are single poems in it, the utterances of single moods, blent, as Tennyson knew how to blend them, with a setting of landscape, that can scarcely be less eloquent to the future than to us. But the framework of thought, the answer to the questionings of a generation, will scarcely

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reach our sons. Tennyson was above all a mystic, preoccupied with that life which the senses get no grasp on, and in all ages there will be mystics to read him. But it is flesh and blood which will always appeal to humanity at large, not dreams or shadows. If one sums up the results of his life's thinking, it would seem that he rather pondered than thought. His was a brooding mind; it rolled thoughts and grouped them into great cloud masses, threw wonderful lights and splendours on them, but it did not pierce the clouds. It was not a trenchant intellect like Browning's; he never arrived clearly at separating the known from the unknown. Yet from his ponderings he arrived at a faith so unshakeable, and a morality so noble, that one questions if after all to future generations the best work of his old age may not outweigh that of his youth. If one thinks of poems like THE PALACE OF ART, A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, what is clear is their extraordinary sensuous beauty, their feeling for loveliness of form and colour, their rendering that beauty in an equal beauty of sound and phrase. But when you set them beside CROSSING THE BAR, or the stanzas, scarcely less fine, of address to Lord Dufferin, they seem to grow unreal beside the majestic sincerity of that later utterance, the accent as of one who sees from a great height with full certainty of vision. "You praise the work," said Coleridge, "but you do not reflect how much greater is the man than his work"; a strange utterance to come from Coleridge. No man's work ever expressed him more completely than Tennyson's, yet is not the whole man to be found rather in the later work than the earlier. Two elements are dominant in his poetry, the sensuous and the mystical; the sensuous rather in his earlier poems, the mystical in his later. Which will have the more abiding interest? Time alone can decide. This much seems clear to me; that no single poem of Tennyson's can stand beside ADONAIS or THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER; that perhaps the ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE, and the ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY are greater, if one can measure greatness, than anything of his; yet that posterity will class him with Shelley and Coleridge, Keats and Wordsworth, and that in all times there will be some to rank him on a level with any of the four. Byron and Scott scarcely enter into the comparison; yet some of Tennyson's songs have a kindred quality with Scott's, and there is no higher praise than this; while MAUD outdoes Byron in what Byron's contemporaries accounted his surest ground. But these comparisons are futile. We know that a great poet has lived among us; we can reflect with pleasure that he lacked nothing of due honour; and this Memoir comes most welcome to tell us of him as he was to those who saw him nearest, a figure Olympian in dignity, a nature loyal and lovable, heart, brain, body well matched, a true king among men.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

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AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.[1]

BLUE-BOOKS are commonly believed to make but dull reading, *biblia a-biblia*, to borrow Lamb's phrase, books only by courtesy; and it must be granted that the belief is not unreasonable. Blue-Books, in fact, suffer from the same disease as our modern biographies, from a lack of reticence; but though the effect be the same, the cause is different. It is sheer human stupidity which impels the modern biographer to damn his dead friend's memory to all eternity in a bewildering chaos of print; but what is a crime in the biography is in the Blue-Book a virtue. The arts of selection and proportion are the very essence of biography, as indeed they are in a greater or less degree of all literature, but in the greatest of biography. But with the Blue-Book these arts have no concern; if anything go into it, all must go. It is for the Government to decide what matters of State policy shall be revealed to the vulgar eye and what be hidden from it; but when the decision has been made no compromise is possible. A Blue-Book can justify its existence only by being impartial as death and inevitable as the grave.

It is only therefore in the nature of things that these volumes of Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty should as a rule remain unread. As books of reference no doubt they are occasionally used: the politician studies them, of course, vicariously for the most part through his secretary; the harassed journalist, girt for his midnight race with time, sits down and calls them blessed; but the great majority of what is called the reading public, the great majority even of that small part of it which deserves the name, passes them by. Yet the philosopher, or the student of human nature, if he care to give himself these high-sounding titles, would be surprised to find how much curious and entertaining matter lies hidden in these portentous mountains of print, what strange stories, what inexplicable instances of human perversity and human frailty, far surpassing the conceits of fiction,—in a word, what a deal of good reading may be found in the Blue-Books by those who know how and where to look for it. The search is indeed apt to be laborious; and since life is short, Blue-Books many, and the age impatient of study, we have thought that to extract one of these strange stories from these neglected volumes, to strip it of the cumbrous trappings of diplomacy, and to present it in as simple and coherent a form as our pen can encompass, may be found neither a superfluous nor an ungrateful work. We have chosen the story of what is known as the Behring Sea Arbitration, partly because, while everybody knows something of it, very few, we suspect, outside the diplomatic circle, have been at the pains to master the intricacies of that amazing tale, and partly for other reasons which will be made clear, we trust, in the course of

[1] *Behring Sea Arbitration:* Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, March, 1893; No. 10, August, 1893; No. 1, September, 1895; No. 4, September, 1897.

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our narrative. The list given in our note by no means exhausts the number of Blue-Books published on this subject during the eleven years for which it has been occupying the attention of the Governments of Great Britain and the United States of America, but it contains all that is most important for our purpose, and has needed but little supplement from other sources.

It was in the year 1886 that the trouble began, but it will be necessary to go back beyond that year to understand the source of the trouble, an excursion, however, into ancient history which need not detain us long.

Previous to the year 1799 the waters of the North Pacific Ocean, including the area of Behring Sea, or, as it was called before the Danish sailor's day, the Sea of Kamtchatka, had been freely used for purposes of navigation and trade by ships of various nations, including those of Great Britain, to whose sailors the discovery of these waters and the coasts and islands washed by them was mainly due. In that year the Russian Emperor Paul the First published a Ukase granting to the Russian-American Company for a term of twenty years certain exclusive trading-rights in these waters, as against other Russian subjects only and in no way interfering with the existing rights of foreigners. The area covered by this Ukase extended to the hunting-grounds and establishments then existing on the main coast of America from Behring Strait down to the 55th degree of north latitude, and on the Asiatic side to Japan, thus extending far beyond the limits of Behring Sea. The Ukase was in its form a purely domestic act, and was never notified to any foreign State.

The Ukase of 1799 succeeded in freeing the Russian-American Company from domestic competition, but competition from abroad, and especially from Great Britain and the United States, began seriously to affect the Company's interests. In 1821 accordingly, when the old rights had expired, the Emperor Alexander published a new Ukase which materially altered the aspect of affairs. By this decree Russia claimed exclusive rights over all the waters of the North Pacific, including the north-west coast of America, from Behring Straits southward to the 51st degree of northern latitude, together with the Aleutian and Kurile Islands and the adjacent coasts of Asia to the 45th degree. All foreigners were prohibited from landing on these coasts and islands, nor might any foreign vessel approach them within less than one hundred Italian miles,[1] under penalty of the confiscation of vessel and cargo. Pretensions so preposterous could not be suffered to pass unchallenged. Immediate and emphatic protest was made by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, with the result that, after the inevitable amount of diplomatic correspondence, Russia practically withdrew her claims by the Treaty of 1824 with the United States and the Treaty of 1825 with Great Britain. It is worthy of note that only in a single instance did Russia attempt to enforce the Ukase of 1821. In the following year the United States brig Pearl was seized by the Russian sloop Apollon when on a voyage from Boston to Sitka; but on a protest from the States the vessel was at once released, and compensation paid for her arrest and detention.

The next step in the history of these transactions is reached when

[1] An Italian mile is the equivalent of a geographical mile, of which there are sixty to a degree.

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in 1867 Russia sold Alaska to the United States for 7,200,000 dollars; and this is a most important step, for it was ostensibly on the cession of Alaska that the United States took in 1886 the action which led to the Arbitration of 1893, and it was on that cession that they based their claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the seal-fisheries in Behring Sea. For the present we will leave the discussion of their interpretation of the rights conveyed by Russia in the cession of 1867, and pass to the year 1886 when the dispute between Great Britain and the United States, which the Paris Award was fondly supposed by some sanguine spirits to have set at rest for ever, first reached an acute stage.

From the date of the cession of Alaska down to 1886, that is to say for nineteen years, the sealing-craft of various nations exercised their business in the open waters of Behring Sea unmolested by the authorities of the United States; and throughout that period no claim was made on the part of the United States to any jurisdiction over the waters of the sea beyond that included within the ordinary territorial limit of three miles from the shore-line. But during those years a new industry had arisen which was beginning seriously to threaten the profits of the Alaska Commercial Company, to whom in 1870 the Government of the United States had granted, for a term of twenty years and under certain restrictions, a lease of the territory ceded to them by Russia in 1867. Every year in the spring and early summer the seals migrate southwards from their breeding-places in Behring Sea into the open waters of the Pacific. They go in two vast herds, one following the Asiatic and the other the American coast-line, and it was along these routes that this new industry of pelagic sealing, as it was called, was being developed, and developed to such an extent that the Alaska Company began, and certainly with good reason, to be seriously alarmed for their lawful interests. Hitherto the Company had been in a great measure able to control the market for seal-skins and practically to exercise a monopoly of sealing in the North Pacific; paying a considerable royalty to the United States' Government upon every skin, they had now to face the competition of the pelagic sealers who paid neither rent nor royalty. They appealed to the authorities at Washington, where their influence was especially powerful, and the appeal was successful. It was the practice of the pelagic sealers to follow the herds back into Behring Sea in the autumn; but now, in response to the Company's appeal, the Government of the United States instructed their revenue-cutters to prevent any vessel from sealing in any part of the sea to the eastward of the geographical limit defined in the Treaty of Cession. The Government of the United States, in short, to use a phrase once painfully familiar to European ears, ran a moist pen slick through the history of the last sixty years, and proposed to revive the preposterous Ukase of 1821 which their countrymen had been among the foremost to denounce. In that year Russia had attempted to close the Behring Sea to all vessels but those of the Russian-American Company; the United States now proposed to close it to all vessels but those of the Alaska Company.

In pursuance with these orders three British vessels, the Carolena, the Thornton and the Onward, were forthwith seized while fishing outside the territorial waters; the vessels were detained, the masters and mates tried before the United States District Court of Sitka, fined in a considerable

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sum, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. These events occurred in August, 1886; in October Sir Lionel Sackville West (now Lord Sackville), the British Minister at Washington, protested; in February, 1887, Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State, wrote to our Minister announcing the discharge of the vessels and the release of the prisoners, adding that this had been done "without conclusion of any questions which may be found to be involved in these cases of seizure." The prisoners, it should be added, were released under circumstances of great hardship, being turned adrift without means of subsistence in a place many hundreds of miles from their homes. In the following April Mr. Bayard wrote to inform our Minister that regulations and instructions to the revenue-vessels of his Government were being framed, and would be communicated to him at the earliest possible date. No such communications were made, but five more vessels were illegally seized during the months of July and August, and one was warned out of the Sea. A fresh protest was made by Great Britain with the sole result that in 1889 five more British vesels were seized in the Sea and three others peremptorily ordered out of it. In 1890 one vessel was seized in Neah Bay, within the State of Washington, on charges made against her in Behring Sea during the previous year, but was released two days later. Then followed a long period of negotiation and discussion out of which painfully emerged the Treaty of Arbitration, together with a Convention, or *modus vivendi*, designed to cover the time which might elapse before the Arbitrators could pronounce their award.

The Tribunal met in Paris on the 24th of March, 1893, when the Baron de Courcel was elected President, and the counsel for the two Governments presented their respective cases. Only the briefest summary of them can be attempted here, and of the case for the United States it would have been difficult to do even so much but for the Blue-Book, owing to the curiously complicated nature of its contentions. Some idea of these will be found in the following extract from the preface to the British Argument.[1]

> Seldom, if ever, has such a claim been based upon such varying contentions. Seldom have the arguments supporting a claim of right been shifted so lightly from one standpoint to another. Now it is asserted as a claim of old descent from Russia; then, when it is shown that Russia neither had nor claimed to have a right at all commensurate, it becomes a claim by the United States in their own right of dominion. At one time it is a claim to a vast area of Behring Sea as territorial waters; but when the limits of territorial waters assented to by all nations are insisted on, it becomes reduced to a claim of jurisdiction on the high sea—a claim based upon a false analogy. Fur-seals are undeniably animals *feræ naturæ*, yet a claim to property therein, with all its attendant rights, is asserted, and they are gravely relegated to the same category as a herd of cattle on the plains. Then, when the impossibility of establishing property in free-swimming animals in the ocean is demonstrated, the pretension resolves itself into a general undefined claim to protect the seals in the Pacific. Finally, a vague appeal is made to the principles of the common and the civil law, to the practice of nations, the laws of natural history, and the common interests of mankind; but one looks in vain for any vindication of the unprecedented pretensions put forward upon any such principles.

It should, however, be added that in the counter-case for the United States precisely the same complaint was made against the presentation of the British case. In the elegant language peculiar to North America, but hitherto supposed to be confined,

[1] *Behring Sea Arbitration*; No. 4, March, 1893, p. 4.

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at any rate in literature, to her novelists, Her Majesty's Government is accused of not taking "a square attitude;" it is also charged with employing tactics calculated to "destroy that equality between contesting parties which is a prime requisite of every judicial proceeding." If this be a specimen of American humour, which has, as we all know, a peculiar quality of its own, it may pass. If it is to be taken seriously, it argues a lack of the sense of the ridiculous which will go far to explain much that is otherwise unintelligible in the conduct of the United States' Government throughout the whole of this business.

Unfortunately it was found necessary to raise a far more serious objection to the United States' case than any mere confusion of claims would warrant. Many of its contentions, and many most important ones, were based upon the translations of certain Russian documents, for the most part belonging to the official records of the Russian-American Company which were handed over to the United States by Russia under the Treaty of 1867. The original documents are in the Government archives at Washington, but fac-similes of them were given in the first volume of the appendix to the United States' case. During the perusal of these documents, we are told, certain passages were observed which suggested the impression that they must have been faultily translated. The fac-similes were consequently examined by a competent Russian scholar in the employment of our Government, when a large number of errors and interpolations of a most serious kind were discovered. A few of these were apparently purposeless, but the great majority were of such a nature that they could only be accounted for on the supposition that some person had deliberately falsified the translations in a sense favourable to the contentions of the United States. Steps were accordingly taken to obtain an independent translation by another hand, and this translation entirely confirmed the previous impression. The explanation given of this most deplorable circumstance was that the United States' Government had been deceived by a "faithless official," whose name, though no secret in London or New York, shall not be printed here, and who seems on the discovery of his villainy to have vanished into space. According to public opinion in New York the man must have been insane, as it was impossible to conceive any other motive for so outrageous a fraud; what motive the man himself may have conceived we of course can only guess at. Meanwhile the United States' Government had given notice of the withdrawal of some of the documents, and supplied revised translations of the others, which were found to be sufficiently accurate; and they further acknowledged that it would in consequence of this discovery be necessary to reconsider certain parts of their case, and to withdraw some of the evidence on which it had hitherto been based. Unfortunately they forgot to do this completely; some statements and arguments were still suffered to remain which were founded on the original mistranslations or interpolations, or depended mainly on them for support. Space fails us to give more than a single instance of this omission, but possibly it will be considered sufficient. It will be seen that the United States' Government laid great stress on their contention that the body of water known as Behring Sea is not and never has been included in the term *Pacific Ocean*. They supported their argument by a copious display of evidence taken from the maps, charts,

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and writings of the early navigators and geographers, and also by a quotation from a letter addressed by the Russian Minister of Finance to the Russian-American Company on the subject of the Ukase of 1821. The letter is dated July 18th, 1822; and the quotation runs as follows.

> The rules to be proposed will probably imply that it is no longer necessary to prohibit the navigation of foreign vessels for the distance mentioned in the Edict of September 4th, 1821, and that we will not claim jurisdiction over coastwise waters beyond the limits accepted by any other Maritime Power [*for the whole of our coast facing the open ocean. Over all interior waters, however, and over all waters inclosed by Russian territory such as the Sea of Okhotsk, Behring Sea, or the Sea of Kamchatka, as well as in all gulfs, bays, and estuaries within our possessions, the right to the strictest control will always be maintained*].[1]

When it is realised that the words printed in italics and within brackets have no existence in the original letter, but are due solely to the imagination of the "faithless official," it will be acknowledged that his insanity, if insane he was, took a curiously partial form. After this amazing specimen of Western diplomacy it seems scarcely worth while to mention that our representatives also found themselves obliged, not to protest, which would have been unseemly, but, to express their regret that it should have been thought necessary to cast so many reflections on the impartiality and competence, and even on the honesty of the British Commissioners; a course of procedure which bore a suspicious resemblance to the time-honoured advice to counsel in a bad case to abuse the plaintiff's attorney, and which, as we shall see, was at a later stage of the proceedings to be pushed to a degree that made all Europe stare. However, when all these little obstructions were cleared away, the broad contentions of the respective Governments, stated in popular language, as the Blue-Book has it, are found to have been as follows.

1. The United States claim dominion, and the right to legislate against foreigners, in two thirds of that part of the waters of the Pacific Ocean called Behring Sea.

2. They claim a right of property in wild animals which resort for a certain season of the year only to their territory, derive no sustenance therefrom, and, during the greater part of the year, live many hundreds of miles away from that territory in the ocean.

3. They claim the right to protect that alleged right of property by search, seizure, and condemnation of the ships of other nations.

4. Failing the establishment of the right of property, they claim a right to protect the fur-seals in the ocean, and to apply, in assertion of that right, the like sanctions of search, seizure, and condemnation.

5. And lastly, failing these assertions of right, they claim that Rules shall be framed in the interests of the United States alone, which shall exclude other nations from the pursuit of fur-seals.

On the other hand Her Majesty's Government claim—

1. Freedom of the seas for the benefit of all the world.

2. That rights of property and rights in relation to property, be confined within the limits consecrated by practice, and founded on general expediency in the interests of mankind.

3. That, apart from agreement, no nation has the right to seize the vessels of another nation on the high seas in time of peace for offences against property excepting piracy.

4. That any Regulations to be established should have just and equitable regard to all interests affected.

With regard to the last claim it should be remembered that Her Majesty's Government has always

[1] *Behring Sea Arbitration*: Case for the United States, pp. 52-4 (No. 6, March, 1893); Counter-Case for Great Britain, pp. 4, 5 and 53-4.

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been willing, as it is still willing, to co-operate with the United States in taking measures for the preservation of the fur-seal, which through the indiscriminate slaughter of the last few years, both by the pelagic sealers in the open waters and by the Alaska Company on the islands, is likely in no long time to become as rare in the North as it has now for many years been in the South Pacific. But it has never allowed, and never will allow, the claim of the United States to impose regulations on pelagic sealing to be based on a legal right; nor can it consent to co-operate in any measures designed to protect the United States alone. The question of regulations had, previous to the award of the Arbitrators, been discussed by the United States as though its only object was to exclude all the other nations of the world from a share in the fur-seal industry, while they were to be allowed to work their will on the breeding-islands, or rookeries, and in the territorial waters of Behring Sea. From this view of the case the British Government emphatically, and very naturally, dissented. The industry, it claimed, was one in which all the nations of the world have, or may have, an interest. If the existing rights of nations are to be abridged, they can justly be abridged only in the interests of all; and the United States of America must be prepared to do their part by the adoption of regulations and improved methods on the islands to preserve the fur-seals.

The award was pronounced on the 15th of August. By the sixth article of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 29th of February, 1892, the following five questions were definitely submitted to the Arbitrators:—

1. What exclusive jurisdiction in the sea now known as the Behring Sea and what exclusive rights in the seal fisheries therein did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

2. How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal fisheries recognised and conceded by Great Britain?

3. Was the body of water now known as the Behring Sea included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean" as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

4. Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and as to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th of March, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

5. Has the United States any right, and if so what right, of protection or property in the fur-seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

With regard to the third question it has already been shown how the United States proposed to support their claim to separate the waters of Behring Sea from the Pacific Ocean, but it may be useful to give a further instance of the baselessness of this claim when unsupported by the imagination of the "faithless official." In 1842, while the charter of the Russian-American Company was still in existence, Etholen, the Russian Governor at Sitka, wrote to St. Petersburg to report the presence of forty foreign [that is, American] whalers in Behring Sea, and to suggest that steps should be taken to preserve this sea as a *mare clausum*. He was told, however, that this could not be done, as the Treaty of 1824 between Russia and the United States *gave to American citizens the right to engage in fishing over the whole extent of the Pacific Ocean*. It will thus be seen that in 1842 American citizens successfully maintained their position in Behring Sea because treaty with

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Russia gave them the right to fish over the whole extent of the Pacific Ocean, and Behring Sea was a part of the Pacific Ocean; but in 1893 American citizens claimed the right to exclude all other nations from Behring Sea because their treaty with Russia had given them exclusive rights over that sea which was not a part of the Pacific Ocean. Certainly the representatives of Great Britain were not unreasonable in characterising the United States' case as somewhat complicated in its contentions.

The award was given on August 15th, and given on every point for Great Britain. As an American tersely put it at the time, the Arbitrators pronounced Mr. Blaine's history to be fiction, his geography pure fancy, and his international law a personal whim. So far as the main issues were concerned the result had been a foregone conclusion from the first. On the question of the derivative title from Russia to exclusive rights in Behring Sea, even Mr. Justice Harlan, one of the two American Arbitrators, felt himself obliged to decide against his countrymen, though his colleague, Senator Morgan, stood stoutly out for each and all of Mr. Blaine's whimsies. Indeed the chief impression left on the mind of every impartial reader of the evidence is one of unmitigated wonder that any Government could have consented to take so preposterous a case into court. It is not too much to say that the only legal ground it stood upon was the ground supplied by the vagaries of the "faithless official;" when that was gone, nothing was left.

By the seventh article of the Treaty of Arbitration the award entailed upon the Arbitrators the duty of framing such regulations as they might think necessary for the preservation of the seals outside the jurisdictional limits of the respective Governments. That some regulations were imperatively needed was universally admitted, unless the fur-seal was to be suffered to become as extinct as the Great Auk. It was equally impossible to deny that the Alaska Company's case was originally a hard one, inasmuch as they had paid a considerable sum for a certain property which an unforeseen change of circumstances was now threatening to destroy. Her Majesty's Government had all along, as we have seen, expressed itself willing to co-operate with the Government of the United States in regulations which should be equally binding on all nations concerned in the sealing industry and equally protective of their respective interests. The United States' Government, however, did not see the matter in quite the same light; their fancy turned rather to regulations which, while leaving their own untouched, should practically destroy the interests of every other nation. The Arbitrators naturally did not take this view of the situation, and framed a series of regulations in the equable spirit suggested by the British Government, though possibly rather more stringent in some respects than it had anticipated; so stringent indeed were they that Sir John Thompson, acting on behalf of Canada, was forced to dissent from them, and thus for the first time found himself in the cold seclusion of a minority which had hitherto been exclusively enjoyed by the American Arbitrators. These regulations prohibited sealing at all times within a zone of sixty geographical miles of the Pribyloff Islands, established a close time for the fur-seal from May to July on the high seas over a wide expanse of the North Pacific and Behring Sea, and created a system of licensing under which authorised vessels only are to be permitted to engage in pelagic sealing, together with various other previsions designed to protect the un-

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fortunate animal from indiscriminate slaughter. Finally it was ordained that these regulations should be reviewed every five years, and that any alterations suggested by enlarged experience should be effected by common agreement between the two Governments.

"The Governments of the United States and of Great Britain," said Baron de Courcel in his preliminary address, "have promised to accept and carry out our decision with good grace." Writing on the day after the award had been delivered THE TIMES made some observations in a similar spirit, which one reads to-day with melancholy amusement.

The people of the United States can hardly be expected to receive the findings of the arbitrators with the same contentment as ourselves, but we know our kinsmen too well to doubt for a moment that they will honestly and loyally accept the judgment of the tribunal to which they voluntarily agreed to submit their claims. It is the proud and just boast of the American people that no other nation on the globe has a more widespread and a deeper reverence for law; and that legal temper, on which so much of their greatness as a State and their prosperity as a community depend, will cause them to acquiesce without lasting soreness or ill-will in the adverse decision of a duly constituted Court. After all, it is in itself no small honour to a people to have appeared before such a tribunal at all. The reference of an international dispute to such arbitrament is itself a triumph of morality and civilisation, and it is not the least of the many claims which the British and the American branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race possess to the abiding gratitude of mankind that they have been the first peoples to employ this peaceful method of determining grave differences between their Governments. On the last historic occasion when the two countries invoked the aid of arbitrators, the judgment of the Court was hostile to Great Britain, and Great Britain accepted the award without hesitation and punctually discharged the obligations cast upon her. It is now the turn of the other great English-speaking State to show that she, too, knows how to support an unfavourable verdict with dignity and good humour. We are confident that in this respect America will show the same high sense of her own dignity that England displayed a generation ago.

These agreeable anticipations were destined to be soon and rudely destroyed. It was over the delicate question of damages that the new trouble began. Originally there had of course been claims on both sides: on the part of the United States for the limits imposed by the terms of the Convention on the island-catch pending the decision of the Arbitrators; on the part of Great Britain for the seizure of certain of her vessels in Behring Sea and for prohibiting others from entering its waters. When the award had decided on which side the damages lay the amount was to be settled by negotiation between the two Governments, and by the fifth article of the Convention it was expressly stipulated that the money should be *promptly paid*. So soon therefore as the Arbitrators had pronounced in favour of Great Britain, negotiations were commenced with the result that 425,000 dollars (barely more than half of the damages claimed by Great Britain and excluding all interest) was offered in full settlement and accepted, provided that the money was paid within the year 1894. It was not paid, and early in the following year Congress resolved that it never should be paid. The great apostle of this extraordinary resolution was Mr. Morgan, one of the Arbitrators for the United States. In the Court of Arbitration the points at issue were decided by a majority of the Arbitrators, and there Mr. Morgan was powerless to do more than dissent, which he did, as has been said, with unswerving regularity in every instance. But the Court of Arbitration at Paris and the Senate at Washington were two very different places, and in the latter Mr. Morgan could carry all before him. Magnifi-

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cently forgetful of the terms of the Treaty of Arbitration of 1892 and of the other Treaty of the same date known as the Convention or Modus Vivendi, no less than of the Award of the Court of which he had been a member, and by which the two Governments had bound themselves by the aforesaid Treaties to abide, this amazing man maintained that the United States had never agreed to arbitrate the question of their liability for damages, but only to negotiate upon it, and that the claim made by Great Britain was "based upon the false assumption that the United States were bound by the Award of the Tribunal of Arbitration, or by agreement, or by law, justice, or equity to pay any part of the demand."[1]

The irony of the situation is still further heightened by the frank confession of an American journal, made while the negotiations between the two Governments were proceeding, that the United States could lose little in any case, inasmuch as the cargoes of all the confiscated vessels had been sold for their full market value. From the day when Congress refused to ratify the decision of their own Government down to the present moment not one farthing of the damages awarded to Great Britain has been paid.

But this was not all. Almost simultaneously with the action of Congress the United States' Government began to press for a revision of the regulations. By the award of the Arbitrators these regulations were, as we have seen, to be revised at intervals of five years, and the time for the first revision would not therefore be reached until the autumn of 1898. But it had very soon been discovered that these regulations, though severely hampering the British industry of pelagic sealing, did not avail altogether to destroy it, as had been confidently expected by the Americans on the publication of the award; and an immediate revision of them was therefore urged upon our Government. In the meantime another Modus Vivendi was proposed absolutely prohibiting all sealing within Behring Sea, and extending the existing regulations to the Asiatic shore, together with other rules equally arbitrary and unnecessary. The only reasons advanced for these drastic propositions were those which had already been used before the Arbitrators in Paris, and rejected by them; the pelagic industry, it was declared, was suicidal, and the destruction of the fur-seal imminent. Our Government naturally declined to assent to any such precipitate measures supported only by arguments which had already been refuted, and by vague assertions which were strongly suspected and subsequently discovered to be contrary to fact. Then ensued a violent outburst of invective against this country in the American Press, some part of which, with that ingenious perversion of facts in which American journalists have no masters, actually went so far as to accuse our Government of refusing to abide any longer by the Award of 1893. This, however, was of no moment; what was really serious was the petty and vexatious annoyances to which our sealers were subjected by the United States' cruisers in Behring Sea, and which at last led to a strong remonstrance from our Government on this wanton abuse of the right of search.

For upwards of two years the tiresome business dragged itself along till it culminated in Mr. Sherman's notorious despatch of last May, which is now known to have been the work of

[1] *Behring Sea Arbitration:* Correspondence respecting claims for compensation on account of British vessels seized in Behring Sea, pp. 30-35; No. 1, March, 1895.

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a Mr. Foster, who had acted as agent for the United States at the Arbitration, and who in that capacity had already given our people some curious specimens of his epistolary style. It is difficult to know which to admire most in this remarkable document, its misuse of language or its misrepresentations of fact. At one moment we are assured that "in no respect has the United States' Government failed to observe the exact terms of the Award, or to accept its recommendations in their true spirit and full effect." At another we read: "The obligations of an international Award, which are equally imposed on both parties to its terms, cannot properly be assumed or laid aside by one of the parties at its pleasure. Such an Award which in its practical operation is binding only on one party in its obligations and burdens, and to be enjoyed mainly by the other party in its benefits, is an Award which, in the interest of public morality and good conscience should not be maintained." Our action, or want of action, during the past three years has, we are told, "practically accomplished the commercial extermination of the fur-seals and brought to nought the patient labours and well-meant conclusions of the Tribunal of Arbitration." We are gravely warned that "upon Great Britain must rest, in the public conscience of mankind, the responsibility for the embarrassment in the relations of the two nations which must result from such conduct;" and one evil result, we learn, "is already indicated in the growing conviction of our people that the refusal of the British Government to carry out the recommendations of that Tribunal will needlessly sacrifice an important interest of the United States." The proof of this conviction, it is added, "is shown by the proposition seriously made in Congress to abandon negotiations and destroy the seals on the islands, as the speedy end to a dangerous controversy," though we are assured, perhaps rather superfluously, "that such a measure has not been entertained by this Department."

How is it possible to reason with such a people, to treat with them? When we find our Government accused of dishonest and unneighbourly conduct we can only shrug our shoulders; such expressions are not indeed in current use among European diplomatists, but the Americans, as we know, pride themselves on having abandoned all the effete traditions of the old world, and we must conclude that the manners customary in polite society are among these derelicts. But when we find a Government through the mouth of its principal Minister gravely accusing another Government of its own misconduct, then the imagination reels. In the extremely able and comprehensive despatch from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office, which was printed in full by THE TIMES, on September 18th, Mr. Sherman's allegations are categorically answered; and it is there shown that all the disregard of the Award, all the misconception of the true spirit and intent of the Arbitrators, attributed to the British Government have been from first to last on the part of the Government of the United States. The assertion sounds, we are conscious, painfully like what schoolboys call a *tu quoque*, or in the vernacular of the streets, *you're another;* but a study of the last published Blue-Book will prove conclusively that it is founded on literal facts which cannot be denied and cannot be explained.[1] Indeed the

[1] *Correspondence with the United States' Government respecting the Seal Fisheries in Behring Sea;* presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, September, 1897.

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most unintelligible part of all this unintelligible tale is the extraordinary mental process by which these American Secretaries and Senators appear to have deluded themselves into a belief that our statesmen and lawyers could for a moment be persuaded into accepting arguments based upon a misrepresentation of fact and a misinterpretation of law which can be detected by any one who has learned to read.

Lord Salisbury of course acted as every English statesman, irrespective of party, would confidently be expected by his countrymen to act in such circumstances. Ignoring the impertinence, he addressed himself to the only coherent part of Mr. Sherman's despatch, and informed Mr. Hay on July 28th that Her Majesty's Government were willing to agree to a meeting of experts nominated by Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, so soon as the investigations to be made on the Pribyloff Islands during the present season should have been completed. Mr. Sherman had asked for "a conference of the interested Powers," which was not quite the same thing; but a meeting of experts nominated by the parties to the Treaty of Arbitration is in accordance with the terms of the Award, which prescribed a revision of the regulations every five years, the first of which revisions will be due after the season of 1898; and to such a meeting Lord Salisbury of course assented.

In what manner his answer was at first received in America is matter of common and recent knowledge. But according to THE TIMES' correspondent at New York, whose attitude throughout this controversy has been equally impartial and fearless, the mischievous influence of Mr. Foster is on the wane. Unfortunately it seems to be still powerful at Washington, if we may judge by the latest advices from New York; but the better class of his countrymen seem to have been thoroughly ashamed of the despatch of May 10th, and some reflection of this feeling is now finding its way into the more respectable sections of the American Press. The reply of the Colonial Office to the despatch of May 10th, has been published in THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE in full, and that also, we are told, has produced a good effect, "with its polite but convincing refutation of the mistakes on which Mr. Foster then thought fit to rest his case." In THE NEW YORK HERALD Americans are reminded that their Government has already acquiesced in Lord Salisbury's proposal of July 28th. To their subsequent request that Russia and Japan should be included he was unable to assent. That request may be reasonable or not, but in either case it can form no ground for asserting that Great Britain is now seeking to withdraw from the conference to which she had agreed. "She agreed," the writer goes on, "to a conference or 'meeting of experts nominated by Great Britain and Canada, and by the United States.' By that she abides. It is we who are seeking to alter and enlarge the agreement. What should we say if Great Britain proposed that France and Germany should take part in the meeting? We should say that that is a different conference from the one we had accepted. Great Britain makes the same answer when we press for the inclusion of Japan and Russia; but we do not imagine that the differences between the two Governments are incapable of adjustment." Few differences would, we apprehend, be incapable of adjustment when approached in a spirit of such sweet reasonableness.

And this brings us to the con-

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clusion of the whole matter. The bitter animosity which the people of the United States of America are assumed to entertain towards this country is a frequent theme of discussion in our newspapers. Many reasons are assigned for it, with which we need not now concern ourselves; but there seems to be only one opinion as to its existence. A variety of instances, from Mr. Cleveland's message about Venezuela down to Mr. Sherman's despatch, are quoted as proof that the Americans mean mischief towards us, and are only waiting their chance to prove it. For our own part we do not share this apprehension. Nations, to be sure, love each other no more than Christians, and there are many and obvious reasons why most of the great nations of the world should cherish no particular love for England. A new nation will always of course be sensitive on points which an older nation, forgetful of its own youth, does not understand, and in which it is perhaps too apt to find something ridiculous. A sensitive American, for example, may now and again be stirred by a momentary throb of jealousy, as he reflects upon the difference between Yale and Oxford, or between the White House and Windsor Castle. But such a feeling is in itself the reverse of discreditable; at its worst it is no more serious than that which inspired little Mr. Titmouse's memorable anathema as he leaned over the railings of Rotten Row. So far as the vast majority of the people of the United States is concerned, we have never been able to believe in the existence of that bloodthirsty feeling towards us with which they are commonly credited. An amiable American not long ago assured us through the columns of THE SPECTATOR that the great body of his countrymen entertain no such feeling towards us; that on the contrary, they are proud of us, and wish to see us go on and prosper (so long, of course, as we do not prosper at their expense); and that they would deplore nothing so much as a war with England, who, they fear, would be hurt by it so much more seriously than America would be. All this is very gratifying, and tends to show that, as we have always surmised, the feelings of America and England are at one on this point. The question of kinship has perhaps been too much strained. At best it is a very remote tie, even more remote than that which bound Provost Crosbie to the House of Redgauntlet; and after all, sad as it may be, kinsmen are as apt to fall out as other folk, if not indeed more apt, because less inclined to measure their speech and actions than they are when dealing with strangers. But when two great nations are confidently assured that neither could gain much from a quarrel, and both would assuredly lose much, then the question of kinship is merged in the question of common sense, and the peace is kept.

But this considerate and candid American, and those who think with him, forget one point. Englishmen are often implored by their American friends, and the request has more than once found its way into print, not to judge the nation by its politicians. The request is certainly natural. We should be sorry indeed to think that every right-minded American is not as heartily ashamed, let us say, of Mr. Cleveland's behaviour to our Minister at Washington in 1888, or of Mr. Sherman's language the other day (for Mr. Sherman must be held responsible for it), as Englishmen would be had Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery (we ask their pardon for our illustration) been guilty of the same misconduct. We sincerely trust that they are as much ashamed of their Parliament's

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refusal to pay the money owing to us over the Paris Award, as our countrymen would have been had their Parliament refused to pay the money owing to the United States over the Geneva Award. But they forget that nations speak and act through the mouths of their officials. If a nation wishes to disclaim the conduct of its officials it must remove them from office. It may repudiate them in private, but so long as it tolerates them in public it must be held responsible for their actions. A great Minister of State speaks with the tongue and writes with the hand of his country. It is not of the conduct of this or of that individual that England has had to complain in the various cases that have been settled by arbitration between her and the United States during the last seventy years; it is of the conduct of the United States that she has had to complain, and is now complaining. What that conduct has uniformly been has been thus ironically sketched by one of their own countrymen in reference to the present controversy: "Our diplomatic triumph is assured, as it always is, no matter what England does, no matter what the Arbitration tribunal decides, no matter what it costs us, no matter what the facts are."[1] And still more recently Mr. Jordan, the American Commissioner, employed by the United States to report on the condition of the sealherds in Behring Sea, has been obliged to tell his countrymen this extremely plain truth: "The United States have never come into any conference with clean hands." That is the humour of it. All through this century the tale has been the same. As it was in the dispute over the claims arising out of the war of 1812, in the dispute over the Maine frontier in 1831, in the Convention with Mexico in 1839 (which did not of course concern us), in the Oregon affair in 1845, in the Alabama case in 1862-72, so it is now in the Behring Sea case. And while these things are so the citizens of the great Republic must be content to bear the reproach of the men whom they suffer to represent them before the nations of the world. The Government of no other nation in the world would have tolerated for one moment what the Governments of Great Britain have complacently endured for many years from the Governments of the United States, a fact of which the United States is no doubt perfectly well assured; it may become a question how much longer the people of Great Britain will endure it. Yet Englishmen have one reason at least to think well of the American Congress; it has rejected the general Treaty of Arbitration which some sanguine spirits on both sides hoped to see concluded between the two countries. Such a treaty with any Power could never at the best be more than a devout imagination; with the United States of America the experience of seventy years shows that it could only be a rank folly.

[1] THE NATION, September 30th, 1897.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not long after that eventful Sunday that, coming back to the inn one evening, unfortunately later than the hour I had specified as that of my usual return, I found Thomas Willoughby's card. On it was pencilled a few hasty lines, asking me to sup with him the following week. My landlady was much impressed by my acquaintance with the English Signor, who had drunk a glass of her best wine and refused the change for it out of a fifty-*soldi* piece, bidding her give it to her little slattern of a servant,—who had marvelled as much as her mistress. "Clearly you are in luck, Signor Pepe," she concluded, having given me a voluble account of the aforesaid miracle, "to be the friend of such a wealthy person; it would be kind of you to mention to him the excellent quality of the wine I can supply for every day use. I am sure I might ask him at least three *soldi* a quart above the ordinary price, and he would certainly pay it without a question."

I thought this exceedingly probable, but declined to intervene with Providence on my hostess's behalf, and hurried to my room to accept the invitation to supper in a note which Marika, the servant who had enjoyed his largess, was only too glad to carry to so wealthy and liberal a Signor.

That *tête-à-tête* supper was the beginning of what, with even my long experience of the world, I can truthfully describe as the pleasantest intimacy I have ever known, and which, at the time, gave a new strength to my courage and self-respect. We occupied also rather singular relative positions, my friend and I, for though it might be generally assumed that I, as old and worldly-wise, should be the teacher and Thomas Willoughby the disciple, I can assure you nothing of the kind was the case. He talked and I listened, and was on the whole the recipient of a good deal of valuable knowledge of human nature; though I fear it proceeded rather from my opportunities of close study of the individual than from any conviction of the truth of his tenets.

As I have already remarked in the course of this history, it is not well to reveal too much to strangers at the first outset; and partly from the habit of caution, partly perhaps because I have been weak enough to shrink from detailing what may produce a very disagreeable impression, I have not hitherto taken the reader entirely into my confidence on one important point in my character. It is born solely of the foreign half of my nature, and is in fact so absolutely un-English that I fear an Englishman will find it hard to realise the possibility of such a sentiment as I am about to reveal.

I have said that a Jew was the cause of my becoming a recruit to

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philosophy,—a man who in my heyday would have fawned upon me if I had kicked him, and despised me if I had treated him like a gentleman; a man deterred by no despicable artifice which might mean making money, who shrank from no mean subterfuge or cunning trick if thereby he could gain the smallest financial advantage. This man,—though Heaven knows such a thing would never have been suspected from his life or appearance,—was already wealthy in the days of my prosperity, and coveted my Italian estate, on which (as I afterwards learned) he had for years set his heart. Like all his nation he endeavoured to get more than its value for his money, and with that object diligently bought up all my promissory notes which he could find in circulation, and I fear there were a good many. You have heard how he effected his purpose when the day of my adversity dawned; and since then I freely confess that, in spite of the support of philosophy which enabled me to meet my trials with fortitude, my struggles were dominated and guided by an abiding determination, an unchanging resolution, an intense desire,—the desire of revenge.

In England you do not know the meaning of this word; you are content to see your differences adjusted by glib-tongued lawyers who wage a wordy war and inscribe the results upon reams of blue paper tied with pink tape. You will even, should you succeed in proving your enemy in the wrong, accept money as compensation, and the whole process affords you full satisfaction. You have accomplished your end without the slightest personal risk, and your honour is not impugned nor your pride hurt by this circumstance. Everything is perfectly safe, easy, and correct; no one can cast a stone at you for your proceedings. What should a race like this know of revenge? How should such folk dream of the hot impulse that courses through his very veins with an Italian's blood; the cherished desire, nursed in secret, if sudden outlet be impossible, that grows and grows and eats into every fibre of life; the intuition that is so dangerous from the very strength of its quietude, that can bid a man eat, drink, and be merry, live his life and love his love, be orderly or riotous as may best suit him, and can make all these things but a sheath and an envelope, hiding the secret seed of vengeance that will sooner or later bring forth its deadly fruit,—the seed that only loses its germinating power when the heart that holds it has ceased to beat?

For many years I had looked for the Hebrew usurer who had robbed me in the name of justice, but Moses Lazarich had disappeared. In my younger days I have known moments of imagination which gave me an exquisite joy, moments when I saw hot blood and cold steel, when I felt the dull thrust of the stab I dealt mount far into my wrist, moments when I used to hide myself lest others should know or guess what gleamed in my eyes and trembled on my tongue. Of late years my vision had visited me less frequently, but I had never lost sight of it for long at a time, and I knew that my purpose was as clear and unflinching as it had ever been. If I once had my chance, once wrested my opportunity from the hand of fate, I would ask nothing more, nothing, nothing, nothing! For the keen vivid joy of that one moment no price could be too high, no penalty too heavy. Afterwards,—what did anything matter? My own destiny might be the gallows, or the four walls of a life-long prison, or immunity, if I escaped the detection which I had not the least intention of avoiding,—I felt equally indifferent in the face of all three possibilities.

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Strangely enough the one person in whose presence I was inclined to stifle and postpone my vengeful ideas was Thomas Willoughby, though why this was the case I could not tell. I had known many another man equally young and candid and self-confident, and many who from a certain point of view were of more stable character, but they did not affect me in the same way. Upon reflection I think it must have been the fellow's extraordinary capacity for extracting happiness from everything and everybody he met; he enjoyed his life in a perfectly fascinating way, reminding me in some degree of what a child in fairyland must be like. With his frank, finely-featured face and his ready smile opposite to me, I shrank from my most cherished desire. I could not muse on murder with that blithe, strong, young life so close at hand.

On a particularly warm day in June it chanced that Soloporto took advantage of one of the innumerable holidays it annually observes to inaugurate a regatta, which Thomas Willoughby had announced his intention of witnessing. "I know a bit about boating," he told me. "Not that I expect to see anything very remarkable in the way of rowing or sailing here, but there's always a capsize in a regatta; I am looking forward to that."

Animated therefore by an amiable desire to witness the discomfiture of his fellow-creatures, this jovial young gentleman had repaired to the town, where a great crowd had taken up its position on those quays which commanded the best views of the course. I had one of my fits of savagery on that same afternoon, and felt ill-disposed for enjoyment or society. I therefore began to consider in which direction there was the best chance of avoiding humanity, and soon found myself on the road that leads out of Soloporto past the Southern railway-station, and quickly leaving far behind the hum of the crowd and the bells and whistles of the steamers.

My way was along a white road fringing the coast and following all its curves. On my right rose the steep bushy scarp of the cliffs on the top of which, or, rather, on a shelf scooped in which, ran the railway; but being many feet below it and few trains troubling the peace of a continental track, the soft murmur of the sea on my left was uninterrupted by the puff or screech of an engine. Once clear of the town there are no houses along this road, their existence being rendered impossible by the abrupt rise of the mountains which here leave only room for the road between themselves and the ocean.

The environs of Soloporto are singularly uninteresting, and there are few excursions worth a stranger's notice, unless he is prepared to extend them over one day. Such attractions as it has, however, Soloporto makes the most of; and hence it is that few people pass through without seeing Miramar, the *château*, once belonging to an ill-fated member of an imperial and royal family, towards which I was directing my steps. It stands on a small promontory at some distance from the town, its terrace-wall rising straight out of the sea, whose surface in calm weather mirrors back the reflection of shapely outlines and castellated roof. It is one of those places which seem to preserve and impart the tragic history of those who once occupied them. You may look across the gulf of Soloporto to Miramar when the weather is mild and hazy, and you will see its pale beauty rising, as it were, out of a faint blue mist alone, sequestered, and silent; or you may see it when thunder threatens and the air is so cleared by the first sudden gusts of wind that the castle seems close at hand, its every detail sharply

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and whitely outlined against the rolling storm clouds hanging heavy and grey beyond. But always the same impression of loneliness assails you; always the place seems aloof, like some half supernatural creation that holds for ever a dim and undefinable sense of sorrow and loss. At least that is the impression it produces on me.

Fortunately the majority of the inhabitants of Soloporto do not resemble me in this particular; they walk about the beautiful gardens round the forsaken dwelling, chattering and laughing, making love and amusing themselves generally after their invariable custom, for the *château* and grounds are open all the year round. So Luigi and Nina from the Ghetto may walk where princely feet once trod, and Solomon Levi or Jacob Cöen may fling their nasal utterances abroad where royal secrets were once whispered. The pert, pretty, exquisitely dressed little milliners (Soloporto is full of milliners) with their lovers, and the open-mouthed simple peasants from the hills, follow the pompous caretaker through the state-rooms on a holiday, and listen to his monotonous recital of pictures and statues and portraits; and they giggle and stare and go away without a thought of the ghosts that crowd so thickly in those empty rooms. Perhaps it is as well, for the more thoughtful of us, those who have the power of realising all the tragedy and pathos of even the simplest life, who can suffer with those who have suffered and lose with those who have lost, are none the happier for their power. There is often a grotesque as well as a pitiful side to sorrow, a humorous aspect of the results of pain either mental or bodily, which the brutality of the common mind is quick to seize and revel in. And it is well as I said before, for the superficially informed compose the mass of humanity, and it is written, *He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.*

As I walked on I gradually seemed to leave everything else behind me. The whistles of the steamers reached me now very faintly; there was not a human being in sight, though I heard a peasant-boy singing as he herded goats among the patches of herbage that made green shelves in the sides of the cliffs. The sea was calm and bright, the air very still, and the atmosphere so clear that far over the gently swaying azure surface I could see the faint flat line on the horizon that marked the spot where proud Aquileia once reared its columns amid the smiling plains of the Forum Julii; and where that line vanished into the haze of distance lay the sand banks of Grado, once a splendid roadstead with Imperial galleys riding at anchor.

The extraordinary sympathy of Nature lies, I think, in her many-sidedness; one may find some point of contact for every mood, and hence her influence is always soothing.

As I pursued my way the little waves, lapping at the grey stones, seemed to harmonise with the persistence of the passion which at that moment held my soul in thrall. It was as steady, as unchanging, as continuous as they were, and as deadly, for, had not the hand of man intervened, those elusive fans of soft green water would have long since gnawed away the road, and crawled every year nearer to the base of the cliffs.

My thoughts were so absorbing that I must have unconsciously quickened my pace, for I found myself at my destination before I could have thought it possible I had come so far. I passed the iron gate, standing as usual wide open, and walked up the gravelled road to the front of the *château*, where the ornamental water was starred with white lilies, and the

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air heavy with the scent of roses and honeysuckle. I mounted the steps of a terrace and reaching a spot where less cultivation had been attempted, passed beyond and down a sloping path which led to a large lawn laid out with flower-beds ablaze with colour and haunted by the hum of a thousand bees. It was a sunny sheltered place, and I was apparently quite alone there. A gentle breeze shook the fragrance from myriads of petals; the warm afternoon light caressed the soft outlines of the statues and sent its tremulous radiance among the sighing fir-trees that flung their spicy perfume abroad. It was all very quiet and orderly in that part of the garden, and at first I thought to stay there; but by and by my fierceness fought against the tranquillity around me; the regular array of flower-beds danced before my eyes in their set devices; their perfume stifled me; the statues seemed to gibe at my impotent wrath, and the wind crept about whispering of my vain strivings. Everything cried *peace* where there was no peace. I strode heavily away and climbed the winding paths among the shrubs, till I gained what is called the Battery, though the guns once mounted there have long since disappeared. Here I sat down on the low wall and looked straight into the water below. Just under the wall there is a tiny beach, a little yellow sand and a handful of shells caught among brown and sea-worn boulders that hold the treasures in their stony clasp; the tawny fringes of weed swayed in the translucent water with a gentle rhythmic motion; the sea made murmurous music, and crept with a little splashing among the rocks, decking them for a moment with a border of opalescent foam, then sinking away to return with a very magic of monotony.

As I stared drearily with musing eyes a sudden surge of passion swept over me, and leaning forward I gripped a projecting stone in the wall with all my force; the rough edge broke the skin and bruised the flesh, and the stinging pain was a relief.

"Ah! if I had him here, we two together,—one thrust and it would be done——"

I thought that I had whispered the words through my clenched teeth, but I must have spoken them aloud for a voice answered me: "Yes, you are right! One thrust and it would be done. I will be near to help; I should like to see him die!"

I started to my feet aghast. Close by stood a woman poorly but decently dressed; tall and slight with shabby black garments hanging limply round her. She seemed about fifty years old, her hair, which was wavy and had once been dark, being now thickly sprinkled with grey; a scarf of rusty black lace was draped over it, and fell back from a perfectly colourless face in which the large black eyes were deeply sunken; her pale lips trembled and her hands plucked nervously at her dress as she stood looking at me.

"What did you say?" I asked sternly, sobered by the shock of this sudden appearance.

"I repeated what you said," she answered sullenly, her face growing fierce.

"Why should you want revenge?" I asked.

"Why?" she echoed, her voice rising shrilly. "Why? I will tell you why. Did anyone ever ruin your life, steal away your happiness, kill those you loved best by inches? Yes, I saw them die, husband and child, slowly, slowly, for want of the comforts I could not buy because he tricked me out of the money. Now do you understand why I want to kill the thief?"

"Whom do you want to kill?" I asked, almost mechanically, for I felt

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as if something only half human stood before me.

"I don't know, I don't know now," she murmured; "all my thoughts have gone astray of late. I have forgotten his name, but I shall know his face, and sooner or later I shall see him again."

Her dark eyes burned with the terrible light of madness as she looked at me, and I shuddered to realise that just so must I have looked when a moment before this maniac had answered me with such strange aptness. Her face, with its awful hatred and quiet fury, was a mirror for my own soul from which I recoiled as I realised that here was a reflection of myself.

As I gazed at her half fascinated, all her passion suddenly died away, fading like one of those temporary negatives in photography, till her features seemed to become blurred and her manner irresolute. "I am going home," she said, turning away. Common humanity prompted me to offer her my help, but she waved me aside. "Thanks, I know my way; the road to the town is quite straight," and thus she disappeared.

I sat down again, trembling in every limb, on the wall whence I had risen when this strange personage had first addressed me. I had been so much taken by surprise, so fascinated during the brief interview that I had not stirred a yard from the spot, and now that I was once more alone I felt strangely weak and disabled. Yet from a logical point of view my terrible resolution should have been rather strengthened by the presence of one similarly inclined; I can affirm, however, that such was not the case, and that, on the contrary, the set purpose of years had received a shock which had shaken its very ground-work. Without being eminently conceited one may entertain a reasonably good opinion of oneself, and this being so, the purposes and actions of the individual are coloured to himself by his own estimation of that self. Thus it had been with me; I had held myself an upright, just-minded person, intending only to effect the righteous punishment of him who had sinned against me, and now I felt like one disfigured who, having hitherto but seen his own face in flattering portraits, suddenly beholds it in a mirror: in a second his previous visions are blasted; never again can he think himself comely. And if it be thus with the outward appearance, how much more so is it with the mind! If the sight of faulty flesh be so fearful, what is that compared with the fearfulness of the vision that reveals to a soul its hideous kinship with the horror of a great sin. In one scathing flash I had seen this thing, and shrunk appalled from the inevitable truth. Nay more! I felt that my higher impulse, though it stirred, was choked beneath a leprous growth of evil, and I realised that for me it would be a hard matter to look back from the plough to which I had set my hand, to abandon a purpose to which for years my whole energy had added strength. I was fast in the fetters that myself had forged.

As I sat thus on the wall of the Battery at Miramar, the murmur of the water below and the sough of the fir-trees gradually soothed the turmoil of my brain, and for me too the air grew sweet and the breaking wavelets musical. I suppose that mind and body alike were exhausted by the events of the afternoon; at all events I shortly became drowsy, and throwing myself upon the ground under the trees fell into a deep sleep. How long it lasted I hardly know, but when I was roused the evening wind was blowing off the sea, and I knew the hour was late. One of the under-gardeners going his rounds had dis-

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covered me and fortunately was an old acquaintance, or I might have been considered drunk and punished accordingly.

"*Benedetta*, Signor Romagno, and what might you be doing here at this hour?" he enquired. "The gates were closed long since."

"I am extremely sorry my good Marco," I said, scrambling to my feet. "I had no idea I had fallen asleep; how am I going to get out?"

"Oh, no trouble about that," he answered civilly enough. "I must close one or two of the hot-houses, and then I'll return for you and let you out of the private wicket. I have the key to-night, fortunately for you," he added with a grin; "the head-gardener has gone to the regatta."

I was glad to hear this, for the head-gardener was a lordly personage who gave himself innumerable airs, like all menials in responsible positions. "A thousand thanks," I said; "I will wait here."

I heard his footsteps die away on the gravel, and silence reigned once more. The sun had set, but the red of the west had faded to pink and pale primrose, while overhead was a clear, pale apple-green sky in which the first faint star hung tremulous. Both mind and body were refreshed with sleep, and though still conscious of a strange lassitude, there was a peace in my soul which accorded well with the peace around. When Marco returned I felt even loth to quit the place; however, it had to be done, and I followed him with a good grace. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. "Marco," I said, "did you see a woman come into the grounds this afternoon, an elderly woman dressed in black, looking pale and thin?"

Marco scratched his head and reflected. "Yes," he answered slowly, "I think I did see her about. On account of the regatta so few people came in this afternoon that I noticed that woman. But why do you ask? Did you see her break any plants, or do any mischief?"

"No, oh no," I answered; "she was quiet enough; but all the same if she comes again you had better keep your eye on her, Marco. She is mad."

Marco laughed. By this time we had reached the wicket, and he spoke as he fitted in the key: "She seemed well behaved," he said, "and did no damage. Your fancy must be playing you tricks, Signor Romagno; the woman was just about as mad as you are! Good-night," and he locked the gate behind me.

Many a truth is spoken in jest, runs the proverb which recurred to me as I heard the gardener's last words. Perhaps he was right.

CHAPTER V.

As time went on I saw a good deal of Thomas Willoughby, and learned to like him still better. We sometimes walked into the country with Peter, and discussed philosophy and other trifles; sometimes we smoked in the garden of the *campagna*; and sometimes I sat in my friend's studio while he made believe to paint, for he was under the impression (not altogether an incorrect one) that he had some artistic talent, and as he had no need to earn a penny he worked at his canvases with considerable energy. And while he painted he talked; he was a splendid talker, never chattering or annoying you with truisms, or making conversation in order to hear his own voice. He talked as he did everything,—just as he pleased. His opinions were so broad that I sometimes had to seek hard for his principles; but I always found them, though their proportions, it must be

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confessed, were occasionally microscopic. He discoursed of all things imaginable, touching every subject with a pleasant lightness peculiarly his own, which yet never degenerated into levity, because he was always in earnest; he talked away so unhesitatingly convinced you wanted to hear what he had to say, that there was no effort about his conversations. Several of these impressed themselves upon my memory, and notably one upon the subject of love. At the moment the discussion began he was painting a portrait of myself as Sophocles. He was pleased to say that I had a very fine profile (which indeed is the case), and requested me to sit to him with such a perfect anticipation of consent that I never dreamed of refusing.

"Love, my dear Signor Pepe," he began, dabbling his brush in some compound, "is a very curious thing."

"So I have heard," I answered drily; though for that matter I had ascertained the truth of his assertion by experience.

"I don't think anything has ever been so oddly misrepresented," went on my friend, exactly as though he was the one person in the world who held the key to the subject.

"Indeed," I said.

"Yes," he rejoined; "poets and novelists, and those kinds of fellows are perpetually harping on the matter; and you would really think they understood it after so much practice, but they don't, not one of them. If you love more than one person in your life, you can't really know what Love (with a capital *L*) is, they say. Your first love, your only love, the love of your life, the love of your youth,—that's their style; if you attach yourself subsequently, it's supposed to desecrate all your previous sensations;—and that's rubbish!" he concluded, flourishing his brush preparatory for another dabble.

"Do you think so?" I enquired almost timidly; for really some of this young man's propositions were so exceedingly bold that at times he nearly took my breath away.

"I am sure of it," he said with calm conviction. "Love is not meant to be kept shut up like some delicate bit of crockery that you mustn't risk breaking more than once; it's an exceedingly serviceable every-day article, intended for frequent use. Why, how else are you to enjoy yourself? I adore Teresa, and the faithful creature vows an eternal love for me; in about a month's time she begins to think eternity a little monotonous; am I to bind the poor girl to me against her will, or make her miserable by declaring that separation will break my heart, when I know perfectly well it will do nothing of the kind?"

"I certainly have never looked at the matter in that light before," I murmured; "but suppose Teresa doesn't get tired?"

"Signor Pepe," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "I am still looking for a Teresa who will not tire; but I don't think I shall ever find one."

"But how will you manage when you marry?" I asked, deeply interested. "How about Mrs. Thomas Willoughby? Suppose she gets tired?"

"Oh, she'll be all right," he said with cheerful conviction.

"Yes, that is all very well," I said, "but suppose you get tired yourself."

"Ah, I sha'n't tire either," he said confidently, "not by that time."

"All that you have been saying," I remarked, "convinces me of one thing. You have never been in love yet, that's very clear."

"Indeed I have!" he answered indignantly. "Why, I fall in love once a month regularly."

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"No you don't," I insisted; "you don't yet know what love is——"

"With a capital L?" he interpolated.

"Yes, if you like, with a capital L," I answered.

"Well, Signor Pepe," he said laughing, "when the capital L stage comes on I will let you know, and ask your advice, for that will be a condition in which I have certainly had no experience."

Soon after this conversation I left Soloporto for over a week on a visit to one of my best clients in the tailoring and shoe-making lines; an old priest living in an exceptionally lonely spot on the Karst, the great chain of barren mountains rising behind Soloporto. About three times a year I used to visit Padre Cristoffero for a few days at a time, to overlook his clothes and foot-gear, about the condition of which he, being absent-minded, was apt to become completely oblivious, till he was almost in rags and shoeless. When the Padre discovered this state of things he used to summon me to the rescue, and some of my most peaceful hours were spent in his humble little dwelling. He was occupied, he told me, in some learned theological work, for the pursuit of which he required the most perfect quiet and seclusion; and in order to obtain these conditions he lived for several years in a spot as wild and sequestered as any inhabited by civilised man.

I will, therefore (praying the reader's pardon for what he may deem a digression), take him with me on one of my periodical visits to the old priest, discoursing on the way of everything that is worthy of observation, and begging him to remember that I am old, that the old are apt to be garrulous, and that, though Padre Cristoffero plays but a slight part in the tale I am telling still, he is after all one of my *dramatis personæ*, and as such entitled to a description.

About ten miles from Soloporto as the crow flies, rise the grey ruins of the old castle of St. Servolo; they stand on the edge of a tremendous battlement of rock, below which lies a tiny village of the same name. In olden times the castle belonged to the Bishops of Soloporto, but three centuries ago, after being captured by the Venetians and re-taken by the Emperor, it passed as a royal fief into private hands; it was finally abandoned, and fell into the ruin which still faces seaward and feels the shock of every wind that blows through its shattered walls. The sun burns on it all the summer; the autumn rains lash it with their chill scourge; the wolfish mountain winter fastens its icy fangs into this poor lean carcase of a dwelling; even the spring, though she drops here and there among those grim and arid solitudes some of the gifts of blade and leaf that overflow her plenteous hands, can do nothing to soften the nakedness of decay that here reigns supreme; for the landward side of the castle is girt about with a low broad bank of stones, so compact and so earthless that not the wiriest herb may find sustenance.

Long before the walls of this fortress rose from the rock, long before the Roman had set foot on the marshes of Soloporto, long before the savages inhabiting the Karst forests had their being, so long before even that dim and distant past that the mind of man may reck nothing of the time of its appearing, the mighty force of Nature wrought, within a stone's throw of the ruin of human handiwork, a dwelling that has survived to this day. Close by the castle, in the side of one of the numerous deep circular hollows with which the Karst is pitted, there is a dark gap in the rocks, now closed by a barred iron gate. If you open this,

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and descend the rough stone steps that modern hands have fashioned for the way of modern feet, you will find yourself in a large grotto; it is damp and chill, and only a dim twilight struggles into its nearer recesses from the slit by which it is entered. There is a rude stone altar, and to the left of this a good-sized natural shallow basin in the rock, always full of the purest water. This spring never fails; and in the heats of summer and autumn when their wells run dry, the peasants from the village beneath the castle come to draw water for themselves and their beasts from the well of St. Servolo; for once, so runs the legend, this gloomy retreat sheltered a human being, and how this happened shall now be told.

Some time in the second century there lived in Roman Soloporto a noble Christian family of that nation, called Servilio; Eulogio, Clementia his wife, and their only child Servolo, who, from his earliest years, had been a singularly gentle and quiet boy, accepting the Christian doctrines inculcated by his parents, and caring nothing for the amusements and distractions of the Roman lads of that period. When he was twelve years of age, in obedience to the summons of a miraculous voice, Servolo secretly left the city and repaired to the lonely grotto on the Karst where for the space of twenty-one months he remained hidden from all the world, eating only "angels' bread," and drinking from the spring that still rises in the same spot. All day and all night he wept and bewailed his sins and shortcomings, and prayed for Divine guidance. At the end of the twenty-one months the same voice which had bidden him repair to the cave told him to return to his father's house; and this call also was implicitly obeyed by Servolo, who, however, on his way through the valley of Mocco, met with an obstacle in his path in the shape of a huge dragon. For a moment the lad shrank back in terror; then summoning all his courage, and making the sign of the cross, he breathed on the monster, which was thus instantly disabled, and his conqueror pursued his way into the city.

His parents, who had mourned Servolo as dead, were rejoiced at his return, and the next few years of his life were marked by marvellous instances of his power of healing all manner of diseases. Numerianus, who was then Emperor of Rome, had formulated edicts against all Christians who refused to sacrifice to the heathen deities, and Julius, the prefect of Soloporto, putting these edicts in force summoned Servolo before the tribunal. Steadfastly refusing to sacrifice he was scourged with whips and loaded with chains, but his firmness only incited his tormentors to worse cruelties; his flesh was torn with iron hooks, and finally he was beheaded. His mother Clementia, with other Christians, came by night and rescued his martyred body for burial. But to this day they say that if any deceitful or wicked person, or any unclean animal, such as a pig, attempt to drink at St. Servolo's spring the water will instantly disappear as if by magic, to return when the polluting presence has been withdrawn; while such is the Saint's power over the Devil that one fragment of stone from the grotto will guard the house containing it from any possible entrance of the Evil One.

Padre Christoffero, however, was wise enough not to attempt to emulate good St. Servolo in his choice of a dwelling; for it would appear that men in bygone days, especially those of saintly tendencies, were far more robust than is the case at present, when any human being who attempted to reside even for a month in the

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grotto would certainly die of rheumatism or lung-disease before the expiration of that time. But behind the ruins of the old castle lies a little graveyard, and beyond the wall of this was a small low stone building containing but three rooms. The cottage was constructed from the stones so abundant on every side; its walls were very thick, and the tiled roof was heavily weighted with stones placed along it in rows, as is the custom in this district to prevent their being carried away by the Bora. Therefore with the aid of a good stock of fire-wood, which he laid in for the winter, and the daily supplies of milk and so forth which the peasant woman who served him brought when she came up from the village, the learned Padre was able to defy the weather, and apparently the awful loneliness of the place also.

He was a gentle old man, with dreaming blue eyes and straggling silver hair; a man whose experience of life had left him singularly free from worldly taint; one of those who accept the incomprehensible without argument, and to whom faith comes as naturally as it does to a child. And in winter or summer, storm or shine, Padre Christoffero never failed to say his daily mass at the rough altar where St. Servolo once knelt in prayer. I am not by any means an ardent church-goer, but during my visits to the Padre I never failed to attend that invariable mass in the grotto. "My good Signor Pepe," he would say, looking at me with a benignant smile, as he reached for his broad-brimmed hat in the early morning, "you will perhaps like to accompany me to mass?" He used the same formula of invitation every day, so that a stranger might have fancied that he was making the proposal to me for the first time, and I always accepted it.

I have seen many a stately religious ceremonial; I have known the thrill of the silver trumpets that herald the Roman Easter; I have felt my spirit soar amid the rolling swell of the organ and the heavenly strains of hidden choirs; but nothing of that kind that I have seen or known impressed me so much as Padre Cristoffero's daily mass. The bowed white head, the gentle rapid monotonous voice that sounded far and faint in the dark recesses of this strange chapel; the trickle of the drops of water falling from the rock that canopied St. Servolo's well, the light of day that struggled from the narrow entrance far above, the hum of the breeze wandering over the open ground without, — all these things made an indelible picture upon my memory.

It was a fine warm evening when I again reached Soloporto, having concluded my visit to St. Servolo. The town seemed close and noisy as I passed through the crowded streets after the fresh pure air and silence of the Karst, and I was glad to get free of the houses and to find myself once more on the comparatively quiet road to my inn. As I neared the house, which stood in a walled enclosure with a gate opposite to the door, I suddenly saw the large yellow cat belonging to the establishment scramble upon the coping by means of the vines trained inside, and standing among the thick green leaves that crested the wall, with every hair on end and his wagging tail twice its usual size, spit defiance at a canine assailant who kept up a vigorous barking below.

It did not need Peter's sudden appearance in the road to tell me who was the cat's enemy, for I had already recognised his voice, and as I came up, ceasing his frantic attempts to scale the wall, he followed me, panting, through the gate. Inside, in the

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paved court that was shaded by a spreading trellis of vines, I found, as I expected, Thomas Willoughby. He was sitting alone at one of the several little deal tables provided for customers, and had an untasted measure of wine before him.

"My dear Signor Pepe," he exclaimed, rising and advancing enthusiastically to meet me, "where in the world have you been hiding yourself? Your landlady could only tell me that you were absent for a fortnight or so, and had left no address; so for five days I have come daily to see if you had returned."

"I am sure it is very kind of you," I answered smiling; "but it has often happened that we have not met for a few days,—why were you in such a hurry to see me?"

"I have news, very important news, to communicate," he answered gravely; "also I have a confession to make; also I want your help in a matter, Signor Pepe, in which you alone can help me."

I could not help being rather startled at his words, and still more so at the way he spoke them; he appeared so remarkably in earnest. "What can be the matter?" I said. "However, if you will wait while I go up-stairs and put down my parcel, I will join you in a moment and hear all you have to say. I hope it is nothing very serious."

"It is the most serious thing that has ever happened to me," answered Thomas Willoughby, whose smile was for once absent; "and with your leave, Signor Pepe, I will come to your room with you where we shall be more free from interruption," and he nodded meaningly in the direction of the landlady who was hovering close by under pretext of clearing a table.

I led the way up the narrow stairs, beginning to feel really anxious, for I had never heard my friend speak in such a way before. Once inside my room I took out of my cupboard a tiny bundle of dry twigs, and placing them on the floor of the dark little landing just outside my door, I closed this and requested Thomas to unburden himself. He had eyed my manœuvre with the twigs with some curiosity and now asked me its meaning.

"It is to prevent the landlady from listening at the keyhole," I explained. "She is a good soul, but terribly afflicted with curiosity; and several times, when some client has been here dictating to me matter, perhaps of a delicate nature, for a letter, that same matter has been made public to my great annoyance and surprise; for I assure you that, until I discovered the author of the mischief, my own unsullied character for discretion suffered sadly. However, I caught her at the keyhole one day, and though she swore she was in the very act of knocking to give me a message when I suddenly opened the door, I knew better. Since then I always employ a bundle of twigs with the happiest result. You saw that the bundle rested upon the floor but was attached to the handle by a string. If she tries to take the bundle away the string rattles the handle and I hear her; if she does not suspect that my twigs are there, she treads on them, and then they snap and I am warned at once. At first the worry of making up bundles of twigs was dreadful; she crushed two or three a week quite flat; but now she is not nearly so troublesome, and the bundle I put out just now has lasted three months."

"I see," said Willoughby admiringly; "your plan is most ingenious; but wouldn't it have been less troublesome to change your lodgings?"

"My dear friend," I said sagely, "it is better to deal with the devil you know than with the devil you

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don't know. If I went to another lodging the landlady there might not only repeat what she overheard, but a good deal more which she had never heard at all. But pray tell me what is the matter."

Thomas threw himself into my easy chair,—a luxury, and the only one, to which I had treated myself out of my lottery-prize—and heaved a deep sigh.

"Come," I said encouragingly, "out with it! What's the matter? You had, if I remember rightly what you said below, a piece of news to tell, a confession to make, and my help to ask. You can begin with whichever you like, but pray begin."

"I'll take things in their order," he said with another sigh. "Well then, the news is that I am in love!"

I burst into a laugh, partly because his intense gravity somehow tickled me, and next because my fears of anything serious being amiss were instantly relieved. "Oh," I said, "is that all! Another Teresa, eh? Why did you make such a mystery about what you told me yourself happens regularly once a month? If that is your news, let us have the confession next."

"That's the worst part of it," sighed my poor friend, looking so really pained by my mirth that I hastened to compose my countenance; "that's the worst part of the whole thing. It is love with a capital L."

I put both my hands deep into my trousers' pockets and pursed up my mouth with a slight whistle; a position and an action which I am inclined to think belong to the English half of me, since I never saw a real Italian either assume the one or give vent to the other. Thomas Willoughby, I knew well by this time, was always in earnest, even in his amusements. If it was true that his present plight was caused by, as he put it, Love with a capital L, I felt quite sure that he would never cease the pursuit of his object, in which with a pleasant anticipatory tingle of intrigue, I already felt myself involved.

"And how," I enquired slowly, "how do you wish me to help you?"

"Oh, you must manage the whole thing," he answered quite gravely. "Procure me an introduction, or procure me the means of procuring an introduction, and so forth; and then you must be best man at the wedding."

My head whirled. I procure him an introduction! I be best man at the wedding! What sort of a woman had he been smitten with, if I could serve him in either capacity? He surely could not be intending to make a fool of himself with anyone of the Bina Kovachich kind!

"And who, may I ask, is the lady?" I said.

"I don't know, Signor Pepe, and that is just the worst of it."

I positively jumped at his answer; what could he mean? "Are you quite sure you're not ill?" I enquired feeling really uneasy. "Have you got fever, or anything of that kind?"

"I am perfectly well, and perfectly aware of what I am saying," he answered seriously. "I do not know who the lady is, and it is to obtain that knowledge that I require your assistance. I have seen her several times, and though I have never yet been able to speak to her, though I do not know her name, nor where she comes from, nor even where she is living, yet I swear I will marry her, Signor Romagno."

I admire spirit in a young man, especially of this kind; it suits my southern blood, and I was pleased with Thomas Willoughby's confidence in me. "When did, or do, you see the lady?" I asked.

"Where you shall see her within the next hour, if you will come with

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me," answered Thomas cheering up a little as I threw no cold water on his wild project. "Don't trouble to stay here for food; we'll dine at a restaurant in the town; just change your coat, if you want to, and come along. I knew you would help me."

"I did not say anything of the kind," I answered; "very probably I shall be quite unable to serve you in this matter. I can tell nothing till I know a little more about the circumstances of the case; but at any rate I should like to be shown your lady-love, Signor Willoughby."

"You shall see her," he answered confidently, "as I told you, within the next hour; and when you do see her——' he broke off abruptly, a pause of enthusiasm standing for things unspeakable.

CHAPTER VI.

My friend conducted me down the hill again to Soloporto, and hailing a passing carriage, ordered the driver to set us down at a certain point in Barcola.

Although the whole affair interested me not a little, and although my curiosity was raised to a still higher pitch by our destination, I forbore any question, considering that it would impair my dignity. This last attitude on my part will be recognised by the reader as also essentially English; for a real Italian is not only very inquisitive, but spares himself no trouble in satisfying, or trying to satisfy his curiosity, especially if it be of a personal nature. He will put a dozen questions while you are trying to frame an astute answer to one, and will go to far greater labour in his neighbour's affairs than in his own. Owing to this attitude in the general population of Soloporto, I anticipated little difficulty in finding out all the circumstances connected with Thomas Willoughby's *innamorata*. We had driven along in silence for some time when my companion spoke.

"We are going to Barcola, Signor Romagno, in order to dine, and rest, and get cool. There is a little restaurant there where they give you very good fresh fish, and we can keep the carriage to return in after we have had dinner and a cigar."

"To return in!" I exclaimed; "why, I thought we were driving straight to a private view of your lady-love. When is she to be seen?"

"It is now past six," said Thomas, consulting his watch; "by eight o'clock, or a little after, we shall be in the Armoria theatre."

"The theatre!" I cried reproachfully. "Who in his senses wants to go to a theatre in August, the hottest month I do believe in the whole year? Besides, I hope this girl has nothing to do with the stage——"

I was glad to be interrupted by one of my friend's usual laughs, for hitherto he had maintained an extraordinary gravity. "Oh! so you thought I was going to make a fool of myself in that way, did you?" he said. "Signor Pepe, how often have I told you that I am the very soul of discretion,—when it suits me?" he concluded truthfully.

By this time we had reached the restaurant, which stood in a garden reached by stone steps from the road below; it was, in fact, a kind of gravelled terrace opposite the sea, shaded by a few old trees interlaced with vines trained beneath them over trellis-work, so as to form a continuous verdant roof. The indispensable oleander trees of a foreign restaurant were placed here and there in their usual green painted tubs, and their dusty looking foliage and almond-scented pink blossoms were very conspicuous among the vine-leaves, whose edges were cracked and curled by the fierce sunshine of a southern summer.

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The place was very quiet, indeed I think we were the only people in it at the moment; but in another hour or so all those little white clothed tables would be full of light-hearted folk from the town, come out to Barcola in the heavily-loaded tram-cars to eat, drink, and be merry; and in his capacity for enjoyment I confess that, in my opinion, the foreigner has a considerable advantage over the Englishman. Give a Soloportese a plate of fried fish, a bit of crusty new bread, half a pint of cheap every-day wine; let him dispose of these in the open air, if possible in the vicinity of an oleander tree, which is sufficient to suggest to him a vivid idea of rural seclusion, and he will not only be entirely happy, but will return home quite convinced that the aforesaid conditions are the very acme of pleasure. If you can add three or four musicians playing popular melodies upon instruments which mark the progress of the evening by getting hourly more out of tune, the enviable inhabitant of Soloporto will feel himself yet more to be envied. He will clink glasses with his companions, talk eagerly about the merest trifle, grow excited and enthusiastic about anything or nothing, indulge in the tritest jokes, illustrate these with perpetual gesture and pantomime, clap loudly and without the slightest self-restraint at every pause in the music, the airs of which he often accompanies in a melodious and quite unstudied manner; he will, I say, do all these things, enjoy himself for four or five hours in the restaurant garden, and retrace his steps to his stuffy little room in town, having expended upon his evening's pleasure anything you like from sixpence to three times that sum.

The Soloportese has done all these things in entire unconsciousness of the scorn of the elderly Englishman at the next table. This personage, accompanied by his wife or daughter, or perhaps by both, lays down his umbrella upon his arrival, and, assuming his gold eye-glasses, solemnly peruses the bill of fare presented by the white-aproned waiter, who ostentatiously re-polishes the heavy glasses on the table with the napkin that seems to be an invariable part of his coat-sleeve. After one or two impatient sniffs Paterfamilias hands the bill of fare over to his womankind, who are supposed to have learned foreign languages, and they in their turn having read the document remain in equal ignorance of its contents. They therefore chance the nature of the food by ordering those dishes which cost the most, and which must therefore be the best. Upon the same principle Papa orders a bottle of Vienna wine at two florins and a half, which immensely impresses the waiter, but deprives the Englishman of learning the charms of the vintage grown upon the mountain slopes close at hand, and retailed at sixpence a quart. When the first dish comes it proves to be fish, of a species which Papa finds fuller of bones than is usual with the finny tribe, and which Mamma nervously trusts is fresh, as stale fish in hot weather is frequently fatal. Being quite unable to ascertain if the water in the *caraffe* is filtered none of the party dare touch it, and in consequence find the bottled wine a little heating on a warm evening. The chicken, which next appears, is pronounced tough, which is probably the case, but being, even in English estimation, of comparatively harmless substance, it is eaten with as good a grace as may be. By the time it is finished our Soloportese friend close by has begun his second song, which perhaps fortunately neither Papa, Mamma, nor their daughter understand. Its execution, however, is

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suggestive, and Mamma treads upon Papa's toes under the table to call his attention to what she warned him would happen if he persisted in following the customs of the country and straying for even one meal beyond the propriety of a *table d'hôte*. Next comes the pudding, which would not be bad if it were a little less greasy; and while this is being tasted, the singer hard by has begun an animated argument with the opposite reveller at his own table, having also put his arm round the waist of his pretty sweetheart sitting next him. The terrible position is perceived by Mamma, the corners of whose mouth droop disapprovingly as she impresses the adjoining iniquity upon Papa's favourite corn. Having hastily put up his eye-glasses and ascertained the cause of the agony in his left little toe, that gentleman glares for a moment over his right shoulder at his unconscious neighbour's back, and then, being desirous to retreat with dignity, he looks out over the sea and murmurs a condescending phrase or two about the beauty of the landscape and the fineness of the evening, which he hopes may divert his daughter's attention from the next table. Soon Mamma says they should be getting back to the hotel, and Papa pays the bill out of a whole handful of coins extracted laboriously from his pocket, bestowing a plentiful largess on the obsequious waiter. The English family has spent seven or eight florins, and not enjoyed itself at all; indeed Mamma is not quite sure, as she lifts her skirts out of the dust, whether the place they have just quitted is "quite respectable," while Papa soothes his own misgivings in the same direction by an allusion to the light-heartedness of these southern peoples.

It must be understood that my sentiments, as above expressed, do not in any way apply to Thomas Willoughby, who was certainly one of the most adaptable individuals I have ever known. On the present occasion he ordered the dinner and wine as if to the manner born, and I should really have enjoyed myself extremely had it not been for the restlessness of my companion, which was all the more trying because he endeavoured to conceal it. We rolled our cigarettes and sipped our wine, and Thomas fidgeted on his chair, and tore the bill of fare into tiny fragments, and broke the sticks of the burnt matches into little bits, and, in short, conducted himself in such a fidgety fashion that at last I suggested that we had better be going. He jumped up, paid the bill, and hurried me into the carriage so rapidly that I was quite breathless by the time we were once more on the road.

Shortly afterwards we found ourselves in one of the smaller theatres of Soloporto. It was sultry and hot in the streets, and the interior of this place of amusement was stifling. As a general rule none of the theatres were open during the really hot season, but an English Opera-Bouffe Company, having finished an engagement in some cooler part of the Austrian Empire, had been compelled to pass through Soloporto on their way to another professional engagement, and had halted for a couple of nights' performances. Rather to my surprise my companion had apparently not provided himself with a box, and we paid simply for the second-class seats in what corresponds to the English pit. Thomas Willoughby took a comprehensive look round the boxes already occupied: "She has not come yet," he observed.

"Perhaps she is not coming," I suggested, unamiably anxious to ruffle him a little; for really the heat was very great, and I began to feel that a

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considerable demand had been made upon my good-nature by a tiresome expedition which might very possibly prove barren. Soloporto was almost completely emptied of its wealthy and aristocratic families, who had, as was the custom, dispersed in all directions in search of a cooler climate; and what few seats and boxes were taken contained chiefly the richer *bourgeois*, among whom, however, a few handsome faces were to be seen. I was growing more irritable and annoyed every moment, a state of mind to which my friend's cheerful demeanour contributed not a little, until at length the orchestra ceased its distressing sounds of tuning and getting up to pitch, the conductor tapped his desk with his white *bâton*, and the overture began. I cannot honestly say that at this moment I remember the name or nature of either the play or the music, except that neither was conspicuously above the common-place; I did not even perceive the precise moment when the curtain rose, being occupied in watching the entrance of two ladies into a box upon the ground-tier, close enough to my seat to afford me a capital view of them. One was elderly and portly, with a gentle manner and a sweet, but rather insipid, face showing traces of bygone beauty; her hair had been fair but was now faded; her eyes had been blue, but the brightness of their colour was gone and they lacked expression; her complexion, which must once have been of that pink and white order so fascinating in the very young, had paled to a neutral tint. Perhaps, however, I should not have noticed the old lady's appearance so closely had it not been for that of the young one who sat beside her, and for whom she served as a foil. She was a girl apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, a being in whom all the ripening charms of girlhood had met to produce perfection. Her face was oval, her skin of that warm ivory colour that is leagues away from what are called waxen or olive complexions; there was a lovely glow on her cheeks, and her small, exquisitely curved mouth was red as a pomegranate-bud; her nose was delicately shaped, and her large dark eyes glowed brilliantly under the finely pencilled brows. The etiquette of most Soloporto theatres does not enforce evening dress, and therefore I could only guess at the lovely whiteness that must lie hidden beneath the lace falling back from this girl's beautiful throat. In hot weather all the Soloporto girls arrange their dress so as to leave uncovered that soft white curve that marks where the throat and chest meet, and this girl had so far followed the fashion; but I could see with half an eye that the peerless creature was no Soloportese. Every woman in the town is pretty, but the prevalent type of beauty lacks refinement, and that indescribable attraction which results from what is called breeding,—a quality which it was evident to me this girl possessed in a high degree. I gazed, quite oblivious of what was passing on the stage; and then, seeing a subtle but quite perceptible look of recognition dawn upon the beauty's face as her eyes wandered to some spot near me, I hastily turned to Thomas Willoughby, whose existence I had entirely forgotten, to ask him if his lady-love could match this flawless creature.

Before I could open my mouth he spoke, with a certain nervous eagerness which he tried to pass off beneath half bantering words. "She is very lovely, isn't she?" he said.

"Is that," I began—

He nodded. "Yes, Signor Pepe, that is the lady. Do you wonder I am in earnest?"

I did not in the least. The wonder to me would have been that he could

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have been half-hearted about such a damsel.

"I mean to marry that girl," said my friend, his mouth taking a more determined line, and a look of reckless daring beginning to dawn in his eyes. Having already noticed that the stranger had recognised my companion as someone she had seen before, I took another peep at her to see if she was aware of Thomas's exceedingly becoming expression which made him handsomer than usual. Women's perceptions are marvellous, as is likewise their power of conveying or concealing them; I could have sworn that the Englishman had made a favourable impression. As I looked at this very exceptional couple, and realised that on the one side at any rate love had taken firm root, while on the other its seed had been sown, I felt my very heart's pulses throb faster with interest and the blood in my veins course more quickly; and I took a solemn vow to promote my friend's cause by every means in my power, nor, though the path we had to follow proved devious and difficult, did I, as you shall presently see, ever swerve from my purpose.

As we continued to sit in our places, —I cannot say that our presence in the theatre had any closer relation to the performance—I began to revolve many plans in my mind, one of the first of which was a scheme for finding out the beautiful girl's name, of which my friend had confessed his complete ignorance. He was not so well used to the ways of Soloporto as I was, or he would, I fancied, have found little difficulty in the discovery, for in all Europe there does not exist so perfect a force of detectives, spies, intriguers, enquirers and so forth as the Servi di Piazza (Corps de Commissionaires) of Soloporto. Do you desire to know what interests your friend in a particular neighbourhood? Do not ask him; he might lie; pay a *servo di piazza*, and unless your friend suspects something (which is hardly likely) and fees your man still higher, you can find out all you want. Do you desire an introduction to one of the elegant little dressmakers who do here abound? Go to a *servo di piazza*. Do you want to know who dined or supped in such and such a house, and what was said of you there? Go to a *servo di piazza*; he will gossip with the cook, who will ask the butler, and your information will be forthcoming. If you want to deal, as is very much the fashion in Soloporto, that stab in the dark which is called an anonymous letter, you send it by a *servo di piazza*, who says, as he delivers it, that it was given to him by a person whom he met casually in the street, and who paid him to deliver it at once. Ah, they are as useful a set of rascals as is to be found anywhere, those *servi di piazza* of Soloporto!

I had come across several of the fraternity in the course of business, and now resolved to at once set enquiries on foot about the lady with whom Willoughby had fallen in love. I was just weighing in my mind the varying claims to discretion of two or three *servi*, when, to my surprise, the performance came to a close, and Thomas jumped up with considerable alacrity. And now the reason of our sitting in the cheap ground-floor seats became apparent. We got out much more quickly than those occupying the boxes could possibly do, and thus gained the door by which they must emerge, and planting ourselves in the street outside rendered it impossible that anyone could leave the theatre without our seeing them.

The usual small crowd of idlers had gathered outside, mostly of the poorer classes, and there were one or two *servi di piazza* about also, one of whom I slightly knew. Before the exit door of the boxes a handsome

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carriage and pair had drawn up, a hooded victoria with only a coachman, and no footman waiting with whom I might try to have a word. At the moment this occurred to me the ladies passed out, very close to us. Thomas, of course, had assumed the position of honour nearest to the door, and I had at first been at his side, a little further away, when it suddenly struck me that it was impossible to say whether the old or the young lady would take the right or left of the door if they walked abreast. A few seconds before they came into sight therefore I carelessly crossed over opposite to my companion, but fortune as usual favoured him, and in more ways than one; the beautiful girl paused for an almost imperceptible second so that her companion slightly preceded her, and then, with head proudly poised and dark eyes flashing as she looked straight in front of her, I saw her hand steal from her side, meet another hand, and leave something within it, something upon which that other hand at once closed; the next second she was following her chaperon into the carriage, but her movements were not so quick but that I missed the crimson rose she had been wearing in the theatre.

I did not congratulate my friend upon what I had noticed, though if he had been an Italian I should probably have said "*Milli felicitazzioni, caro,*" or something of that kind; as he was an Englishman I kept my ideas to myself, and did not even betray the fact that I had seen anything. While he lit a cigarette I began to talk to the *servo di piazza* I had noticed.

"Carlo," I said, "you saw the carriage and pair that has just driven away with two ladies?" He nodded. "I will give you a handsome present if you——"

Carlo interrupted me with a laugh. "My most amiable Signor Pepe, I know exactly what you are going to say, but it is of no use. Do you suppose your friend there [he nodded towards Thomas who still lingered, smoking, on the other side of the door] is the only young gentleman in Soloporto who wants to know all about a certain young lady?" I felt a little startled, for somehow, odd as it seemed, the idea of a rival or even rivals had not occurred to me. "I should have been a rich man to-night, Signor Pepe," the fellow went on, "if I had been able to earn all that has been offered to me on the same subject; but one good turn deserves another [I had once mended Carlo's boots for him when he was too poor to pay me], and I can, in a couple of seconds, tell you all that is known in Soloporto about that young lady. She and her aunt are staying with the old woman to whom the carriage belongs, Countess Wippach. The aunt is unwell and has to remain at home, so her hostess, to amuse her visitor, has brought her several times to the theatre. No one knows where the aunt and niece are going, though I am told they are passing through Soloporto on their return to some Italian town where they live, after a tour in the north. The Countess calls both her visitors by their Christian names; no letters have come for them since their arrival; they brought no maid with them, and their linen is only marked with initials; no visitors have been received at the Countess's *campagna* since the coming of these two strangers, nor has anyone been invited to go there. There is a big red M painted on their luggage. They are——"

"But all this is beside the mark, Carlo," I interrupted. "What is the name?"

"Ah! whether by accident or on purpose that is just what they have made it impossible to find out," said Carlo.

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"But the Christian name," I said eagerly.

"The old aunt, who is frightful and has a red nose, is called Bianca," answered Carlo; "the girl is Iridé."

Here was at any rate something definite. I thanked Carlo, and hurried after Thomas Willoughby, who, seeing me engaged, had trotted off down the street. "Well?" he said interrogatively, as I came up with him.

"Her name is Iridé," I said; and then I proceeded to put him in possession of everything that Carlo had told me.

"This sounds a little difficult," he said rather gravely.

"I call it very difficult," I rejoined.

"But the difficulty adds rather to the pleasure," he continued.

"I'm not so sure about that," said I.

"Where is this *campagna* where the old Countess lives?" he asked.

I described its position to him as well as I could; it was situated at a considerable distance from the town, and the whole property was well walled, and difficult of access for entire strangers, unless they could procure an introduction. "But that will be difficult," I concluded, "for the Countess is old and very particular, and you have not the ghost of an excuse I fear for presenting yourself. If you like, I will try to get speech with one of the servants myself, to find out if anything has been said as to the destination of the visitors. I can take a pair of boots there that I have mended, and ask if they belong to anyone in the house."

When we parted that night Thomas Willoughby and I had concocted a plan whereby I was, by means of the boot-fiction, to introduce myself into the Countess's establishment, and find out at any rate the day and hour of the visitors' departure, which I should communicate to my friend. He would have a spy near the booking-office to take note of the place for which the tickets were issued, and Thomas, who was to be waiting near, would hurry up and take a ticket to the same place. After that, we concluded something must happen to betray the identity of the beautiful unknown.

(To be continued.)

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A ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FOR IRELAND.

Liberalism in religion has been defined by Cardinal Newman to be the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion; that one creed is as good as another, and that in all religious systems there is to be found by the earnest seeker not a little of good. In a word, Liberalism is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true.

This movement has gained immense strength on the continent of Europe, where it has been seen to result in bald infidelity. In England its growth has been checked by many influences unfelt abroad; still, it is to be traced in the hydra-headed Dissent that flourishes among us, which is alleged to be its logical consequence.

The opponents of the Establishment have ever sought to dissolve the union that has existed from the earliest times between Church and State in this country. Religion, they say, must not meddle with the affairs of the State. The secular education of the nation is, pre-eminently, the concern of the State. To any scheme of State, or national, education, therefore, which may be accepted by them, provision for religious instruction cannot be admitted.

Liberalism first obtained authoritative recognition in education by the establishment and endowment of the London University in the year 1827. A local habitation was provided for that institution by the erection of the magnificent pile of buildings in Gower Street. The immediate circumstance responsible for that development is said to have been the publication in the Press of a letter dealing with the subject of popular University education by Thomas Campbell. Those, however, who desire to learn the true cause must go a little deeper in their investigations. They will find that the new institution was founded in response to the demands of the crescent spirit of Liberalism, the chief exponents of which, at that epoch, were Lord Brougham and the powerful Whig Party. The new University was viewed with unfeigned horror by the Church Party. They regarded its establishment as the complete triumph of Liberalism, and a menace to all dogmatic teaching, as in fact it was. At once, therefore, they set about to checkmate the objects of its promoters, and in the following year, by the united efforts of the Church Party and the Tories, King's College in the Strand was founded. Pursuant to a compromise effected later on between the rival establishments, the former ceased to call itself a university, and became a college affiliated to a university chartered by the Government and styled the London University; an *Alma Mater* which included King's College also under its jurisdiction, but from which was excluded absolutely all religious or dogmatic teaching.

In Ireland the earliest public recognition of Liberalism in education was the establishment, by Lord Grey and the Whigs, of a comprehensive scheme of national education. The details were elaborated by the late Sir Alexander MacDonnell, and it remains to the present day with some trifling necessary modifications. At first this new system encountered the sturdy opposition of the Protestant and Roman

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Catholic clergy alike. But in course of time the undeniable advantages to be derived from the establishment in a poor country of practically free schools, the payment of substantial sums of Imperial money, either by way of free grants for school buildings and requisites, or in grants for results awarded upon a liberal scale, became manifest. Soon the active hostility of the rectors and parish priests ceased, and they, for the time being at least, accepted and took advantage of the scheme of education provided by Government for their flocks, although objectionable, rather than have none at all. But the priests were never reconciled to this godless system, as they called it. Rome had never approved of it. And this conclusion is irresistible when we view the numerous and increasing Christian Brothers and Convent schools that have been organised all over the country since then. They are a most important element in primary education in Ireland at the present day, and certainly furnish an enduring protest by the Roman Catholic Church against mixed education.

The next advance of Liberalism in Ireland is seen in the creation of the three Queen's Colleges and the Queen's University. Prompted by the same considerations that led to the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, and encouraged by the apparent acceptance, by the priests, of the new scheme of primary education, Sir Robert Peel and the Government of the day resolved that some provision should be made to place the full benefits of University education within the reach of Irish Roman Catholics. To give effect to this determination they looked to Trinity College and Dublin University. But the scholarships and other prizes there were not yet open to Roman Catholics, although members of that communion were as free to matriculate, and proceed to the higher degrees, as their Protestant brethren. Public opinion, however, was not yet strong enough to compel the Board and Senate to open their portals still wider. The Government, therefore, had no option but to establish the Queen's Colleges, which, for convenience, were located in Belfast, Cork, and Galway. Later on Lord Clarendon incorporated the Queen's University as the degree-giving authority, to which the Queen's Colleges were then affiliated.

The Queen's Colleges were more in harmony with the idea of an *Alma Mater* than the kindred institutions in Gower Street and the Strand, because the keeping of certain terms, by residence and lectures, was made obligatory on students before they could proceed to degrees in any faculty. To make the new Colleges attractive and useful they were liberally endowed with scholarships and prizes, and fully equipped with all the apparatus, of latest and most approved design, requisite to carry on the work of University education. But religion was as rigidly excluded from the *curriculum* as from that of its prototype in Gower Street. Nevertheless, the Queen's Colleges were considered by many, competent to give an opinion in the matter, to afford a means of higher education adequate to the needs of Roman Catholics. This was not the attitude of Rome, however; and, shortly after their foundation Pope Gregory the Sixteenth had the Queen's Colleges under consideration, with a view to devise some means whereby to counteract the spread of infidelity, which, it was believed, must inevitably result from the exclusion of the subject of religion from the appointed collegiate course. In short, these deliberations led to the solemn resolve to erect a University in Ireland from whose

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course the elements of revealed religion would not be wholly excluded. There was another, and more cogent reason, however, for the establishment of the Roman Catholic University, to which I shall refer later on. But Gregory died before this decision was promulgated from the chair of St. Peter, and the political struggles that convulsed Italy shortly afterwards, resulting in the temporary banishment of his successor Pope Pius the Ninth, forced the question for a time into the background. On the return of the latter Pontiff from exile, however, the question came again to the forefront of Papal politics. A rescript on the subject had been addressed to the archbishops as early as 1846, but action thereon was suspended until 1850, when Dr. Cullen, the new Primate and Apostolic Delegate to Ireland, was charged with taking the necessary steps to give effect to the decision of the Holy See.

It is said that the Irish bishops, in furthering this project, acted in obedience to Rome rather than in concurrence with it. The evils of mixed education, urged at Rome, had not at that time presented themselves to the minds of the Irish hierarchy. But as a strong and imperious prelate like Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, had been commanded to formulate the scheme, with which he was also in fullest sympathy, the bishops had necessarily to obey. Nor could the pious work of founding the proposed institution have been committed to more competent hands than those of Cardinal Cullen. Taken from the head of his College at Rome, which had received him a poor boy half a century previously, and which he had now governed with conspicuous ability for many years, fully endorsing the Roman view against mixed education, possessed by an indomitable will and consuming zeal, he was eminently fitted for the task, to perform which he had moreover been invested with extraordinary ecclesiastical powers. As might be expected, all passive opposition was soon abated, and in a synod held at Thurles the Irish archbishops and bishops formally, and with apparent unanimity, resolved that a Roman Catholic University should be forthwith established.

At this time it happened that Dr. Newman was the rising light in the Roman Catholic Church. His social position, his culture, his reputation as a scholar and a prominent member of the great University of Oxford, and the fact that he had seceded from the Anglican Communion to the Church of Rome, all combined to render him a *persona grata* at the Vatican. The eyes of the Roman Catholic world were for the moment turned upon him. To Dr. Newman, therefore, Dr. Cullen naturally looked for assistance in this most important and formidable undertaking. But there was a further and weightier reason which singled Newman out as well qualified to put into execution the design of Rome. This will more clearly appear when we inquire what was the Papal policy underlying the foundation of the proposed University. As already said, there was a further and more cogent reason than that alleged. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that the view was not merely to establish a University in Ireland which would be accessible to the Roman Catholic youth of that island without endangering the stability of their faith. The policy of the Pope was much more astute and comprehensive. The real view was to found in Ireland a vast Roman Catholic teaching institution, in which all secular education would be subordinated to the dogmatic teaching of Rome; a centre absolutely free

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from the contaminating influences of Continental infidelity, and to which not only Irish youths would be confidently invited, but those from England, America, and the Colonies. That this is a correct statement of the Roman policy would further appear from the fact that, at Dr. Cullen's suggestion, Newman contemplated a tour in America, to be extended to the Colonies if successful, in order to prepare the minds of Roman Catholics resident in those distant lands for the projected University. Circumstances did not permit him to carry out this intention; but there can be no doubt that the scheme was put prominently before the faithful in those countries as a great Catholic work, and consequently the appeal for financial aid was liberally responded to. In the United States alone the contributions amounted to a sum of over £16,000. Even the education of students from the Continent, from France, Belgium, and Poland, entered into the purview of this very far-reaching project. In other words, the proposed University was the execution of a politic and clever move, to establish in Ireland a Propaganda for the spread of Roman Catholicism, the counterpart of the Propaganda of the Faith at Rome, whither would be sent, for spiritual nurture, the Roman Catholic youth from all English-speaking countries. It would rival Protestant Oxford, which, as yet, was absolutely closed to Roman Catholics. It was not until after the passing of the Act of 1854 that Oxford was empowered to grant its degrees to such, provided they had been previously able to obtain admission into one of its Colleges, from many of which they were, however, still excluded. The Vatican considered Ireland to be the proper seat for such a University. It claimed that that country had ever been associated with its tenets. The faith of its people had sustained, directly, very little damage from the shock of the Reformation that wrought such havoc in the sister isle. The scepticism and impatience of control in religious affairs, so prevalent in all Continental cities, had not made its appearance in the large towns of Ireland. As yet, happily, the altar and the confessional continued to be the paramount forces in the life of at least the majority of its inhabitants.

The supreme importance, therefore, of securing the services of Newman in connection with the proposed University was obvious. He was the recognised head, or at least one of the leaders, of the Tractarian movement, which had already resulted in great gain to Rome, and from which much more was anticipated. He exerted a great personal influence in the social life of his University, nor was that influence confined to the band of enthusiastic seceders, or to the English Roman Catholics with whom they daily came in contact. His personality was extended to scores of Anglicans, men of culture, of birth, and of serious character; alike to men who were still firmly attached to the Church of England, and to those who at that time were openly coquetting with Rome, but who were less courageous than the distinguished band that Newman had already led there. To many the prospects of a national apostasy from the principles of the Reformation were very brilliant. Devout Roman Catholics, who never dreamed of the possibility of the Rationalistic reaction that followed, saw, in the first crop of secessions, the droppings of a belated Pentecostal shower, and they prayed with energy that its fructifying effect would result in a yield of sixty or an hundred-fold. Among most uncompromising Protestants there were

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entertained grave apprehensions of wholesale gain by Rome. This desired consummation would, doubtless, be expedited by putting at the head of the new scheme of education the former leader of the advanced Anglicans. It would, further, be viewed as a gracious act on the part of Rome, and an earnest of the marks of confidence and favour to be bestowed in the future upon men who had faith to make such sacrifices for her.

It was for these reasons that Newman was selected to formulate the working details of the new University. On the 12th of November, 1851, he was formally and unanimously elected Rector by the Catholic University Committee, to whom he, of course, had been previously recommended, and two days later he formally accepted that position. It may here be observed, as an extraordinary fact, that it was not until Whit Sunday, the 4th of June, 1854, that he was officially installed by Archbishop Cullen in the Pro-Cathedral in Marlboro' Street, Dublin. This delay was unaccountable to him, and to the day of his death was never explained.

That Newman fully appreciated the ideal position soon became manifest. He considered that the academic atmosphere of Oxford was noxious to the faith of Roman Catholics; even the general tone of society there was baneful. There is little doubt that he endeavoured to persuade the authorities of the Church to prohibit Roman Catholic parents from sending their sons to a seat of learning, the environments of which were so pernicious. This was a very strong step, and had it then been adopted by the English Roman Catholic bishops would have resulted in many finding their way to the Irish University; probably the additional support the latter would have thus secured may have, in some measure, prompted Newman's action. He was unsuccessful, however, as it was not until 1865, more than six years after Newman had resigned the Rectorship, that Oxford was authoritatively prohibited to Roman Catholics. Indeed it is clear, from letters written by Newman at that time, that he would never have accepted the appointment of Rector had it not been the definite intention that the proposed University was to be created for the benefit, not merely of Irish Roman Catholics, but of all English-speaking people of that faith. With this end in view he strongly protested against the proposals, made by the English bishops in 1855, to found a Hall at Oxford for the reception of exclusively Roman Catholic students. Such a course would manifestly have attracted to Oxford not only all the sons of English Roman Catholics, but the sons of all Roman Catholic parents, resident in Ireland and elsewhere, who could command sufficient means to enable them to send their children to be educated at, and share the prestige of, that great University. He even went so far as to threaten to resign if the bishops persisted in their intention to establish the proposed Hall.

The first act of Newman on his appointment as Rector was to select a colleague in whose judgment and on whose sympathetic assistance he might implicitly rely, and whom he might recommend to the Archbishop for appointment as Vice-Rector. His choice rested, without hesitation, upon his old college friend, Dr. Manning. The prestige that would accrue to the new University by securing Dr. Manning's services appeared to him immense. He was a seceder from the English Church, like Newman, endued with a deeply religious mind, and possessed of equal culture and influence. But besides these indispens-

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able qualities he had a further recommendation that Newman sadly lacked. Manning was emphatically a man of the world. Rapid in action, he at the same time exhibited in all his movements a nimbleness of mind and a degree of astuteness that almost amounted to craft. This unique combination of qualities in the man had long been recognised, and it recommended him to Newman, who confidently hoped not only to obtain the active and earnest co-operation of Manning, but the help of many other distinguished seceders. However, whether, as a result of the great foresight accredited to him, Dr. Manning perceived that Newman's work contained inherent difficulties which he regarded as insurmountable, or whether he fancied (a not impossible supposition) that Providence destined him to play a more prominent part on the stage of Papal politics than filling a minor *rôle* in the organisation of an institution, albeit of lofty aspirations, the success of which was, to say the least of it, problematical, can never be ascertained. Suffice it to say, he declined the proffered post without very much hesitation, giving, in a letter to Newman, as his reason, the fact that he was resolved not to commit himself to one work more than another, until he had learned the wishes of the Pope, at an audience to be accorded to him later on.

Although Manning's refusal was a tremendous blow to Newman, he nevertheless continued to make the necessary arrangements that devolved upon him. In conjunction with the Archbishop of Cashel and another, he drew up a report on the organisation of the proposed University, founded mainly on the lines of the University of Louvain, in Belgium, the pattern sanctioned in the rescript already adverted to. This report was generally approved by the Committee on the 12th of November, 1851, and it was settled that the new University was to consist of four Faculties: (1) Arts, Letters, and Science, (2) Medicine, (3) Law, (4) Theology. It was proposed to begin with the first named Faculty, and to leave the arrangement of the studies of the others to a later period. Of these the most pressing was the second. Great stress was laid on the importance of a Medical School. In a Catholic country, it was said, there was an imperative call for Catholic practitioners. In the most important events of human life medicine and religion are confronted, and whether they co-operate or collide depends on whether or not they are reconciled the one to the other. The doctor proves the most valued support or the most painful embarrassment to the parish priest, according as he professes or abjures the Catholic faith, The need of a School of Medicine was, therefore, urgent, but until the Arts course was in operation it could not be supplied. The government was to be in the hands of the Rector and Vice-Rector, appointed by the Episcopal Body; the Rector to appoint deans of discipline, a secretary, and a bursar. Professors and lecturers were to be appointed by the archbishops on the recommendation of the Rector. The professors of each Faculty were authorised to elect out of their own body their own deans and secretaries. The duty of each dean was to convoke and preside over the sessional meeting of his Faculty, when the sessional programme should be drawn up subject to the approval of the Rector. The deans of Faculties were to form the Rectorial Council, who would assist the Rector with their advice in all matters of studies. The Academic Senate should consist of Rector, Vice-Rector, Secretary of

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the University, and the professors of the several Faculties. It would be entrusted with the determination of graver matters, such as the framing of statutes, and any other extraordinary subject which the Rector might refer to its consideration.

Such, in outline, was the scheme of the new University; but the position assigned in its constitution to the inculcation of the Roman Catholic religion shows clearly that it was virtually established with the object of spreading the dogmas of Roman Catholicism, and bringing about a Catholic Renascence. It was laid down therein, as a condition of supreme moment, that all academic instruction should be in harmony with the principles of the Catholic religion. All the officers and professors were to be required to make a profession of the Catholic faith according to the form of Pope Pius the Fourth. The work put upon them was more onerous than would be involved by the most conscientious discharge of the duties of their respective chairs. They were to be zealous propagandists as well. In addition to delivering their professorial lectures, they were to create a national Catholic literature; to write philosophic treatises in defence of Catholicism; to compile school-books and books of general instruction for the children of Catholics in the United Kingdom, the British Empire, and America. Such books would be printed in the University Press, then contemplated, and their use, doubtless, enjoined by Papal sanction.

Only professors of eminence in their respective domains could be expected to accomplish this great work. It was decided, therefore, to have on the professorial staff only men of the best and most widely-known repute for a combination of learning and piety, professors who, while sincerely devoted to Catholicism, were possessed of reputations sufficient to command the deference and confidence of the world in their respective departments of learning. The students were to be divided into groups, consisting of not more than twenty in number. It was appointed that each group should live in a collegiate house, herein following the expedient resorted to by the two great English Universities in the Middle Ages, when Inns or Halls were formed which developed into the affiliated Colleges of our day. Every house should be controlled by a priest, appointed by the archbishops, who, in addition to being responsible for the discipline of the houses and the religious deportment of the students, would in turn serve daily Mass in the Community Chapel. According to the rules, each student should be required upon the first day of the session to furnish to the head of his house the name of his confessor. He was also required to attend University High Mass, and such other devotions as the head of his house might appoint. Lucrative exhibitions or prizes were part of the scheme, but it was made an imperative condition that the holders of such honourable emoluments should also exercise certain functions, such as holding the place of sacristan, serving at Mass, &c. Indeed, to such lengths was this principle of absolute control pushed, that it was even proposed to obtain from the Crown a patent for a theatre, under ecclesiastical control, whither the students might resort for recreation. Indeed, this principle of human control over all human action consumed the first Rector. Possibly he saw the necessity of it from a view of the evolutions of his own extraordinary mind, for to probe, to search, to inquire, was life itself to Newman; and it is said that it was only to escape the total apostasy of his

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brother that he at length submitted his fearless questionings to be for ever silenced by the dogmas of an Infallible Church.

But above all things Newman desired to establish a National University church. The reasons he gave for its desirability were manifold. It would be the best possible advertisement for the University at the least possible cost. It would symbolise the indissoluble union between philosophy and religion, which was the great principle of the University. It would provide a means for the execution of formal acts, the giving of degrees, solemn lectures, and so forth. It would be a hall to be used for the weekly display of authority, and ennobled by the exhibition of religious symbols with which it would be furnished. It could not fail to attract the interest both of clergy and laity, whether Protestant or Catholic, as it was proposed that the preachers should from time to time be men of particular eminence gathered from all parts. Especially, he proposed that confessionals for the students should be provided in the church, and that a religious confraternity should be founded, to afford opportunity for the cultivation of particular devotions.

For these and other reasons Newman considered a University church essential to the fulfilment of the great design. In fact, his own idea was to establish in Dublin, in connection with the University, a church formed on the lines of the Temple church in London. He always regarded the position of the Master of the Temple as the greatest for the exertion of a powerful influence on current events, political, social, or religious. The keenest and most refined intellects sat at his feet Sunday after Sunday, upon whom an able man could, and must of necessity in course of time, impress his views of life. Such an audience already awaited Newman in Dublin. There the Irish Bar had its seat and was famous for the number and standing of its members; they all lived moreover in a comparatively limited area, and, therefore, were not subject to the disadvantage of their brethren in London, who in most cases resided at long distances from the Temple church. The medical profession of Ireland, also, was largely resident there, besides many members of the other learned professions. Not confident, however, that his own preaching powers would prove sufficiently attractive, he proposed that his pulpit should be filled by a succession of preachers, of such mental calibre as would not fail to draw thinking men of every class and creed. In this way he hoped to impress an indelible and militant Roman Catholic tone on Irish society. A University church was founded: it was formally opened by a solemn function on the 1st of May, 1856, and exists at the present time. Previously, on the feast of St. Malachy, the 3rd of November, 1854, the books of the University were opened for the reception of the names of the students.

Such were the aims and character of the University, the organisation of which was entrusted to Newman, and such the means adopted to render it successful. But has it succeeded? It has now been in existence for well nigh half a century, and I do not think it would be unfair, or discourteous to say that it has failed to accomplish any one of the aims of its founders. Abroad it is absolutely unknown, save in Rome. In England, of those interested in education, there are not many who are aware of its existence. In Ireland, indeed even in Dublin, where it has its seat, it has absolutely failed to attract, in any numbers, the class for whom it was ostensibly founded. Nor has it made the faintest impres-

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sion on the tone of Irish society. That it had failed at any rate to fulfil Newman's ideal was fully recognised by him before he severed his connection with it in 1858, for he candidly gave as his reason for resigning, the fact that his hopes of the University being English as well as Irish were at an end.

This lack of success cannot be wholly attributed to any one cause. The considerable difficulties which were encountered during the first two years of its existence, its comparatively scanty endowment, the shock of Newman's resignation, the throwing open of the scholarships and other prizes of Trinity College to Roman Catholics, —all these things no doubt in their degree tended to failure. Want of funds however cannot be strongly urged, since no less than £80,000 and upwards was voluntarily subscribed for its foundation. This sum was not disproportionate when it is remembered that the total outlay on the three Queen's Colleges was but £375,000, which included the cost of the erection of vast and expensive buildings.

But there was one cause chiefly to which the failure may be traced, the inexorable economic law of demand and supply. There was no real educational necessity for such an institution; and the hour for erecting a Propaganda in Ireland had not yet arrived, if, indeed, its advent could ever have reasonably been looked for. The dangers to which the faith of students is said to be exposed in a university excluding religious teaching are fanciful, unsubstantial, a mere figment of the priest; and the strongest evidence of this is the failure attendant upon Newman's University, the very bulwark raised to afford that faith the necessary protection. If there were any real grounds for apprehension, they would assuredly have been appreciated by the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland, ever vigilant and dutiful champions of the Church, who in such circumstances would sooner have let their sons go illiterate than receive their education at Trinity College and the Queen's College. Yet year after year numbers of Roman Catholic students are enrolled on the books of Trinity College, and go to swell the list of her graduates; it is a matter of notoriety that some of the most faithful and distinguished members of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland are *alumni* of that College. Surely in the face of this it cannot be seriously urged that Trinity College is dangerous to faith and morals. The same state of things exists in all the Queen's Colleges, especially that at Cork, the students of which are almost wholly recruited from the Roman Catholic population.

It only now remains for me to point my moral. Demands for the appropriation of public funds to establish a well-endowed university in Ireland, which could be accepted by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, have been made upon successive Governments for some years past. The prospects of the success of this movement were never more hopeful than at the present time. Mr. Balfour's speech on the subject during the last session of Parliament was, to say the least of it, most conciliatory, if indeed he did not actually pledge himself personally to the project; and although it was not received with any enthusiasm by his supporters, either above or below the gangway there was certainly a noticeable absence of any marked manifestation of disapproval. But was Mr. Balfour well advised on behalf of the Government in extending this veiled encouragement? Had he estimated the cost its fulfilment must involve? The Roman Catholic Church is nothing if not conservative. Her aims are con-

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stant as the poles; they know no variation, and her policy, therefore, which was patent to all men forty years ago, is unchanged to-day. A Roman Catholic university must, of necessity, be a Propaganda bitterly hostile, and, from its point of view, rightly hostile, to the doctrines of the Reformation, which at any rate form the basis of the religion of this country and are still established by law. Is the present Conservative Government, the most powerful of the century and supported by the whole strength of the Church of England, prepared gratuitously to give effect to a movement the objects of which are repugnant to the vast majority of their supporters and to the whole English nation, and upon which, if they went to the country to-morrow, they would sustain a tremendous defeat? The demand is made, for the most part, by their avowedly irreconcilable foes. Is this Government, then, so disinterested as to be prepared not only to turn the unsmitten cheek to its adversaries, but itself to strike the blow? All Protestants openly profess that their faith is very dear to them, to many dearer than life itself. How can they, therefore, reasonably, not to say conscientiously, lend themselves to any project that would have the effect of furthering Ultramontanism, whose unwearying aim is the absorption, or, failing that, the extinction of all other creeds? How, I ask, can any Protestant approve of such a suicidal policy?

This is a frank statement of one view that is taken of this question, and that the popular view. Call it old-fashioned, call it narrow, call it even bigoted; heap scorn upon it, pelt it with sneers, if you will. But it none the less remains to be reckoned with, the only logical view that can be taken by Protestants of any shade of thought, or by the bulk of the Unionist Party. Nay, more, it is the view held by the great English nation; and this is the difficulty that will confront the Government if they attempt to legislate in the direction indicated. Happily this very difficulty may be trusted to work their salvation.

F. St. John Morrow.

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THE PROMOTION OF JOHN JOHNSON.

On January 1st, 1877, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was proclaimed at Delhi Empress of India. The assumption of the title was made the occasion for honours and rewards in India, and naturally the Army serving in the country came in for its share. A medal was struck to commemorate the event, and every commanding officer was desired to select a man in his regiment to whom this medal was to be presented. No exact conditions were laid down as to the qualifications of the recipients, but it was clearly understood that a combination of the best qualities of a soldier was necessary to secure the coveted distinction.

Probably, if the 113th Foot had been desired to vote on the subject, it would never have occurred to a single man in the battalion to suggest for the honour any name but that of the Sergeant-Major, John Johnson. "I'm glad of this chance of recognising Johnson's services," said the Colonel simply, on reading his instructions; and the officers who were in the orderly room at the time, receiving the remark as a matter of course, merely answered, "Yes, Sir, it's most opportune," or words to that effect.

Accordingly there was a great full-dress parade, and special accommodation was reserved at the saluting flag for Mrs. Sergeant-Major and the little Johnsons. And a great parade it was, according to the lights of those days. The battalion stamped over every square inch of the ground, which had been flagged off for the purpose, some twelve or thirteen times. They marched up and down, and forwards and backwards, and side-ways and end-ways, until the chaplain's sister-in-law (a Girton girl who had come out for the cold weather) grew so confused that she asked if a practical example of permutations and combinations was in progress. Nor was the band forgotten, and its dexterous agility came in for as much commendation as its musical skill. It played in front and behind and at the side of the column, changing its position with marvellous rapidity and never getting run over, though it appeared to have many hair-breadth escapes; so much so indeed that an enthusiastic spectator remarked that, with the exception of a carriage-dog jumping at the nose of a horse in a crowded thoroughfare, it was the cleverest performance he had ever seen. Finally the last possibility in the way of a military evolution was accomplished and the battalion was drawn up forming three sides of a square opposite the saluting flag. Then the Colonel desired Sergeant-Major Johnson to step to the front, and Sergeant-Major Johnson stepped accordingly. The Colonel was not in the habit of making speeches, and the enterprising reporter, who took down his few direct words, found it necessary to embellish them considerably before serving them up for the journal which he represented. But in those days the art of making speeches, that is to say speeches that can be either quoted *verbatim* or entirely explained away, was not considered to be a necessary accomplishment for officers commanding regiments. The trick of playing to the gallery, invented by the actor and improved on by the parson and the politician, was then unknown to the soldier. So the

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Colonel presented the medal and made his few remarks, and while the reporter was busy expanding them, the men stood rapt and breathless, though there was a visible quiver in the muscles of the Sergeant-Major's face and Mrs. Johnson was sobbing audibly by the flag.

"Three minutes and a half, dear," said the Colonel's wife that evening to him in reply to a question he had asked her. "Good gracious," said the Colonel, "was I as long as that? Well, if ever I have to make a speech again"—then he strolled over to the mess forming severe resolutions to restrain his loquacity in future.

Neither as a type nor as an individual does John Johnson exist to-day. He had entered the service at a time when a man was ordered to be a pawn and not taught to consider himself a unit; and this was practically still the state of affairs in 1877. He was not merely a child of the regiment (for he had been born in it), but he was in fact a child of the Army. During his forty-four years of existence his world had always come to an abrupt termination at the barrack-gate; nor was the whole of the area within the barrack-walls known to him. Naturally the officers' mess was a place without the range of his practical experience; but there are few sergeant-majors to-day who are unacquainted with the main peculiarities and social customs of an officer's existence. Johnson's chief characteristic, next to his child-like simplicity, was his entire lack of curiosity as to other peoples' business; nor would it have been possible for a man of his mental capacities and education to have reached the rank of warrant officer had matters been otherwise. Thus, having no ideas beyond the performance of his duty, he had arrived at a position in which his intrinsic merits alone would never have placed him. In those days, however, character counted for much. Never during John Johnson's thirty years of service, either as boy or man, had the virgin purity of his defaulter-sheet been sullied, and so his regimental promotion had been steady and regular. "He's not a flyer at accounts, and I don't give him more writing to do than I can help," was his captain's verdict, after Johnson had been a pay-sergeant for a couple of months; "but he's so jolly reliable, and he can't lie."

To the very end of his career John Johnson never displayed any trace of having received even the semblance of an education. In grammar, diction, or, what is called in schools for young ladies, deportment, there was scarcely a corporal in the regiment who was not his superior; and it was perhaps with pardonable pride that Mrs. Johnson said to him on the evening of the great day: "There, John, that comes o' doin' one's dooty! If I'd let you go a messin' about with books, like some of these boys as they gives the stripe to nowadays, you'd never a bin the dooty soldier you are."

Well would it have been for John Johnson had he rested on his laurels. His pension was earned, and with his antecedents and character he would have found no difficulty in securing suitable civil employment where honesty was of more account than genius. Or if he must keep within earshot of the beat of the drum why did he not accept the quarter-mastership which was then vacant and which, like most other things, was offered him. The rank of lieutenant, immunity from early (or even late) parades, a little less worry and a little more money, added to a prospective increase of pension, are inducements to which few sergeant-majors fail to succumb. But when the Colonel mentioned these matters John Johnson only thanked him respectfully

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and said he had lived a "dooty soldier" and, please God, he would die one.

Then a fateful idea took hold of the Colonel. Why should not John Johnson have an ordinary commission? So he formulated the question, and John Johnson could not for the life of him see why he should not. Unluckily this was just the one instance in a thousand when the Colonel should have talked to his wife before taking action. The nine hundred and ninety-nine cases when the commanding officer desires his good lady to assist him in commanding the regiment are so often under comment, that it is the positive duty of anyone discovering the thousandth to at once bring it into prominence. The Colonel's wife would have given him much useful information. She would have told him that up to the present time the word poverty had absolutely no significance for the Johnsons. Mrs. Johnson, like her husband, had first seen light in the battalion; and though they might possibly have read some book in the regimental library in which want and misery were described, the terms used would have no real meaning for them, more especially as all literature which did not deal with soldiers alone would be at once discarded. She would have reminded him that in a family "on the strength" like that of the Johnsons, when both were teetotalers and the man did not smoke, there was not only sufficiency but even luxury; and that the household was being conducted in a manner at which civilians would have stared when informed that the bread-winner's pay was five shillings and sixpence a day. However, if a man pays nothing for clothes, house, taxes, food, fuel, education, and doctors, and neither drinks nor smokes, he can manage to dress his wife and children, and throw in an additional comfort or two into the bargain. Moreover, had the Colonel only given himself time to think, it would have been plain to him that to pay for these items without an increase of salary must mean the workhouse if you but possess only the understanding of a soldier, though you may escape with a fashionable bankruptcy if you have the morals of a company-promoter. But in the excess of his desire for the advancement of the man, the Colonel gave no heed unto these things, but straightway sat him down and wrote a letter recommending that a commission be conferred upon Sergeant-Major John Johnson, and duly requested the General of the District to transmit the same to the War-Office.

Now the chiefs who preside over that august body have not only a little trick of refusing all requests, but of couching the refusal in terms the reverse of polite. The Colonel had thirty-two years' experience of their peculiarities, (which apparently are germane to the Office, regardless of change of Administration) and, recognising that he would probably be unsuccessful, he determined not to publish his failure. Therefore he did not enter the dispatch of the letter in the records, but closed, stamped, and posted it himself. "I think I shouldn't mention this matter just yet, if I were you, Johnson," he remarked, and the Sergeant-Major accordingly saluted and retired. He was far too good a soldier to regard a suggestion from his commanding officer in the light of anything less than an order, and accordingly Mrs. Johnson, among others, was kept in ignorance of what had taken place. There were unmistakable signs that the cold weather was over before the reply came from England to the letter of recommendation; and then one morning the Colonel electrified the orderly-room by saying, "Ah, at last! Well, gentlemen,

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you'll be glad to hear that they've given Johnson a commission." Even then the thing as it was had not dawned upon them, and one remarked, "I'm afraid he won't like quarter-master's work as well as the square."

"He's not going to be a quarter-master. Next week will see him a second-lieutenant in the 122nd, and as they're at Bareilly we sha'n't lose sight of him altogether, I dare say." The Colonel spoke triumphantly.

In his time he had made better suggestions than the present to the Horse Guards; but their fate had not been in proportion to their merit. When the subalterns, however, discussed the matter among themselves there was no trace in their remarks of the Colonel's optimism. "Poor devil, I wonder how long he'll take to break!" was the general question; but no one felt equal to answering it.

The 113th still talk of the dinner which they gave in honour of John Johnson the night before he joined his new regiment in Bareilly; and such was the historic importance of the event that the two chief men present suffered themselves to lapse from principle. The Colonel committed the enormity of speaking for nearly eight minutes in proposing the guest of the evening, and John Johnson was seduced into taking a glass of champagne, "for the purpose of drinking the 'ealths of the orficers as was so frequently a drinking mine," as he afterwards explained to his wife. How frequent the said officers would have been in symbolising their good wishes had the object of their kind attentions remained is a matter of some speculation.

However, congratulations to the hero were forthcoming in other places than in the officers' mess; and on it being intimated that both the non-commissioned officers and the men had a word to say to the new officer in places duly selected for the purpose, John Johnson gratefully availed himself of the invitations. Cheering in barracks that night was kept up until a late hour to the no small disgust of the punkah-coolies, to whom Thomas Atkins, thick-skinned and restful, is more grateful to contemplate than when perspiring and jubilant.

But there comes a time, even in the Indian night, when the soldier and the punkah-coolie slumber, and the period at last arrived when, as Hamlet says, the rest was silence. Nearly all the eight hundred men of the 113th who composed themselves on their pillows that night did so with a feeling of general contentment with themselves and with all mankind; but the proudest, the happiest, and the most hopeful man in cantonments was Second-Lieutenant John Johnson.

The officers of the 122nd received their new subaltern with cordiality and consideration, but for all that John Johnson found his surroundings very strange. For the first time in his life he experienced what he supposed to be shyness, and, believing the possession of this virtue to be something near akin to a disgrace in his new position, he made manful attempts to overcome it. The little courtesies by which his brother-officers endeavoured to smooth his path were, I fear, lost upon him. He had been accustomed to receiving plain matter of fact appreciation of his character and merit, but he did not quite understand what his new friends were about, or what meaning they intended to convey when they spoke to him.

"They seem a fine lot of gentlemen," he reported to his wife, after dining at mess on the night of his arrival; "but they don't talk straight to you like our own orficers, and they seem a bit French-like in their manners." So John Johnson grew uncomfortable in their society, and the more they tried

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to put him at his ease the worse he became. And he had official trials as well. He had yet to learn how "not to know." A sergeant-major is the eyes and ears of a regiment, but there is many an occasion when an officer must be discreetly unobservant. It is not good that the chasing and capture of a delinquent, together with the investigation of his offence, should be performed by one and the same individual. It is difficult enough for a young man of education (in the best and widest sense of the word) when he joins his regiment to fall successfully into the habits and customs of the British officer in dealing with men. It is more than difficult for a man with thirty years' work to unlearn, and possessing no such education, to do so. Indeed practically speaking it is impossible; and thus in his company duties Second-Lieutenant Johnson, honest, fearless, impartial soldier that he was, proved a complete and absolute failure from the start. To a mind untrained to think conviction on any subject comes slowly; but even John Johnson could not fail to notice that his new work was not attended with the old results. To a man who for years had been accustomed to nothing but success, and subsequent commendation, social and official failure was discouraging enough; but his domestic difficulties were even more serious to face. A few weeks' experience was sufficient to show him exactly how far two hundred rupees a month will go towards maintaining an officer, with a wife and five children, in a condition that is supposed to be suitable to his rank. And John Johnson had little else besides his pay. Men promoted from the ranks receive a Government allowance of £100 to cover the cost of new uniform. Johnson purchased his for slightly over half this sum, and in addition to this balance he had £200 in the Regimental Savings' Bank when he received his commission; Mrs. Johnson's fortune consisted of £170; their total capital was therefore about £415, which, carefully invested, was realising a dividend of some four guineas a quarter. But this princely income had already commenced to diminish before the new officer had six months' commissioned service. His old Colonel, who had made his investments for him, found out that Johnson was already compelled to draw on his capital, and began to regret his rashness, while the news made his wife genuinely sad.

"Jim, dear, do you remember when Bobby had dysentery and you gave him nearly half a pot of jam because he wanted it? Your kindness was nearly fatal then; I only hope the Johnsons will recover. Poor dear John Johnson, he is such a child, such an absolute child!"

But it did not need his wife's parables to convince the Colonel of his error. And the worst of it was that he felt powerless to avert the consequences. Independence is a grand characteristic, especially in an Englishman, but it is nearly allied to many a trait that is unlovely. John Johnson in his time had seen many a smart non-commissioned officer fall from his high estate through debt, or from a too liberal use of the advantages of his position; and quite early in life he had firmly resolved never under any circumstances to accept a gift or consideration of any kind whatever. "It don't matter 'ow innocent you may be in taking it, but it always looks ugly when it comes up in the orderly-room"; and so Mrs. Johnson had to return the Christmas present of gloves which a corporal's wife with designs on the sergeant-major's influence had sent her. For the orderly-room was the end of all things with John Johnson, and that which savoured of ugliness within its

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sacred precincts was surely an accursed thing. Nor was there any means of taking his scruples in flank. When John was gazetted it occurred to the officers of his old regiment that a pony and cart would be a useful present for a man joining at a new station; and the Colonel was accordingly desired to ask if Second-Lieutenant Johnson would do his old friends the honour of accepting this proof of their goodwill. But the reply was ruthless and direct. "It's just the same as giving me seven or eight 'undred rupees, or mebbe more, and I couldn't 'ave it, thanking you, Sir, and the orficers, all the same." The new regiment had also discovered this peculiarity of their latest joined subaltern; and there was therefore nothing to be done but to await events.

When two years had passed about £160 only remained of the nest-egg, and Mrs. Johnson's health had broken down under a strain to which she had never before been accustomed. Practical lessons in poverty during early life are imperative for the forming of a good economist; and the ex-sergeant-major's wife had not had the necessary experience. "She ought to go home at once, Sir," said the Doctor to the Colonel, "and for the matter of that Johnson ought to go too. He's been nearly seventeen years in this country at a stretch, he tells me, and unless he does go I'm afraid he's about played out." Accordingly, as a subaltern was wanted for the depôt in England during the following month, the Colonel nominated John Johnson.

Now a man may be poor in India, yet so long as he is an officer in a British regiment he cannot absolutely starve; but in England the officer is lost in the individual, and provision-dealers do not part with food without money or security. No one will probably ever know the details of Johnson's domestic life in the country town which was the permanent headquarters of the regimental depôt. He was again among new faces, and he would disappear down a back street after morning parade giving no one any encouragement to follow him. Before his period of service at the depôt expired the British Army was subjected to one of those artificial convulsions which are wantonly thrust upon it for party or political purposes about once in every twenty years. But the decree of July 1st, 1881, exceeded all previous pleasantries both in scope and in originality. The official abolition of the regimental numbers was regarded at the time as the most important item of the scheme; but there were other points not less interesting. It was discovered at one and the same time that a man who was still a captain at forty years of age was unfit for Her Majesty's service, and that the Army required rather more than twice the number of majors which it then possessed. It did not occur to those in authority to transform their forty-year-old captains into majors, and thus several hundred men in the prime of life were pensioned upon the country, while subalterns were moved up at an alarming pace. Fortunately the wave of promotion caught, among others, John Johnson. He was posted to the home-battalion and ordered to join at Gosport.

Most people who are in the Army, and many who are not, have heard the story of the military buildings at Gosport, which by a touch of humour (of which the Horse Guards are not often guilty) are styled the New Barracks. A great many years ago accommodation for troops was required simultaneously at Gosport and Hong-Kong. The Royal Engineers accordingly prepared drawings and then, as

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a great comedian puts it, "something occurred." The plans for China were despatched to the Solent and *vice versâ*. Obedience is of course the first duty of a soldier, even though he be a Royal Engineer, and so the plans were duly executed in both places. No merciful fires have yet obliterated the monuments of this stupendous folly, and to-day in far Hong-Kong, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, Thomas Atkins sweats at the top of a four-storied brick building, while at Gosport he gropes about in a subterranean bungalow which is carefully protected from the fearful ravages of the English sun. The officers' quarters were similar in principle to those of the men; and one of these underground dens, twelve feet by fourteen, was the accommodation allotted by Government to Captain Johnson. The £415 with which John Johnson had started life as an officer had already disappeared, and taking a house out of barracks was not to be thought of. There was another married captain, however, serving with the battalion who lived two miles away, and who did not require the room allotted to him by regulation. This room Johnson was prevailed upon to occupy in addition to his own; though not until it was proved to his satisfaction that he was, if anything, doing the captain a good turn by keeping it aired. Such was now the home in which Johnson, his wife, and seven children endeavoured to support existence.

The regiment were at their wits' end to know how to help him. The man's spirit was still unbroken and his queer notions of independence unsoftened; but want and wretchedness were telling on his character. He became querulous and soured; and talked of "my rights" oftener perhaps than the circumstances justified. Still the patience of his brother-officers in well-doing was unwearied, and they behaved as no other friend but a brother-officer can behave when a man is down. It was the Paymaster who at last hit upon a scheme of practical relief. Being what is called a departmental officer accommodation was not available for him in barracks, and he drew a money allowance in lieu thereof. Although he was a bachelor he had taken a small house on the Anglesey Road, and was living there when Captain Johnson joined. After a short consultation with the Colonel he broached the subject.

"Look here, Johnson, I should be rather glad if you would change quarters with me. Living out by Anglesey I can never get a rubber of whist at night, and in more ways than one it's a nuisance being so far from the mess. If you'd move into my house, and let me have those two rooms in barracks, it would just suit my book."

Although the ex-sergeant-major had grown suspicious of late of most things and most men this suggestion seemed reasonable enough; though at first he was not absolutely convinced. "You really wish it yourself, now?"

"Shouldn't have been fool enough to suggest it if I hadn't, you know," was the casual reply.

"Then we'll make the exchange." And Johnson went off to tell his wife the news, relating the same as a simple fact without a thought of the man who, on about a fortnight's acquaintance, had done this thing.

A house is no doubt a desirable possession to a man with a family, but it is no substitute for food, and though squalor was averted, poverty and consequent want remained. However, the members of the household continued to support existence for another fifteen months, and then a telegram

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was received ordering the battalion to Gibraltar. Now Gibraltar has been described from an officer's point of view as a spot which is rather more expensive than Piccadilly, though the hunting in the two places is about the same. The question of the hunting did not interest John Johnson, but the prospective financial point touched him very nearly. He had already begun to learn something about the more simple laws of domestic economy. It was quite evident that he must leave Mrs. Johnson and the children at home; and so, having seen them settled into a house (a hovel as a subaltern, who came across them, called it) near the Hard, John Johnson left in the old Himalaya for the Rock, Great Britain's fortress in the Mediterranean which cost much to win, but costs far more to keep.

John Johnson had been a captain for more than a year when he landed at Gibraltar. Now, although the pay of the regimental officer is the same to-day as it was in the time of Marlborough, there are still many civilians who believe, or affect to believe, that when a man gets his company he is fairly well off. They are informed that a captain receives eleven shillings and seven pence a day for his services, and they proceed to calculate that two hundred and eleven pounds a year are thus available for him to live upon. Now £200 a year is not a princely income when a man is compelled by regulation to regard appearances in his mode of life; but when this amount has been drawn upon for the band-fund, attenuated for regimental subscriptions, and plundered by income-tax, more than a quarter of the £200 at once disappears. If the captain is a bachelor, if he neither drinks nor smokes, if he limits his amusements indoors to the perusal of the SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK and out of doors to an afternoon walk, if he never asks a friend to the mess and is careful in his dealings with a ready-money tailor, he may possibly support some kind of an existence upon the Government wage. There is no regulation against a man doing these things, but it is possible that were the officers of a regiment to adopt such tactics in a body, that regiment would what is called "soon hear of it" from the Horse-Guards. But Captain Johnson was not a bachelor, although he had recourse to the other economical practices aforesaid. Unfortunately also he had nine mouths to fill instead of one, and this problem daily assumed a more serious aspect. Poor John Johnson too had no taste for literature; he had read none of those engaging little volumes which teach one how to keep a family healthy, happy, and educated on £150 a year, and thus he resorted to methods which were possibly a trifle crude. He obtained permission from the Colonel to live out of mess, the translation of the privilege being that he only paid for food when he had it. At lunch-time only did John Johnson make his appearance at the table, and this, it was afterwards discovered, was his single meal in the day. Yet though he remitted home every penny of which he could possibly deprive himself, the family on Gosport Hard must also have had an elementary notion of famine.

It only took some three months of this sort of life to give his brother-officers the chance for which they were waiting. One day the Captain was too unwell to attend parade. Then the Doctor intervened, and John Johnson was promptly placed on the sick-list. Champagne, port, fish, and game were items in the initial prescriptions; for the patient had been put in hospital, and was not being treated in his quarters. By taking this step it was hoped that Johnson's strong sense of

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discipline would render him amenable to any order that might be given by the medical officer. But he was an old soldier in more ways than one. "Champagne and fezzints ain't in the list of 'orspital comforts," he remarked when these luxuries were placed in front of him. "I can't pay for 'em, and no one else shall. I've never bin be'olden to no one for nuthin' dooring my service, man and boy, and, please God, I won't now."

It was all in vain. "You must get him home, Colonel," said the Doctor, "and see what you can do with the wife. Perhaps she'll let the regiment help her, if it's explained to her that it's essential to save her husband's life." The necessary medical-board was accordingly held, and John Johnson was invalided home. There were many friends who witnessed the departure of the Orontes, which carried an unusually large number of invalids to Portsmouth on this occasion. The sick men made a valiant attempt to return the cheers as the white ship moved slowly and reluctantly from the friendly shelter of the mole, and it seemed for a moment as if John Johnson would summon up strength to cheer too. The officers of the 122nd were present in a body. They remained on the mole until the faces of those on board were no longer distinguishable; and then the Colonel put into words that which all were thinking: "I'm afraid we've seen the last of poor Johnson."

Apparently Mrs. Johnson proved as deaf to entreaty as her husband, for the end came even more swiftly than the Gibraltar doctors had anticipated. The sick man lingered in the hovel on Gosport Hard for seven weeks, and then expired peacefully. "He seemed to kind of slip out of life at the last," Mrs. Johnson afterwards confided to a friend; and so doubtless it was some consolation to those for whom he died to know that his end was peace.

Few military funerals in the Portsmouth Division have ever been more impressive in pageantry than the burying of John Johnson. The General himself attended, and the dwellers by the Hard are still eloquent in their descriptions of the length of the procession and the bravery of the trappings. But when this strange mixture of Pagan and Christian rites was concluded, when the bands had played themselves home to barracks, and the sight-seers had departed, a little knot of men still lingered by the open grave. Minute after minute went by; then one of them stooped down and, plucking a piece of heather which he carried away, reverently ejaculated, "Thank God!" The poor corpse in the grave when it breathed had numbered other friends than these, though surely none more true, and it was a relief to those of us who had known him longest and best to feel that he was no longer struggling for the life which only brought him woe. We had grieved when we heard of his acceptance of a commission; we had given him during his life as an officer all he would let us give him,—our sympathy; nor in his accession to higher rank could we find cause for congratulation. Now it was all over: his struggles were ended; and we were free at last to give thanks for the merciful promotion of John Johnson.

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SOME HUMOURS OF THE COMPOSING-ROOM.

THE compositor, casually and unconsciously, is a fellow of infinite humour. The writers and speakers upon whose telling arguments, or flights of fancy, the compositor exercises his wit may be annoyed, but the general public has no alloy in the enjoyment of these typographical antics. Miss Fanny Fudge, the youthful genius discovered by Tom Moore, who used to contribute to the Poets' Corner of the County Gazette, complained bitterly to her cousin of the havoc the printers made of her sense and her rhymes. "Though an *angel* should write, still 'tis *devils* must print," she explained. Here is how those devils served her:—

But a week or two since in my Ode to the Spring
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of "the dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when to please my cross aunt I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her *clique* who'd just died,
Having said "he had tak'n up in Heaven his position"
They made it, "he'd tak'n up to Heaven his physician!"

The readers of the County Gazette, no doubt, preferred the amended poem to the original.

The responsibility for these humours of the composing-room rests sometimes with the author's vile handwriting; but it is mainly due to the conditions under which the compositor works. A wooden frame, (or *case* as it is known in the trade) is divided by ledges into several receptacles or boxes, for the various letters of the alphabet and the points of punctuation. In one box there are all A's, in another all H's, in another all Y's, and so on; and from this case, picking up the letters one by one as required, the compositor turns the manuscript into type. Practice enables him to do this not only with extreme rapidity but with remarkable accuracy; but he has often to deal with what he calls a *foul case*,—that is a case in which several of the letters have got into the wrong boxes—and as he thus unconsciously picks up the wrong letter from the right box, we find oats turned to *cats*, poets to *posts*, arts to *rats*, jolly to *folly*, and songs to *tongs*.

A theatrical critic in a notice of a charming young actress whose treatment of Portia had afforded him much pleasure, wrote, "Her love for Portia made acting easy." That was right enough, but what the types made him say was "her love for *Porter*," &c. A compositor who was better acquainted with the geography of the West than with Biblical lore set up the phrase, "From Alpha to Omega" as "from *Alton* to *Omaha*," and possibly found himself compelled to start for those places next morning. In the earlier half of the present century it was announced in a London newspaper that "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of *fiends*, was shooting *peasants* in Ireland," whereas the Minister and his friends were only indulging in the comparatively harmless pastime of pheasant-shooting. Shortly after the battle of Inkerman one of the morning papers informed its readers that "after a desperate struggle the enemy was repulsed with great *laughter*." The

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omission of a single letter has rarely perhaps played more havoc with a subject which was certainly no laughing matter.

It must have been the very Printer's Devil himself who represented a very worthy advocate of the cause of female suffrage as exhorting her hearers to "maintain their *tights*." What the bridesmaids at a recent wedding must have thought when they read that they had all worn "handsome *breeches* the gift of the bridegroom," one can only guess. But whatever their thoughts may have been at seeing their pretty brooches thus transformed, their language at any rate cannot, we may assume, have matched that of the politician who read the following comment on one of his speeches: — "*Them asses* believed him." Possibly he was not much consoled by being assured that the reporter had merely wished to signify that "the masses believed him." On another occasion a reporter wrote:— "At these words the entire audience rose and rent the air with their snouts." The compositor has set up *shouts* correctly, but had not observed that the top of the *h* was broken off. An enthusiastic editor began his leading-article on a local election campaign with the phrase, "The battle is now opened." Unfortunately the compositor transformed battle into *bottle*, and his readers said that they had suspected it all along!

Mr. Gladstone, as is well known, is always lavish of his admiration for the new books sent him by aspiring authors or crafty publishers, but he has rarely expressed it more emphatically than when he wrote to the publisher of a certain novel, "We have not allowed one person to leave the house without reading it." A newspaper, recording this testimonial to the merits of the tale, made Mr. Gladstone assure the delighted publisher, "We have not allowed *our parson* to leave the house without reading it." *Our parson*, at Hawarden, it will be remembered, is Mr. Gladstone's son, the Reverend Stephen Gladstone.

Landor, revising the proof of a poem he had written for THE KEEPSAKE, found the concluding stanza thus printed:

> "Yes," you shall say when once the dream
> (So hard to break) is o'er,
> "My love was very dear to him,
> My *farm* and peace were more."

This error seems to have angered the poet, whose temper indeed it was not difficult to upset, for upon the margin of the proof (which is still extant) he wrote: "Of all the ridiculous blunders ever committed by a compositor *farm* instead of *fame* is the most ridiculous. Pity it was not printed my farm and peas!!!" Richard Proctor, the astronomer, writing in his magazine KNOWLEDGE, stated that the most remarkable change which printers had ever arranged for him occurred in the proof of a little book on SPECTROSCOPIC ANALYSIS written for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The words, "Lines, bands and strie in the violet part of the spectra" were printed "*Links, bonds, and stripes for the violent kinds of spectres.*" A still more amusing blunder, which Mr. Proctor declared that he had seen in the proof of a poem written by a friend, was the transformation of the line "He kissed her under the silent stars" into "*He kicked her under the cellar stairs.*"

How history may be affected by a printer's error Kinglake has shown. To such a blunder is due the fact that the late Emperor of the French styled himself Napoleon III. instead of Napoleon II. Just before the *Coup d'etat*, the historian says, a clerk in the Ministry of the Interior wrote, in one of the proclamations which were to

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announce the fact to the world, "Que le mot d'ordre soit vive Napoleon ! ! !" The printer took the notes of exclamation for numerals; and it was not because of any memory of the poor little King of Rome, but because of this typographical blunder that the Second Empire was dominated by Napoleon III.

Some of these blunders occasionally lead to libel actions and other unpleasant consequences. A most awkward one appeared many years ago in an early edition of a certain West Country journal. An announcement had been received of an officer's wife residing at Heavitree having given birth to a son; unfortunately the compositor took it upon himself to announce that the lady in question had contributed an addition to the family in the shape of a *sow!* Luckily the blunder was discovered when only two or three of the newsmen had been supplied with their parcels, and the editor, fearing perhaps that the military gentleman would call upon him with a horsewhip, hurriedly despatched messengers after them and insisted on every copy of the paper delivered being collected and returned to the office, where they were consigned to the flames. Yet worse was the condition of the editor who, having in a touching obituary notice of a soldier described the deceased as a "battle-scarred veteran," was driven frantic to find in the morning that the types had made him write of a "*battle-scared* veteran." The next day he published the following apology for the blunder: "The editor was deeply grieved to find that through an unfortunate typographical error he was made to describe the late gallant Major H. as a 'battle-scared veteran.' He tenders his sincerest apologies for the mistake to the friends and relatives of the deceased; but to every reader of this journal acquainted with the feats of the major, it must have been apparent that what the editor wrote was *battle-scarred* veteran."

Many of the humours of the composing-room arise from mistakes in punctuation. For example, the following was prefixed to a contribution in the Poets' Corner of a Cumberland journal: "These lines were written nearly fifty years ago, by a gentleman who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement." Another paper in reporting a suicide said, "Deceased blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-bye with a gun." After the last Egyptian campaign, a London evening paper printed the following paragraph headed *A Cabman's Generosity:* "To show the enthusiasm with which our troops have been received, we may mention that we have been told of several instances where cabmen have driven soldiers from Egypt to the Barracks without charge." This was generous no doubt, but the journey must have been hard upon the horses. To a writer in one of the many ladies' journals we are indebted for the news that, "It has become quite the fashion of late for ladies to take their tea in their hats and gloves." But the ladies suffered still more severely at the hands of a Washington reporter who, describing the costumes at the Presidential reception, had intended to say that "Mrs. B. wore nothing in the nature of a dress that was remarkable." He left hurriedly for the West next day, when he opened the paper and read; "Mrs. Brown wore nothing in the nature of a dress. That was remarkable." A London paper reported on one occasion the capture in "mid-channel of a large man-eating shark." A provincial journal, copying the paragraph, but less careful about the punctuation, gave a different version of the incident: "A large man, eating shark, was captured in mid-channel." The omission of a comma once gave an awkward interpretation

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to a paragraph in a Dublin newspaper which ran: "A very handsome memorial has been erected in St. Jerome's Cemetery to the late Mr. John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." In the following instance, it was no doubt a bachelor compositor who, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage!" by a trifling transposition of the comma made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." In a sermon on drunkenness which appeared recently in a Dublin paper, the reverend gentleman was made to say: "It was only last Sunday that a young girl fell from one of the benches of this church, while I was preaching in a beastly state of intoxication."

Mr. Herbert Spencer once wrote, "Whales are not fish because they possess fins and a fish-like tail"; but what the public read was, "Whales are not fish, because they possess fins and a fish-like tail," which truly is a most remarkable reason why whales are not fish. In Ireland there prevails among Roman Catholics a pious custom of inserting in the weekly religious journals advertisements asking for prayers for certain intentions. A lady sent the following to one of these newspapers, "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the faithful"; but, as it appeared, the faithful were asked to pray for "a husband going *to see* his wife." "May heaven cherish and keep you from yours affectionately Peter D.," was the way another Irish paper rendered the concluding portion of a letter written by a soldier serving in the late Soudan campaign to his wife in Cork. But perhaps the most amusing instance of the ludicrous effects of wrong punctuation is afforded in the following description of the Jubilee procession which appeared in an East Anglican weekly paper: "Next came Lord Roberts riding. On a grey arab steed wearing a splendid scarlet uniform, covered with medals on his head, a Field Marshal's hat with plumes in his hand, the baton of a field marshal on his rugged feature; a smile of pleasure as he acknowledged the thundering cheers of the crowd."

Another entertaining course of contributions to the humours of the composing-room results from what is technically known as *mixes*, produced by the accidental running together of different items of news, and distinct paragraphs, that ought to have begun on separate lines. These errors are perhaps inevitable in the conditions attending the production of a newspaper. The paragraphs and items of news, when put into type by the compositor, are placed in oblong trays (known as *galleys*) with ledges on both sides and at the top, and from these the matter is lifted, by hand, twenty or thirty lines at a time, on to the *imposing stone* where it is arranged in columns as it appears in the printed newspaper. In this process, which as the hour of going to press draws near, must be done hurriedly, a portion of a street brawl will occasionally get mixed up with a description of a religious service; a comic termination is given to a touching obituary notice; and the pride of happy parents in the announcement of their child's birth is transformed into righteous wrath when they find it concluded with the sentence imposed the day before on a noted burglar.

In a certain newspaper, for instance, the descriptions of a street brawl and a church function were confused in this fashion: "The crowd then proceeded to indulge in language of a profane and obscene character. The Very Rev. Dean B. preached on the occasion, and the service was fully choral." The worshippers at a Wes-

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leyan Chapel in a well-known town in the Midlands were once sadly shocked to find, at the end of a report of one of their services in a local paper that, "The congregation was large and respectable, and drunk and incapable in charge of a horse and car." In one of the London daily papers a high-flown eulogy of a new tenor, who was reported to have entranced the audience by his singing, concluded with this astonishing statement: "He was sentenced to five years penal servitude, so that society will for some time be freed from the infliction of his presence." It was in an Irish journal that the following strange report of the proceedings of the Roman Catholic Missions in Africa was circulated.

The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advance in Africa, especially in Algeria where they have 185,000 adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years they have obtained a firm footing in the interior of the Continent and have sent forth several Missionaries into the equatorial regions. They are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping pans and bake them until they are tender. After which cut them in slices and cook for several hours.

An atmospherical phenomenon was recently witnessed in the West of England which must have been of a very remarkable nature indeed, if we may accept a provincial paper's description of it as correct.

A singular phenomenon was observed in the sky last night. A blue Police Court charged with stealing a quantity of apples. The prosecutor said he had been the victim of frequent robberies, and in the eastern horizon disappeared amid a shower of sparks. The sight was witnessed from the bridge by a large number of spectators; and the Bench were unanimously of opinion that no case had been proved and dismissed the sky was clear, the temperature was low and very little wind blowing.

It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of a well-known Dublin physician in the 'Fifties on reading the following ominous announcement in SAUNDERS' NEWSLETTER: "Dr. F. has been appointed resident Medical Officer to the Mater Misericordia Hospital. Orders have been issued by the Cemetery Committee for the immediate extension of Glasnevin Cemetery. The works are being executed with the utmost dispatch." It was in a Dublin paper also that the following astounding piece of news appeared: "Last Saturday a poor woman was taken ill suddenly in Camden Street and was safely delivered of one sergeant and thirteen constables of the Royal Irish Constabulary." In another case a line belonging to the report of a public meeting accidentally found its way into the births' column. The result was the following remarkable announcement: "On the 3rd inst. at Elkington the wife of J. S. Terry, schoolmaster, of a son. He spoke indistinctly but was understood to say that on the 3rd inst. at Ripon the wife of Joseph Landseer, tailor, of a daughter."

Such is the hurry with which work must be accomplished in a printing-office, in the small hours of the morning before going to press, that in all newspapers, even the greatest and best managed, mistakes of one kind or another will sometimes occur. But they are very rare when one considers the amazing number of newspapers printed in the United Kingdom.

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A CRY FROM THE FAR WEST.

THE familiar saying, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," suggests more than is realised. It might be infinitely extended, or in a converse sense narrowed, for is it not nearer the truth to say that no given fraction of the human race knows how the other nine-tenths, or nineteen-twentieths, live, and nearer the truth, too, to add that besides not knowing, those composing that fraction do not care—do not, in point of fact, think about it? Or even supposing that we, or they, do think sometimes, or at all, about the great out-lying other fractions, it is probably to rest satisfied with the assumption that much more is known than is the case, till circumstances, exceptional or accidental, throw a sudden light in some special direction revealing the vast extent of the unsuspected ignorance.

The fraction of our world-companions in my mind to-day is not, even geographically speaking, very far removed from us. And in other respects those comprising it are of our own, *ourselves*, not only of our own much-mingled English blood, but also, if we use the pronoun as referring to the upper classes, in the wider sense of the expression, as signifying educated, refined people,—in this sense too they, in many a case, belong to us. There are few families nowadays who have no son, or sons, out away over the sea, in one of the new countries, the Colonies of which we at home talk so glibly, and of whose real conditions of life, family, and individual, we know so little.

Statistics, material facts, it is easy to get at, but dry bones of this kind need clothing before they can appeal to our sympathy. And it is sympathy that we want to enlist, not mere sentiment, but sympathy extending itself to kindly action in one special direction, action for which we can beforehand safely promise the reward of sincerest gratitude.

The life of a colonist, of a settler, must be, it is easy to understand, in very many, in fact in by far the greater number of instances, extremely lonely. Not so much individually speaking, though cases are not wanting where for months, or even years together, a man of education and refined habits is restricted to the companionship of a few labourers utterly incapable of any real fellowship with him. But in the great, far-stretching Dominion of Canada, away in the North-West territories, the loneliness and isolation are more frequently those of families than of individuals. And besides these conditions is another, even perhaps more trying to bear, more insidious in its injurious possibilities, and that is the regularly recurring, long periods of monotony.

Season follows season; the busy times bring with them of course more diversity as well as occupation, and with them are always associated the excitements of the farmer's life—the hopes and fears as to good years and bad, the uncertainties and predictions about the crops. And these busy times are naturally also far more cheerful and exhilarating so far as outward surroundings are concerned. Nowhere do the fine weather, the summer with its sunshine and blue sky, alter the external aspect of things, and the involuntary inward response to it, more

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completely than in the Far West prairie, in genial months a grand stretch of flower-bespangled green, and later on of golden yellow ripening to the harvest, as the autumn breeze stirs its surface into rippling waves of colour; in winter, so far as eye can reach, one unbroken (I had almost said *appalling*) expanse of glaring, lifeless, monotonous white. These long months of snow are, however, by no means the dreaded period of discomfort and patient endurance which dwellers in more temperate climates seem sometimes to imagine. On the contrary, the feeling of exhilaration experienced on a typical Canadian winter's day is hardly to be equalled in any other part of the world. The dazzling sunshine, the cloudless blue sky, and the pure air, are as bracing to the mind as they are to the body; and if the young generation now springing up on the prairie prove exceptionally enduring and robust, as seems likely to be the case, it is to their rigorous climate that they will in great measure owe their superiority. But at its best the winter is a period of inaction. Out-door work must cease, and one can well understand how these dwellers in comparative solitude should long for some connection with the outside world, some occupation wherewith to defy the long hours, not only of darkness, but, in mid-winter, of daylight too, when life must perforce be often confined to the four walls of the house, not bare of material comforts, but dreary, nevertheless, in the dreary season, and at its best seldom picturesque, though one is glad to hear that the culture of flowers, the surrounding of the homestead with something of a garden, is becoming year by year more frequently to be seen and more sought after. For it is but seldom that anything worthy of the name of a tree breaks the prosaic aspect of the settler's home; fuel, that greatest necessity of a Canadian winter, demanding their sacrifice, so that the poor scrubby growth that remains is as a rule already doomed.

Happy the farmhouse where there is the interest of the animal dependents. A few head of cattle, some pigs and poultry, are a benefit in every way. They mean variety in work, as well as marketable produce in the shape of butter and cheese, eggs and chickens for sale at the township, ten or more often twenty miles off, bringing a healthy element of change and sociability into the restricted home-life, for the young people as well as for their elders. For there is no delay in the sons and daughters taking their share in the round of work: the sons as they grow up,—one special family has been described to me as typical of the happiest condition of Far West family life—helping on the farm, which assistance enables the father, a clever carpenter and mechanic, to earn odd dollars by jobs in the neighbourhood, when the work at home is not too pressing; the daughters no less useful and often in demand as temporary helpers in other households.

Where a few families are near enough together to form a little settlement, you may be pretty sure of finding a school, and a school with an efficient teacher, to which children will often come from as much as five miles distant. Here too, in the school-house, services will be held whenever a clergyman can be secured. But in the case of the prosperous little home I was alluding to, and such instances are not rare, there is no school within twelve miles, so our settler, his wife, and the grandfather living with them, teach and have taught the young people all they know.

This brings us at last to the real object and motive of this little paper. We would ask those who can do so,

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of their abundance to spare some mental food for our Far West countrymen and country-women, and their children. For purposes of education, technically speaking, and even more, with the object of giving interest and pleasure to the many hours of enforced leisure, books are sorely, pitifully in demand. Books in the widest sense of the word—old or new, uncut or well-thumbed volumes, magazines, illustrated papers—all such come as grist to this mill.

The few books brought from the old country have been read again and again till the owners well-nigh know them by heart; the weekly paper, if our settler is fortunate enough to have one sent regularly, is devoured to the last advertisement. And it is not as if ready money were plentiful in these Far West homes, not as if an order for literature could be despatched to the nearest city. Books and papers, games with which to cheer the long evenings, pictures (however inexpensive) with which to enliven the spotlessly clean walls,—all such things must be relegated to the ranks of luxuries, for coin is always needed for current necessaries, farm implements, clothing, and so on, even where food is principally of home-production.

The machinery for supplying these sorely-felt wants is already in existence; the trouble and worry of acceding to our request is, we trust, reduced to the minimum. Six years ago, at the suggestion of the Countess of Aberdeen, by whom this great need had been vividly realised through personal knowledge of the conditions of life in the Far West, a Society, or Association, to speak more accurately, was formed for the purpose of collecting magazines, weekly papers and such-like, to be despatched in monthly packets to outlying settlers, either individually known to the members of the Association, or heard of through the Immigration Agents or through missionaries of all denominations. The work has grown and developed to an extent little anticipated. As the news of the existence of the Association spread, demands and applications, touching in their earnest eagerness, poured in, and continue to do so, till it is difficult to keep pace with them, though the rule of only supplying those who have no other means of providing themselves with mental food is strictly adhered to.

Without following in detail the history of the Association during these six years, some idea of its extent and scope may be formed when it is stated that it now numbers twelve separate branches, situated in the larger cities of the Dominion, which among them, send out at present in various directions some eleven hundred parcels of literature monthly.

The rules are simple, comprehensive, and in number only four. (1) That the Association shall be undenominational. (2) That a small supply of both religious and secular reading shall be sent to each applicant. (3) That such reading shall be suited to the religion and as far as possible to the tastes of the readers. (4) That the Association shall rigidly avoid any semblance of proselytising in any direction whatever, religious or political.

When a new application is received, a form is returned containing questions as to the religion and tastes of the applicant, the particulars of his family and his eligibility as a recipient of the benefits of the Association. Each Branch has a large office, in several cases set apart for it in the Government Buildings, where the material,—books, magazines, &c.—is collected and where the working members of the Branch assemble monthly to pack up the parcels. Each member has about twenty names on her list, to whom she not only regularly forwards

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literature but with whom she also corresponds, thus keeping in touch with her special families and gradually getting to learn their circumstances and tastes. In many cases this friendly intercourse brings new interests and real pleasure into lonely lives.

The greater number of parcels are sent to individual families, but some are forwarded to settlements, whose life, if a little more sociable, is almost as destitute of intellectual food. Other applicants again are single men; herders or labourers, or those who have taken up a small holding but cannot yet afford to marry; and in these cases above all, it is a satisfaction to believe that the work of the Association is an indirect means of saving some from the clutches of the curse of the country, the drinking-saloon. Then again, parcels are eagerly welcomed at the lumber and cord-wood camps, often thirty to fifty miles from a post-office, and still further from a railway-station, where men camp during a whole winter, receiving an irregular mail about twice a month. Large packages are also confided to clergy of various denominations in outlying and widely scattered parishes, or to school-teachers. Long before Klondyke became a familiar word the Victoria Branch was sending parcels in the summer months, by any chance that offered, to the miners on the Upper Yukon, who, during half the year, as all the world now knows, are completely cut off from communication with outside.

The diversity of tastes is interesting. Some of the really well-educated beg for books "worth reading;" though it must be confessed that lighter literature, fiction especially, is in great request. And this calls for care and selection on the part of the senders, as no books are distributed which are not healthy and wholesome in tone.

At Christmas-time the little people are particularly remembered, not only by the usual despatch of story-books and children's papers but by adding to these, for once in a way, coloured pictures, games, Christmas-cards, and even packets of candy. And this spring another welcome addition has been made to the literature in the shape of flower and tree seeds, to encourage the beautifying of the homesteads by ornamental gardening, as well as a good print of our Queen in special commemoration of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

The association owes much to the generosity of the Dominion Government which has accorded free postage for the parcels, varying in weight from three to five pounds. The Allen and Dominion Steam-Ship lines have, on their part, undertaken to convey freight-free to their destination all consignments from the newly-organised English Collecting Branch of the Society.

The mention of this brings us to our definite request for help in the shape of books, magazines, illustrated or other weekly papers. We do not ask that these should be sorted or selected; all that part of the work will be done by the enrolled working members of the English branch. We only ask to have all and any spare good literature despatched to *The Secretary, Aberdeen Association, Imperial Institute, London, S.W.*, the Directors of the Institute having kindly given space and permission for receiving and sorting the parcels on their premises.

In conclusion I will give two or three extracts from letters to Mrs. Gordon, formerly a worker for the Association across the water on the spot, and thoroughly acquainted with its whole inauguration and history, now its organising Secretary in Great Britain. These simple words may

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give reality and personal interest to our appeal.

Ontario,
January 7th, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,—Your kind letter received. Monthly parcels have always arrived safely and are much appreciated. I think your Association will never know how vast its influence has been for good. In my own district the people are mostly unable to subscribe to papers or magazines; to such the papers sent are welcome visitors and heartily greeted. I always ask them to read and exchange with their neighbours, so a small parcel often covers a large district. We are 180 miles from the nearest railway station. The mail comes by stage twice a month and brings any parcels that may be sent. Yours respectfully, ———

Another reader had lost by fire everything he possessed, and in the letter announcing this he says, "your books help me to forget my misfortunes in the evenings;" and again, "your parcels have been a great comfort; a sign that there are some who think of those who meet with misfortune."

Saskatchewan,
January 9th, 1896.

DEAR MADAM,—We thank you for your kindness. . . . I am truly grateful. . . . The parcels of literature are such a help in our home, and I know those who get it after us are fully as grateful. I had a visit from two young girls the other day, begging for something to read; the nights were so long, they said. . . .

A clergyman writes: "You cannot imagine the blessing to us poor parsons of your Society; the Silent Missionary work often proves the best. I remain, one of the grateful ones." And from another quarter: "I thank you for the last parcel as well as for all the others. People always say that you never get anything for nothing, but you have broken that rule. The reading is very nice and interesting, and the monthly parcel is always a welcome visitor. With best wishes for a happy New Year to you and all the members of the Association." A school-teacher from Saskatchewan writes: "Accept the united thanks of the children and myself for the books received and the lovely cards. Excuse me for sending enclosed, but I wished you to know what use was made of the copy-books you so kindly sent." The copy-books were old ones, across the writing of which these poor children had written their own copies! The following came from a lumber-camp in Ontario:—

February 4th, 1896. DEAR MADAM,—I take this opportunity of thanking the members of your Society for the magazines and other reading-matter. I can assure you the aim of the Society has been fully realised in our case, and we one and all feel very grateful. I desire also hereby to let you know where and to whom your packages sent to us go to. In the first place we are in the lumber-woods, 35 miles from the nearest settlement, and P.O. (Loring) on the French River. Very few of the members of your Society probably know from experience how lonesome and out-of-the-world-like it feels to be all winter in the woods. . . . The camps or houses for the men are of unhewn logs, divided into two rooms, one for sleeping the other for cooking and dining.

Last Sunday I was at one of our outlying camps and this is what I saw. The entire gang, of about forty men, gathered round one of their number who was reading to them out of one of your magazines (and by the way he was a very fair reader); they were paying strict attention and the interest in their various faces showed they were enjoying it. This instance brought home to me the debt of gratitude we owe to your Society. . . . We also have three families living here, and your books for the children are much appreciated. If you could conceive how lonely and monotonous it is for the three women here, you might form an idea how anything readable is thought of. We get our mail once in two weeks. . . . In summer we are not so badly off, as we get our mail by boat to French River.

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Lastly, I will quote these few words from a young widowed mother.

Maple Farm, January 10th, 1896. DEAR MADAM,—I am sure I don't know how to thank you. . . Those books are the very thing I wanted for my little ones. . . . We have now a Sunday-school on Thursdays (!), but it is six miles away, too far for my children to go. I work my farm myself. It is all so new and strange, but I must not grumble, for there are some who have lost their homes as well as their husbands. . . . If but my children were able to talk about things, it would not be quite so lonely. . . . You should see the delight of the little things over the dollie; they were nearly beside themselves. . . . I cannot tell you how sorry I feel at hearing of your leaving Canada. . . . I have felt through corresponding with you that I had a true friend in my loneliness.

These extracts, taken almost at random from a pile of letters, speak for themselves.

It will, I feel assured, add to the interest and sympathy which I earnestly trust this little appeal may draw forth, to mention the name of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, as president of the newly formed English Branch, and as vice-presidents, those of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Countess of Derby, and Mrs. Chamberlain.[1]

All correspondence, let me add, should be addressed to *Mrs. Gordon of Ellon, Office of the Aberdeen Association, Imperial Institute, London, S. W.*

I end as I began with the assurance of the heartiest gratitude for all and any help that may be given to us.

LOUISA MOLESWORTH.

[1] Lady Dufferin's own appeal in the shape of a letter to the Press, will already doubtless have been read by many of my readers.

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RAMAZÁN.

As under cover of departing day,
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away.
OMAR KHAYYAM.

THE quiet evening hour, when the tired earth sighs softly with relief that the day is ending, is settling down over the land, and the whole sky is aflame. In the west the angry sun, a ball of crimson fire, is sinking slowly and reluctantly upon a bed of tawny pink and saffron clouds. In the east the warm flush of the reflected sunset splashes the horizon with colour, against which the jagged black cloud-banks stand boldly out with edges strongly defined. Waves of delicate tints, alternating and growing more exquisitely etherial as they near the arching of the dome overhead, paint the whole of the vast heavens, till all the world is drenched in colour. The slender stems and drooping fronds of the palm trees, all swaying gently and sleepily in the soft breeze of evening, are outlined against the ruddy sky, and by contrast their tender green takes to itself a colour that is almost black. The reaches of the river run darkly with here and there a dull, uneven wave of crimson reflected from the splendour overhead; and on the banks, watching with hungry eyes the coming of the night, sit lines of patient fasters; for it is the Blessed Month when daylight is a hated thing. They sit in little knots and groups talking fitfully in languid tones, for at all times, in the Malay Peninsula, sunset is an hour of lassitude and depression, when men's energies are at their lowest ebb, and during the month of Ramazán the slight faintness born of long abstinence is upon the people.

These groups are gay with colour, for the Malays, who lack all power to appreciate the glories with which Nature has surrounded them, display an exquisite taste in dress, and love bright tints cunningly blended and silks and cottons of the finest. A little cluster of natives is always a picturesque sight, and differs as much from a crowd of white men as does the glorious tropic sky from the dingy, leaden-coloured clouds that lower over us on a winter's day in England. As you watch the fasters on the river bank, the gorgeous plaid of a silk *sârong*, or waist-cloth, the green of a young dandy's trousers, the white of a linen coat, the flutter of a head-kerchief, the brilliant orange gown on the back of a pilgrim from Mecca, or here and there the flapping of a gay garment as its wearer passes to and fro, serve to give colour and life to the scene. Every tint is intensified and deepened by the mellowing glory in the sky, and a ruddy hue is imparted even to the brown faces which gaze so patiently at the sinking sun.

But the beauties of the evening are nothing to these simple folk. They gaze lazily at the blood-stained heavens, at the crimson flood which rolls slowly by them, at the black bulk of the buffaloes standing knee-deep in the shallows or wallowing luxuriously in midstream, or at the tiny dug-outs gliding by to their

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moorings. The scream of the cicada and tree-beetles amid the palms, the squeaking low of a young buffalo that seeks its dam, the faint chirrup of the birds, the clucking of sleepy fowls, all the soft, half-heard noises which herald the dying of the day, come to their ears. But to the fasters all these things mean nothing, save only that in a little space empty bellies will be suffered to have their fill.

Presently the sun, sinking lower, slips behind a broad bank of heavy clouds, and as it leaves the earth, throws passionate arms of gold and opal heavenwards, as though to embrace a world from which it is loth to part. A moment longer, and the tints on all sides fade and alter as one watches them, until the brilliancy of the sunset hour gives place to the quiet, more chastened loveliness of the after-glow. One little star, low down upon the horizon, blinks sleepily as though newly awakened from a heavy slumber, and the blackness of night begins to creep stealthily across the heavens, slowly effacing the rosy tints as it passes.

From the wooden mosque in the quiet groves the *Bilál* raises his voice in shrill falsetto, sounding the call to prayers. The sound floats out across the river, proclaiming that God is great, that there is no God but God, and that Mahomed is the Prophet of Allah, and the watchers rise up quickly. The semi-silence that has held them, while the last terrible hour of waiting passed with leaden feet, is suddenly exchanged for the hum of many voices. The more scrupulous among the fasters hasten to spread their mats upon the warm earth, and to perform the prostrations and to repeat the formula prescribed by Mahomedan ritual for the evening prayer. The majority of the Malays, however, have in their own estimation suffered sufficiently in the cause of religion for one day, and the thirst of parched throats is slaked by the water of green cocoanuts and the juices of luscious tropic fruits.

The infidel observer hardly knows whether to regard this month of Ramazán as a period of fasting or feasting; for at no other time do men live in such plenty and such luxury as during these thirty days of penitence. While the Fast Month lasts, more money is spent in buying food, sweetmeats, and dainties of all kinds than is dreamed of during any other portion of the year. Prices rise exceedingly in the bazaars and in the villages, and the hawkers of sweet-stuff and of cunningly prepared condiments, and the vendors of fruit, fat oleaginous rice, and richly spiced meats wax rich through driving a roaring trade. Look not for the hollow cheek, the cavernous eye, the ascetic air, among the followers of Mahomed's law who rigidly observe the Fast, for Ramazán leaves no such marks behind it. Those who are well acquainted with the tenets of the Mahomedan religion are aware that the teachings of the Prophet of God are more full of strange anomalies than is any other system that the perversity of man has devised; and a Fast Month in which men wax fat and well-liking, where the spirit of penitence is lost in a whirl of feasting, while the letter of the law is observed with scrupulous exactness, fits naturally with the practices of such a faith.

From the hour when the dawn makes the gray east grow pale, until the moment when the short-lived dusk lies low upon the land, the Mahomedans fast as do the followers of no other religion. To them fasting means entire abstinence from all creature comforts. No food, nor drink, no tobacco-smoke, no fat quids of areca-nut must be suffered to pass

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the lips of the Faithful; even the saliva must be ejected, lest by any chance it should serve to moisten the parched throat, and this is why spittoons form so important a part of our household furniture during the Blessed Month. Merit is lost if the faster seeks solace in sleep during too many of the long hours of daylight, and though the *râjahor*, the noble, in his women's apartments, may break this rule freely, the bulk of the people must toil as usual at the ploughing or tree-planting, the searching for jungle-produce, or the netting of deep-sea fish, while they endure the aching thirst which the fierce heat occasions, and the hunger born of hard manual labour.

Among many Malays the observance of the Fast has come to be regarded with a superstitious awe, and few are found who dare to risk the consequences that might be expected to follow upon a breach of its rules.

I remember seeing an old Malay Chief,—a man, be it said, who was utterly ignorant of the tenets of his religion, who never prayed on week-days, and never attended the Friday congregational prayers at the Mosque —faint dead away when, one day in Ramazán, a whitlow on his hand was lanced; yet when he regained consciousness he steadfastly refused to swallow the restoratives he needed so sorely. I have marched all day, through blazing sunshine, or up and down steep hills, and through forests where the brooks on every side sang of cool water to be had for the asking, and, since it was the Blessed Month, my parched followers have patiently endured the pains of Tantalus, and have gone dry and thirsty till the merciful sun dropped below the horizon and suffered them to drink their fill. Yet not one of these men was in any sense religious. They were wont to drive a horse and cart through the strictest prohibitions of their Prophet upon the smallest temptation: they cheerfully committed five mortal sins daily, by allowing the five hours to slip past unobserved by the prescribed prayer; and they added an extra mortal offence to their account regularly every week so surely as Friday came round and the congregational prayers remained unattended. They would probably have found it difficult themselves to explain why they observed the Fast in such trying circumstances, when they so readily neglected all their other religious duties, the performance of which occasioned no more suffering than is experienced from a slight sensation of boredom; and if they could not account for their conduct, how can others hope to do so? It is merely another of those baffling anomalies which the student of native character must expect to encounter at every turn; but I cannot think that their endurance and self-sacrifice were utterly thrown away, no matter what Mahomed may have to say to the contrary.

But let us take a day in the Blessed Month beginning, as do the Mahomedans, with sunset; for, with the extraordinary aptitude for putting things up-side down and undertaking everything from the wrong end, which seems to white men the distinguishing characteristic of Orientals, day in the East starts when the night shuts down.

When the motley groups upon the river banks break up, when fruit and green cocoanuts have slaked men's thirst, when tobacco smoke is being puffed soft and cool over the astringent betel-nut, every individual who has helped to compose the crowd wends his way homewards, slowly and languidly, with peace in his soul. During Shaában, the month preceding the Fast, every man who can afford it, and who

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is not already provided with a wife, has married some girl of his acquaintance; for though the women fast also, how should a man cook his own rice during the days of Ramazán? Accordingly a face, of which he has not yet had time to become weary, is within the thatched hut to greet him on his coming, and by seven o'clock,—a decent interval between the opening of the fast and the consumption of a heavy meal being necessary if the empty stomach is to receive and retain food in large quantities—a meal is spread along the matted floor. The wife sits modestly at the man's side, to tend him as he feeds and to urge the excellence of some particular dish which she has carefully prepared in order to tempt his appetite. Her own meal will be a less stately and solemn affair, eaten in a dim background amid the cats and the cooking-pots, when her man's hunger is appeased.

"Feed the beast!" says the English wife. "How should he love her, seeing that she had no care for his victuals?" says the Malay lady when her friend is divorced, showing that both in the West and in the East the female mind has formed the same cynical opinion that the stomach, and not the heart, is the seat of manly affection and sensibility. We have been taught to place implicit faith in women's intuition and instinct; but as a man, I cannot but think that in this instance her generalisation is a fallacy. Perhaps she attaches an undue importance to the department over which she chances to preside, and so is led to deceive herself as to the noble nature of our sex.

As the evening changes into night, the man saunters out of the hut, and strolls through the quiet moonlit groves to some neighbour's house. As he goes he casts a look or two at the great silver orb staring down from the sky overhead through the tender lace-work of the palm-fronds, for its shape tells him, who has no other calendar, how the month of penance is waning. He counts the time that divides him from the end of Ramazán slowly, laboriously, with fingers doubled into the palms of his horny hands, each one to mark a day of fasting still to come.

At his neighbour's house the holy men and priests and pilgrims of the village are gathered together to feast, and to chant verses from the Koran; and he too joins in the noisy dirge, eating, chewing, and smoking anything upon which he can lay his hands. The intervals between one chant and another are filled up by conversation, gossip of the village or the Court, often pungent and scandalous enough, but no man present finds any discordance between the discussion of such topics and the intoning of the Sublime Book which alternates with the talk. The priests and pilgrims and the holy men will chant and chant, and talk and eat and gossip till the day is coming with the dawn, their host supplying the ample meal with which the followers of the Prophet fortify themselves for the long abstinence of the morrow. Some bachelors, and a few other outliers stay to share in the meal, but most of the laymen trail off homewards, one by one, through the soft fragrant coolness of the night, to the huts where their wives await them.

Soon after midnight the *gôyang* breaks upon the stillness,—a wild tocsin of sound, produced by beating gongs in a peculiar manner—and for full half an hour the clanging wakes the echoes. Lights spring up in the darkened houses, and the passer-by may hear the sleepy voices of the women-folk as they set about the preparations of the men's meal, and the querulous cry of some infant whom the unusual stir has awakened rudely.

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Soon after two o'clock the heavy meal of rice and richly spiced curry and condiments is eaten ; and when a final quid of areca-nut has been chewed and tobacco inhaled for the last time, the village once more sinks into slumber.

During the first days of the Fast Month many find it impossible to rouse themselves sufficiently to eat a hearty meal at such an hour, and these go hungry through the day, suffering some real distress from want. But the habit is soon formed, and as Ramazán approaches its end all eat the *sául* (as this meal is named) with appetite and relish. So quickly even do men become the creatures of a recurring custom, that for the days immediately following the conclusion of the Fast all the world wakes hungry and loudly demanding food from their sleepy women-folk during the small hours of the night.

And here is the secret which underlies the whole Fast. It is necessary to try it in order to understand how slight a mortification this abstinence from food during the daytime becomes to most men, after the first wrench has been got over. Tobacco and quids of areca-nut are missed far more keenly than anything else, far more than water, strange though this may seem ; but even abstinence from these good gifts of God during the hours of sunlight soon forms itself into a habit, and presently becomes a privation that hardly makes itself felt. For the first four days, for the first week in some extreme cases, real suffering is entailed by the observance of Mahomed's law ; but when the habit of going without food, drink, tobacco and betel-nut during certain hours has had time to form, the discomfort experienced in ordinary circumstances is very trifling indeed. Of course when great physical exertion has been necessary, a man may for a space be racked by thirst ; but even this is mitigated greatly by the fact that for days it has not been his wont to drink from morning to evening. I speak as one having experience, for in a spirit of enquiry I, some years ago, made the experiment in person, and am well able to gauge how far the sufferings of my Malay friends are really acute during this month of Ramazán. I have always found that a few days' personal experience carried one further on the road to complete insight with the unknown than years of the most patient and scientific enquiry can do.

During Ramazán Malays rise somewhat later in the day than is usual among them. They shirk such duties as they can find any means of neglecting, are more persistently idle than ever, and work as little and as badly as their task-masters will allow. But as the vernacular proverb has it, "Milk in the breasts cannot be shirked," and no matter how willing the spirit, the weakness of the flesh makes it absolutely necessary for the bulk of the population to pass some hours of each day in the toil they grudge and hate, but without which life cannot be supported. But when all is said and done the Blessed Month holds thirty days during which a Malay feels that, even more than at any other time, he does well to be idle. The Malay ideal of a happy life is one in which a man need do nought but eat and sleep,—*makan tidor sahája*—and during Ramazán he goes near to attaining this high standard of existence.

At the Malay Courts, upon the east coast of the Peninsula, the Kings keep open house during the Fast Month in true feudal style. The King himself, punctual for once, for even he cannot risk the unpopularity which would be his did he keep the hungry fasters waiting, sits in the

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bâlai or Hall of State, at the hour when the sun is sinking. Mountains of white rice and dishes of fowl and duck and fat goat's meat, spiced in a hundred ways by the ladies of the harem, cover the floor of the *bâlai*, where only men of rank may eat, and are distributed among the people who squat in the temporary booths, erected for the purpose, within the fences of the royal inclosure. All may come who need a hearty meal, and a Malay would take shame to himself were he to allow the Fast Month to slip by without availing himself of the chance of a good feed at the King's charges.

Then through the long night the dirge of the priests and holy men floats out across the river. The scene in the *bâlai* is the same as that in any village hut where during the Fast men are gathered together to praise God in the intervals of feeding and gossip, only that things are done on a somewhat larger scale. It is the same with everything on the east coasts. The King is a great man, rich and powerful, and he rides in some state; but he talks the same dialect, with its peculiar provincialisms, as does the tiller of the soil without his gates. If you look closely you will see that, King though he be, he differs very little from the ordinary run of Malays, save only in his power and his wealth. The same superstitions, the same desires, the same instincts, the same likes and dislikes, the same prejudices, are to be found alike in prince and peasant in a Malayan land. If you understand the one thoroughly, and have sufficient imagination to forecast the effects which a change of environment may be expected to have upon him, you will find that the other is equally well known to you. Perhaps it is this close resemblance between the prince and the peasant, coupled with the fact that the former is usually sprung from the people on his mother's side, that is accountable for the astonishing loyalty which the Malay often feels for those of the royal stock.

When the moon, whose crescent marked the seizing of the Fast, has waxed to the full, and then has slowly waned until the twenty-seventh night of its course has come, the land after dusk is a blaze of light. Every house is illuminated, and the banks of the rivers are set with flaring torches and cocoa-nut shells full of hard resin flaming brightly. As you float upon the broad bosom of the stream through the blackness of a moonless night, the sounds of revelry are borne to you from the villages which line the banks. A full-tongued Malay yells a love-song at the top of his voice; a party of priests intone the Koran in solemn, resonant chorus; the laughter of some merry-makers, dimly seen in the red glare of one of the larger bonfires, ripples across the water. Among the palms and fruit trees, in which the villages nestle snugly, the tiny points and dots of light, from the torches set above the houses, play hide and seek as your boat glides past them, looking like a million fire-flies dancing in a thicket. The reflections of the bonfires and of the illuminations, seen in the water of the river, shimmer and skip lightly as the stream rolls on. At Court some rude attempts at transparencies, loud and vulgar and unsuccessful, are made by the more civilised Malays; but elsewhere, throughout the land, the natives pile their fires and light their pitch torches as their fathers did before them; and Nature, who loves the natural and abominates the artificial, helps them to some really beautiful effects.

Then at last the night arrives

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when the little crescent moon shows that Ramazán has found a successor. The women-folk look out the smartest clothes, for to-morrow their men will appear in their best, and then pass to the cook-house to prepare food in plenty, for from sunrise to sunset on the *Hári Ráya*, the first day of the month of *Shawal*, all the world will eat and guzzle and gorge, until some few will die of a surfeit. Meanwhile the men rejoice noisily. Everyone who can lay hands upon a gun and a pinch of powder, fires it off gleefully; every gong in the country is banged and beaten, while the thumped drums throb and pulse, and the plaintive howling of the *thikir*-singers floats out over the land.

And then, amid a babel of glad sound, the people rejoice exceedingly,

> As under cover of departing day,
> Slinks hunger-stricken Ramazán away.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

I.—The Church.

It is a grey stone building which would hold a thousand persons, in a village whose entire population numbers two hundred. Rather a cold handsome place it is, as seen from a distance standing out clearly against the autumn sky; and as seen this Sunday morning, half an hour before service, with the door (a very old door, dating from heaven knows when—for nobody else does—) just opened by the tottering old clerk, rather a damp, desolate, moth-eaten old place too. The chancel is a fine one; the west end is spoiled by a gallery, and the pulpit is the three-decker usually associated in the mind with an elderly college Don, a black gown, a white tie, a long text out of the Old Testament, and a chilly, scientific sermon of indefinite length. The college Don put up the east window many years since to the pious memory of a little daughter whom he loved, and of whom he is reminded perhaps, if reminder be needed, every time he looks up at the pure fair face of a Virgin awaiting an Annunciation, which a part of it represents. This window, with its rich soft colours reflected on the uneven pavement of the middle aisle, is the only thing to redeem the church from a dreadful coldness, neglect, and formality, and makes one forget, when one looks at it, how abominably damp and musty are the green baize boxes set apart for aristocratic devotion, the rickety condition of the benches for the poor, and the melancholy plight of the pulpit-hangings once red and whole, now tattered and torn and faded into depressing shades of magenta and saffron. There is a forlorn little harmonium with some ragged hymn-books on it standing where the choir ought to be and is not; and on the Table (always thus spoken of here) a few melancholy flowers so forlorn and dead that one cannot help fancying the little daughter (who would be a middle-aged woman if she were alive now) might almost have placed them there herself.

With a little gust of searching wind, a great fumbling of keys, and a bronchial cough, the old clerk (who has been back to his house to fetch a black velvet skull cap for his bald head) re-enters the church and, having looked round leisurely, rubs up a pair of silver-mounted spectacles with the corner of a bandana handkerchief, places them on a nose with its old tip freshened into a cheerful red by the keen air, blows the nose sonorously, and at last leisurely removes a solemn Sunday hat (the only silk hat in the village, and fondly brushed the wrong way by a devoted and short-sighted wife,) and replaces it by the cap. The clerk may be seventy-eight years old perhaps, but as everybody here, if they are not killed off by the cold in infancy, lives to be ninety-eight at least, he is considered, and considers himself, quite young and vigorous, and in point of fact does perform his clerical duties as well, or as badly, as he has done any time these fifty years. This morning as usual he stumbles up the aisle to the vestry, ascertains the precise degree of dampness of the Parson's surplice (it has been hanging there all the week), looks at the Table rather critically, mutters something which may be taken to mean "That's the same as it's been for half a century

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anyhow, so that's all right," puts the Parson's books, blowing the dust off them, in the Parson's place, looks up through his old spectacles at a couple of larks singing cheerfully in the roof with an expression which says, "Well, there you are, so there you must stay, and darned if I see why you shouldn't," anathematises quite aloud some erring, but unknown youth who has destroyed a hymn-book and scattered the fragments about the free seats, collects one or two of the leaves with much rheumatic difficulty in stooping, and then sits down wheezingly at the end of the church, until a friend enters. The friend and Dick have an audible conversation for some minutes. They appear to be asking after each other's healths at first and talk with an East Anglian accent not to be reproduced. Then they go on to discuss the Michaelmas sales. They laugh their feeble old laughs (the friend is a gay spark of seventy) without regard to their locality, and whenever they feel inclined. It may indeed be announced as an axiom that an East Anglian has no respect of any kind but self-respect, and is as free from reverence, and perhaps from intentional irreverence, as an infant.

A bell-ringer strolls in next, quite leisurely and half an hour late. He pulls the bell until he is tired, when he stops. Then he sits down, sighs, and yawns; until, seeing through his little window the Parson coming along the road, he recommences pulling with a heavy bored air and no enthusiasm at all.

In the meanwhile a kind of congregation has begun to arrive: two children each holding on to the fat hand of a third, a ruddy cheeked, serious person of four, who presents the appearance of having been dragged to church by the main force and unanswerable persuasions of Sam and Moggie, and who sits through the service very good, round-eyed, and wondering; a rustic who takes a whole seat to himself and puts his legs up on it during the sermon that he may sleep more peacefully,—every one being quite stolid and not in the least surprised at his movements; a pretty old country Betty, with her prayer-book wrapped up in a pocket-handkerchief; more children in clumping boots and with highly polished Sunday faces; a mother with a voluble baby; more rustics; a very raw recruit whose uniform attracts a great deal of attention and audible comment, and who is thereby rendered even more sheepish and embarrassed than he is normally; an old farmer with a little girl in his hand; a very coy Phœbe with a tendency to giggle and a pink ribbon in her hat; and at last, with a prelude of rolling carriage-wheels, a little conversation in the porch and an air of expectation in the congregation, the Squire and my Lady. The Squire is a ruddy sporting person of fifty who would as soon think of missing morning service as a meet of the hounds; a person very well contented with life, one can't help thinking, as he walks up the aisle with creaking cheerful footsteps and a nod for this friend and for that. Accustomed to say the responses very loud is Sir John; to sing the hymns in an astonishing great voice, immensely hearty and unmusical; and to slumber during the sermon with a very pious expression on his honest face and his hands folded orthodoxly on a robust waistcoat. He opens the door of their pew for my Lady (quite a fine pew and upholstered in crimson) and looks into a white hat for a couple of minutes before he arranges Madam's footstool and cushions and prayer-books to her very indifferent liking, and settles down in his corner to look round pleasantly to see who makes up the congregation and who

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doesn't, and to wonder why the—well, in consideration of the place, why in the world old Slocum (the Squire's name for the formal and Hebraic parson) is so late again this morning.

My Lady, who is twenty years younger than her husband, with a very charming face marred only by an odd anxious line here and there about the mouth and eyes, also looks at the congregation, restlessly somehow, and out through the window where the birds are singing, and up at the great monument where a row of little stone Elizabethan girls in ruffs and farthingales are lamenting the decease of their father, Sir John's ancestor: and then, sharply, as the door opens to admit the Parson, as if almost she were waiting for someone who is not the Parson and who never comes.

It is ten minutes past eleven as that official hurries up the aisle, quite surprised at finding himself late (he has not been in time a single Sunday for five and twenty years) and with that unkempt air which comes from an absorption in the dead languages, a widowed condition, and the ministrations of an elderly housekeeper. He has put on the damp surplice, reached the second stage of the three-decker to the accompaniment of the village schoolmaster on the harmonium, and begun on the Wicked Man before the simpler part of the congregation have realised his arrival. The old Clerk says *a—mon, a—mon* at intervals, and can't find the Psalms till they are nearly finished, by reason of the leaves of his book fluttering so much in his unsteady old hands. Betty makes the responses in a very pretty devout old voice from the front pew, and some little time after everybody else. A stolid Thomas of ten produces a green apple during the first Lesson and eats it at leisure and seriously. The voluble baby, mistaking the singsong of the Litany for a lullaby, goes to sleep with a little gurgle of contentment and its mother rocking it very softly. The Squire leads a hymn with immense vigour, and the vermillion recruit in the background follows with a stentorian rustic second; Dick's friend blows his old nose like a trumpet through a commandment; my Lady looks above her book with absent eyes; and after a Collect, an Epistle, and a Gospel, banns of marriage (which attract even the volatile attention of Phœbe), a moment's pause while the Parson puts on his black gown in the vestry, and a quaint bidding-prayer, comes the sermon. The sixty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, verses, one, two, three, four, five and part of the sixth,—"And we all do fade as a leaf."

The Parson has preached the same sermon fifty times before, on fifty just such autumnal Sundays, to just the same kind of congregation as this one, in the same monotonous old voice. Yet to-day perhaps, as he separates the pages of yellowed manuscript with his thin hand, he remembers when it was written, when his own leaf was still in the green, in some other place than this, milder and fairer, with its little garden full of June scents and sunshine, a little house with roses nodding at the windows, a girlish footstep on the path, a girlish figure in the little study, with a white frock and a handful of flowers, who came and looked over the paper and laughed and said what a dear dismal old thing Peter always was, and had been, and would be, and made him smell the flowers and sat for a volatile minute on the arm of his grave study writing-chair and arranged his prim hair in a little pattern of her own, and laughed again with her eyes very bright and wicked as she put her arch head back through the long open windows to say, as a parting, that if

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only Peter would make up something livelier than those dreadful old killjoys of sermons she really did believe she could almost—almost—almost—My God! how one remembers! The Parson reads on monotonously without comprehending a word. She died, with the bloom and the dew of her life's gay morning fresh upon her, and something, which may be the sunshine as it falls, stained a hundred colours, through the window he put up to the memory of the child she left him, suddenly blinds his eyes—"And we all do fade as a leaf."

The baby sighs in its sleep a little. The mother has got pretty far in a purely domestic calculation how to make Tommy's nankeen trousers serve for Bobby, and how to cut Bobby's little frock to the infant dimensions of the sleeper on her lap. She draws away the shawl which covers the little red puckered face for a minute with that heaven which lies about us in our infancy in her country eyes. On the opposite side of the aisle, the person of four sits very fat, upright, and serious, with an anxious look full of expectation fixed on the Parson, as if he might be going to produce from that deep box sweets or a doll, like the conjurer at the fair last week. Betty, leaning forward a little with her hand to her old ear, listens devoutly to them "comferterble words" and says some of them softly to herself, not understanding but thinking she understands, and knowing indeed in her calm and simple soul some of those deeper truths which are hidden from the wise and prudent. The recumbent rustic slightly alters the position of his legs and snores softly. Above him, the cold sunshine which has come out fitfully again from behind a windy cloud brings into prominence the white tablet erected *To the memory of Mrs. Barbara Trotter, a person of Good Understanding and Just Principle, but in Conjugal Life not so Happy as Deserving*, without attracting any particular pity for poor maligned Mr. Trotter, who may have so suffered after all from his virtuous Barbara's just principles and good understanding as to make naughtiness on his part venial if not inevitable. Phœbe, very conscious in her gay ribbons, looks up under them at the recruit and then, with a blush like the heart of a rose, very fixedly and piously at the Parson. A bramble is blown against the window above the pew where Dick's friend is sitting and has sat every Sunday through the ministrations of three parsons, and, as a little white-haired urchin with a couple of marbles in his chubby clenched fist, even before that. Perhaps if his cheerful old mind could disengage itself from the Michaelmas sales and the flittings (with the Parson's monotonous old discourse running sleepily through the secular thoughts) he might wonder how many, or how few, more Sundays he should sit there brave, cheery, and ruddy-cheeked. But he does not so wonder.—"And we all do fade as a leaf."

There is a little pause. My Lady turns sharply. Most of the congregation are in that state of agreeable apathy or absent-mindedness from which nothing but *And finally my brethren* will rouse them. The Squire is asleep quite tranquilly, a pious church-sleep, quite different from the abandon of a snooze in the smoking-room or a guilty forty winks in the drawing-room. My Lady, sitting forward a little, opposite him, with an expression in her restless eyes which may mean disdain or indifference or fear, or a hundred things, has paid no attention to the sermon nor to anything perhaps, unless it be to some insurgent thought in her own mind.

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Is she in love with this man, one wonders, twenty years older than herself, strong where she is weak, cheery, honest, God-fearing, upright, devoted? Has she come to him as a refuge, a rock where she may hide from the storm of some passion which has shattered her life? Has she come to him to stand, stalwart, between her and the world? Or is there some memory of which he knows nothing, and from which he could not save her if he knew all? She looks round, stealthily almost, with her unquiet eyes from him to the congregation of pious grannies, sleepy rustics, and simple mothers. She has scarcely even the bond of a common nature with such people. She has no child of her own, nor will have. The poor cares of a humble life have been denied her's, to keep it, if not happy, safe. She is waiting,—waiting,—waiting always,—for what, God knows! But the waiting is in the quick turn of her head at every sound, in her restless hands, in her deep eyes, in her soul.

The Parson is recapitulating dreadfully now, and a little ruffle of hope that the sermon is at last beginning to have an ending stirs among the school-children. The Squire wakes slowly, quite comfortably sure that he has never been to sleep, and my Lady with her bored air smiles back a little into his honest eyes as she must do to-morrow—a hundred to-morrows—for ever—until—

"And finally my brethren—" the congregation falls on its knees, or sits forward a little as its fancy takes it, for a prayer and a blessing. The old maid from the White House stands up firmly in her prim pew. She has been brought up in orthodoxy by her papa, the late Incumbent, and acts as if there was the doxology there ought to be. The schoolmaster in the choir plays a wedding-march with many remarkable chords, not because there is any question of a wedding, but because that, and an entirely secular air from an elderly opera, are the only voluntaries he knows. The old clerk hobbles to open the great doors; the wind and sunshine come in; the school children scramble past each other with a candid infant joy to get out. Betty pins up her old shawl, and re-wraps her books in the handkerchief. The rustics divide a little to let my Lady pass down the narrow path to her carriage. The Squire exchanges good-mornings with them, carries my Lady's books, makes a very small joke with a very small farmer which she does not wait to hear, laughs at it jovially himself, gets into the carriage after her, is driven off at a respectable Sunday pace by his comfortable bays and followed, not by polite blessings like a Squire in a story-book, but by the simple observation from Dick's friend, "Ain't half up to his feyther, but ain't a bad plucked one, ain't Squire." Phœbe and the recruit go off together towards the fields where they may walk and satisfy their souls with silence. The mothers gossip together; the children play by the lich-gate; the girls and women bob to the Parson who comes slowly out of the great doors, with his books under his arm and his absorbed air, and who turns his old head once perhaps to where (with the weeds growing thickly on it and the long grass blowing in the chilly air) is the grave of one Christabel who died, aged three and twenty. The clerk closes the great doors behind the old figure of the man who loved her so much better than his dull books and learned ambitions, looks back into the church cold, grey and forlorn, fumbles with the lock, puts on his superior hat thoughtfully, turns the giant key, hobbles away to dinner, not ill-pleased, and for another week the church is left—to God.

S. G. Tallentyre.

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A CUBAN FILIBUSTER.

One sweltering evening the little steamer Olivet lay gently rising and falling on the oily swell of Arucas Bay. It was overpoweringly hot, with a clammy heat that made respiration difficult and exertion an impossibility, while across the tall palms ashore and the white houses of the Cuban town there rolled a mass of steamy haze.

Beneath the Olivet's poop-awnings, from which the condensed moisture trickled and fell in drops, the Captain, Engineer, and Mate sat before a well-spread table, whereon flasks of red and yellow wine nestled among mangoes, crimson bananas, and golden pineapples. The three were on better terms than is usually the case, for, having been engaged in a certain trade between the Gulf ports and Cuba, in which they occasionally carried goods not enumerated in any manifest, the voyage had been a profitable one for all concerned.

"Well," said the Mate, mopping his dripping forehead, "I never want to go ashore in Arucas again. I can see that firing-squad now, and the half-dead wretches writhing upon the stones. Thank goodness we're going out to-night. I'm sick of Cuba. There's another batch of insurgents to be done to death to-morrow, they say. Cold-blooded murder, and a disgrace to humanity, I call it. And now, I suppose they're going to church proud of what they've done. Listen to them—pah!"

From out of the mist above the town there rose the clang of bells, and when this had died away a strain of music came through the listless air as the crew of a Spanish war-ship lying close at hand formed up in parallel lines along her deck. The band took up its station, and the officers stood bareheaded upon her poop as the silken folds of the Spanish ensign fluttered down from the peak, a limp streak of crimson and gold.

"Music and incense in the churches, and half-dried blood on every stone in the *plaza*,—it's a curious world. After what I've seen I could be a rebel myself," said the Mate. The Captain merely nodded: he was a plain man, and rarely wasted words; but the grim old Engineer glanced towards the Spanish cruiser with a flash in his keen eyes that his firemen knew and dreaded.

"With steam at a hunner' an' fifty, an' seventy revolutions, I would like fine to grind the auld Olivet's stem right through her,—just there amidships," he said. The Captain smiled as he answered, "I believe you, Mr. Gordon."

Then the *marcha real* rang out from the cruiser's deck, and afterwards there was silence, only broken by an unlovely voice chanting something about *Home, dearie, home*, in time to the wheezing of a concertina beneath the cargo boat's forecastle awning.

Presently the Skipper rose sharply to his feet. "Hallo, what in the world do you want?" he asked, as a gaunt man, dressed in dilapidated linen garments which might have been white a long time ago, came up out of a provision-barge alongside, and climbing the poop-ladder dropped wearily into a chair. Thrusting back the remains of a shapeless Panama hat from a swarthy, sunburned forehead, he said; "Well, you ought to know me, Captain Armstrong.

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Thought I was a Cubano, eh?" and he turned a pair of wolfish eyes towards the table.

The Skipper gasped with astonishment. "Watkins who joined the Port Tampa filibustering expedition?" he said; but the Engineer interposed: "The man's just starving. Give him time. Drink this first and eat, Watkins; we'll listen til ye after."

The stranger ate ravenously, like one who had not seen food for days, and then, throwing back the linen jacket, showed a curious blue mark on his shoulder, and livid scars upon his wrist. "That's where a rifle-ball went in, and hot iron made the others," he said. "Cut off from the ship, landing arms we were, and hunted like wild beasts."

"Where's Wilson who went with you?" asked the Skipper.

"I'm coming to that," the man replied. "Wilson nursed me when I was shot, and then we fell into the Spaniards' hands. An officer laughed when I said we were British, and they burned my wrists to make me tell where the rebels lay. It's true, Gordon, you needn't stare like that; I saw them tear out one wretched peasant's nails. I got away one night, and, as I hadn't been in the West Indies ten years without learning to speak Spanish like a native, I followed that detachment of Cazadores day and night, sleeping in the swamps and begging as I went. The peasants all hate the Spaniards at heart, and they gave me what they could. To-day I stood in the *plaza*, and saw my Cuban comrades shot like dogs. There are others, and Wilson is among them, too, whom they take on board the cruiser to-night, to be murdered in batches somewhere else as an example, and the question is, will you help me to take him out?"

"It's a risky business, and I don't see how it is to be done. Why didn't you report to the Consul?" said the Skipper wrinkling his brows.

Watkins rose stiffly to his feet, a gaunt skeleton of a man, with the stamp of pain and hunger upon his face. "There's no Consul in this forlorn place; and how could I reach Havana without money, and the chance of being seized on the way? I've passed as a Cuban, and the Spanish officers would insist I was one; they don't waste time on investigation. Last night they took off a detachment of prisoners, six negro boatmen, who hate the Spaniards like poison, and two half-drilled conscript guards in each barge. Another batch goes off at ten to-night; I found that out. Now, if you drop in-shore, you might run foul of the craft by accident." Then the speaker flung his arms above his head, as he added: "See here, Armstrong, I followed that detachment starving, and risked my life a dozen times in trying to contrive my comrade's escape. If you can't help me, I'll go back and die with him. Which is it to be?"

"It's a risky business," said the Skipper again, "but we'll try." The Mate brought down his fist with a crash. "We'll take him out," he said; "yes, by heaven, we'll take him out, if we have to run down the cruiser too!" The Engineer said no word, but hurried away below with a grim smile upon his face, and from the vigorous language that rose up through the gratings it became evident he was busily engaged. Presently the escape-pipe trembled and throbbed with a vibrating rush of steam, and the Mate chuckled, for he knew that Gordon's heart was in his work; as a rule he would sooner spill his blood than waste a pound of coal.

At nine o'clock the Mate stood upon the forecastle-head, clad in streaming oilskins, and the cable came grinding home in time to the panting

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of the windlass. The rain came down as it only can in the tropics, smiting the iron decks with a rattle and roar, and speckling the oily sea with white. The crew stood about him, and nudged one another as they noticed their officer's unusual indifference to the mud the links flung about deck and winch-drum, for news had leaked out through the steward that something unusual was on hand.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the grizzled Quartermaster, touching his hat, "but we'd take it well if you was to tell the Captain that if it's savin' some poor wretch from the Spaniards we're with him one and all."

"Thanks," answered the Mate; "I'll let him know." Then he climbed to the lofty bridge, and when the telegraph tinkled *half speed ahead*, there was a great splashing and seething aft, for the Olivet was flying light and her propeller whirled round half-blade clear. With a heavy thud accompanying the clatter of the well-worn engines, and a shivering through all her rusty plates, she headed in-shore; and Captain Armstrong leaned out over the bridge-rails with a very anxious face as the lights of the cruiser drew near, swinging to and fro through the rain like twinkling stars.

A sharp challenge rose from the Spaniard's poop, and someone cried, "Keep off with that steamer—where are you going?"

"In shore, to pick up a last barge of rum before we go to sea," the Mate hailed in Castillian; and a hoarse voice answered: "*Buen viaje; vaya con dios.*"

The cruiser faded into the blackness astern, and the Mate said quietly: "She had no steam, sir, I think; there was no vapour about her funnel."

"Thank goodness for that," was the answer; "we've more than enough. Gordon's burning coal very recklessly to-night. You may as well put out the side-lights now, and bring Watkins up here."

The Mate obeyed, and when he returned the stranger paced excitedly up and down the bridge with the water soaking from his tattered garments. "Get my spare oilskins out of the chart-room," said the Captain; "it means fever to get soaked in a climate like this."

"The fever and I are old companions," Watkins answered hoarsely; "and I've work to do to-night. Can't you hear oars?"

His companions strained their ears, and presently the dull noise of wood grinding against thole-pins became faintly audible. "Yes," said Captain Armstrong; "there they are at last."

A low, black object, ringed about with phosphorescent fire, came splashing out of the darkness. Watkins hailed her in Spanish: "Have you seen a barge loaded with rum casks?"

"No," answered a sullen voice, and what followed was not a blessing this time: "*Vaya al diablo.*"

"He's not there; he would have recognised my voice," said Watkins. "Suppose they should keep him ashore!"

Another barge came up, and passed; but neither did she contain him they sought; and the three fell strangely silent as they waited, listening with all their ears. Half an hour of nervous suspense followed, during which there was nothing to be heard but the welter of water along the plates, and the clanking of the engines as the Olivet slowly circled round. Then the rain ceased, and presently the splash of oars drew near again.

"This must be the last; surely he is there," said Captain Armstrong. "The only thing we can do is to run foul of them. Most of the olive-skins can swim, and if these can't they must take their chance. Hail them when they're near."

The telegraph tinkled for *full speed*,

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and the bridge-rails rattled as the half-submerged propeller whirled and splashed, driven by every pound of steam. "Steady helm," said the Captain, as a patch of deeper blackness appeared upon the starboard bow with a flicker of lambent sea-fire about it. The Mate hailed the approaching barge, and all started as an English voice made answer. "Help, for the Lord's sake, help! Run them down," it said. There followed a sound which might have been a blow with a rifle-butt, and some one cried in Spanish, "Silence there, rebel dog!" Then the oars splashed confusedly, and a negro shout of alarm rang out.

"She's plenty way," said the Captain grimly, "and we can't do wholesale murder with the propeller. Port there,—hard over helm!"

The clatter of the engines ceased, and there was a grinding of wheel-chains as the lofty iron bows swung round. A man stood up in the barge waving a lantern, and then the white streak of the steamer's forecastle-head hid the craft from sight. A clamour of cries followed, and above them all the three could hear a shrill voice calling in Spanish, "Stop her before you run us down!"

"Steady helm," was all the Captain said, and the next moment there was a dull, crunching noise beneath the bows as the iron stem bit into the yielding timber. Then something rasped and bumped along the plates in a phosphorescent swirl of water, and an English shout came from among the wreckage, "Will some one fling me a line?"

A rope went whistling out, and the Mate swore viciously beneath his breath as the end swung slackly back against the side, while the Captain, leaning over the rails sent down a cheering cry, "Hold on, we're coming back, and we'll have you yet," as the steamer forged ahead into the darkness. Then a shadowy figure leaped up on the side-light screen, balanced itself for a moment, and, just as the Mate stepped forward to lay his hands upon it, flung both arms aloft and launched out into mid-air. "The crazy fool—there's another to be fished out now," gasped the Mate. "We'll stop her and back her down," said the Captain. "Stand by the gangway with a lantern, and lower the Jacob's ladder."

Again the propeller churned and rattled, and presently great wreaths of white, spangled by luminous green and gold, seethed forward as the Olivet slowly went astern, until Watkins's voice came from somewhere beneath the poop; "Way enough! Stop her, or the screw will cut us up." The vibration died away: the steamer came slowly to a standstill; and the Mate leaped down to the lowest step of the ladder, while wiry seamen, clinging like cats to trailing lines, and jamming their toes against the landings of the plates, climbed down her side. By the yellow glow of the Mate's lantern the over-turned and crushed-in barge became faintly visible a short distance from the quarter. Shadowy objects loosed their hold upon it, and came splashing towards the ladder. Black hands caught at the rungs and lines, and with a shout of "Up you go," a dripping negro was helped aloft, and dragged over the rail with a vigorous kindness that almost dislocated his arm. Another and another followed, and then some one cried in English: "Throw me the end of a line. I've got him here, but he's hurt or faint." A seaman flung a rope, and raising his lantern the Mate saw an indistinct figure crawl out of the water, and make the end fast to something which lay upon the wreckage, half in and half out of the sea. Then, with a cry of "Heave a little," the man slid down into the water, and, aided by the tightening line, seized his

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comrade by the arm, and struggled with him towards the vessel. Leaning down, the Mate stretched out his hand; thin, sinewy fingers grasped it, and when he hailed the deck above, ready hands hauled upon the rope; the half-conscious man, for such he seemed to be, swang rapidly aloft, and a hoarse *hurrah!* rang out as he was lifted over the rail.

Watkins and two Cubans dragged themselves out upon the ladder, and, as the Mate slipped aside with his toes upon the landing of a plate to let them pass, another head came into the circle of light, and he fancied he caught a shimmer of uniform buttons, and saw braid about the wrist as the swimmer thrust forward his hand. "Send one of the negroes back to make a stout hawser fast," shouted the Captain from the bridge. "Be handy, there's no time to lose." As the Mate raised his head he fancied he heard a soft thud, and a smothered gurgle behind him. When he looked down again the Spanish soldier had disappeared. In answer to his challenging glance a Cuban said: "He sank suddenly, and there was another hurt by your bows. But it is no matter; there are too many of the kind in Cuba." The Mate shuddered a little and said no more. Whether murder had been done or not he never knew. In any case, he thought, it was no business of his if the insurgent had avenged some butchered comrade; and he had seen things in the *plaza* of Arucas which had set his own blood on fire. A negro swam out with a hawser, and when he came back the Mate hailed the bridge: "Got them all now, sir, and the tow-line's fast."

Meantime, as the steamer went ahead again, a group of seamen stood in the twinkling glow of a lamp about the after-hatch, glancing compassionately at the soaked and haggard wretch who lay gasping on the tarpaulins, with his head upon Watkins's knee. Both were worn and wasted by sickness and hunger, and there was something pathetic in the sight of the hollow-cheeked man chafing his comrade's thin wrists, and bending over him with anxiety and pity in his face. Presently the sufferer moved a little, and made an effort to rise, but Watkins checked it gently. "Not hurt, thank the Lord!" he said. "The shock has been too much for him, half-starved as he was, and broken down with sickness. You're in good hands at last, Jim," he added softly; "and it would need all the Armada of Spain to take you from us now."

The Mate, looking on silently, felt something tickling in his throat, and a growl in which pity and fierce wrath were strangely mingled went up from the hard-handed, weather-beaten men about him. The steward held out a flask of wine, and Watkins stretched forward his hand; but a stalwart figure in greasy dungarees thrust it rudely aside, and knelt upon the deck. "Wine, that's nae drink for a sick Christian,—only fit for garlicky Spaniards. Here, lift his head, this will pit fresh life intil him," said a voice with the accent of the Clyde-side ship-yards; and this time a laugh went round, as Gordon, the engineer, attempted to thrust the neck of a whisky-bottle forcibly between the sufferer's teeth.

"You'll choke him out of hand; gently with it," said Watkins. Presently the spirit did its work, for the man sat up, leaning against his comrade's shoulder. "That did him good," observed the latter. "It's a long time since I saw a civilised drink either, and I'm somewhat played out myself." When he handed the bottle back there was very little left inside.

"That's no bad, for a start," was Gordon's comment, "an' there's plenty

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mair. When I've raised anither ten pound upon the starboard boiler we'll try the rest."

"I think you can move him now," interposed the Mate. "Stow the sick one in my berth, and help yourself to everything you want there, Watkins. See to the two Cubans, Steward, and you, Quartermaster, take the negroes forward. Each man to his post." Kind hands carried the rescued Englishman below, and the group broke up.

The Mate climbed to the bridge again, and, thanks to the blackness, they slid past the cruiser with slowly turning engines unobserved. Then, with her much-patched boilers throbbing beneath a fearful over-pressure of steam, and a curious tremor throughout her frame, the Olivet drove out to sea, faster than she had ever gone before, or ever would again, the remains of the shattered barge rolling over and over in the flashing, screw-churned wake, and straining at the double tow-lines until they cut it adrift far out in the Gulf.

It was long past midnight when Captain and Mate took counsel together in the chart-room. "Have you made up your mind what to do?" asked the latter. "I've been thinking it over," was the answer, "and have decided to let well alone, and say nothing about the matter. Whether the soldiers got ashore, or were settled by the Cubans and negroes, is no concern of ours, and we've towed the launch away. Now, some of the Spanish officers must have known that Wilson, at least, was a British subject, and, unless they catch us on the coast, they'll say nothing for their own sakes. If we report it, there'll be a raking up of many things best let alone; for all our calls are not set down in that official log. We'll land the Cubans to-morrow night, and crawl close along the coast all day out of the cruiser's sight."

On the second night Captain Armstrong stopped his engines off what one of the negroes said was the mangrove-shrouded mouth of a lagoon, and then addressed the Cubans. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry I must deprive myself of the pleasure of your company now. This part of the coast is in your own friends' hands, and I wish you all good-bye."

Watkins translated, and one who seemed to be a person of importance swept his Panama hat to his knee as he answered; "*Señores*, we are your servants for life, and we will never forget."

A boat was lowered; negroes and Cubans climbed down into it, and when the Mate seized the tiller they pulled in-shore, guided by the roar of the surf. It was very dark, and beyond a narrow circle of dusky sea, rising and falling in glassy undulations about them until walled in by a dingy haze, there was nothing to be seen. The phosphorescent water flamed about the oars, and fell, as it were, in a stream of fire every time the blades rose up, and even at that distance from the shore the odours of steaming forests and rotting vegetation were heavy in the air.

For a while no one spoke, and then one of the Cubans gripped the Mate's arm. "Listen," he said; "a steamer comes."

"Stop rowing," cried the Mate, and, as he bent low down towards the water, a regular, throbbing sound fell upon his ears. "The cruiser, most likely," he said; "thank goodness we carried no lights aboard the Olivet. I can't tell just where she is, but the sooner we get out of this the better. Give her way there, all you're worth."

The oars ripped through the water, and the boat shot forward into the

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darkness, the negroes thrusting upon the looms beside the British crew. And all the time the steady pounding of engines drew rapidly nearer and nearer, though the belts of haze which hung over the swaying sea-flow took up the sound and flung it to and fro, as they always do, until no man might say from whence it came.

"Lay in the oars," said the Mate at last. "She's somewhere close at hand, and the noise will only give us away;" and the boat rose and fell motionless upon the glassy swell.

Then there was a sound like the ripping of thin ice, and with a mass of fiery froth boiling about her bows, and one tiny jet, as it were of green flame, creeping up her stem, a steamer swept out of the mist. There was no sign of any light about her deck, save that the long tube of a pivot-gun glimmered faintly with a reflection from somewhere, and a trail of luminous vapour streamed from her lofty funnel. The men dared scarcely breathe, for she passed but a few fathoms away, and the Mate's heart stood still as a hail came down from a look-out on the foremast. But it was only the routine cry of the watch; and the next moment her white poop faded into a wisp of vapour, and the boat rocked violently on the eddying wake.

"Thank goodness, she's gone!" said the Mate; "and now I'll be easier when we've landed these gentlemen, and the Olivet's under way again."

A negro piloted them into the lagoon, and an hour later they caught the glimmer of a green port-fire and boarded the steamer again. Captain Armstrong listened gravely to his Mate's story. "It's a mercy I didn't burn that light too soon," he said. "Well, if they're looking for us down the coast, I'll head north for the open sea. It will be a long time before we see Cuba again, and I'm just as glad. This kind of thing is too exciting for me."

Many months afterwards Captain Armstrong found a packet awaiting him at the offices of the British owners. It contained a handsome pair of binoculars with three words and a date engraved upon them: *Arucas, in recuerdo.* The Captain did not feel called upon to explain why they were sent him, but he uses the glasses still.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

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THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.[1]

Lord Ribblesdale has anticipated the only fault any reasonable man might be disposed to find with his work. "I am afraid," he confesses, "that a great deal in this book has little or nothing to do with the Queen's Hounds. Often and often they have, as it were, to be dragged in by the scruff of the neck. I am constantly running out of my course, and at the outset I must plead this as my excuse for the many liberties taken with the unities of time and place in the following pages." His lordship does in some sort ramble; but he is such an extremely entertaining companion that it would be sheer pedantry to try his book by the strict rules of composition, to condemn it because it has not certain qualities which it does not profess to have, and which, to tell the truth, it is much better without. Buffon, —or was it Gibbon? Certainly it might have been Gibbon — used always to sit down, we are told, to his desk in full dress. Lord Ribblesdale one can fancy preferring the unrestricted ease of a shooting-jacket, though we should never suspect him of those "bed-gown and slipper tricks" which Sir Walter so heartily denounced, for indeed there is nothing slovenly about him. Macaulay records in his diary that he "read some of a novel about sporting—a Mr. Sponge the hero," and how, it being a new world to him, he "bore with the hasty writing and was entertained." He would have found it no hardship to bear with Lord Ribblesdale, who writes a capital style, one suiting his subject and suited by his plan, easy and light and cheerful, and touched with a humour that is as agreeable as it is surprising; for we have noticed (though we have no explanation to offer for it) that the merriment of sportsmen, if not, as Doctor Johnson maintained the merriment of parsons to be, mighty offensive, is apt, at least in print, to be somewhat tiresome. That is the last epithet we should select for Lord Ribblesdale. No one will deny that he can tell a good story well after reading how he took the hounds down into the Old Berkshire country, when the Beaufort men came to see the fun, and saw plenty of it in Rosey Brook; of his one melancholy venture in the Harrow country, when the fog made his heart, like Arthur's, "cold with formless fear" of wire, and Agitator showed the incautious potboy (in a terrible *a-posteriori* manner as Carlyle would have said) the folly of getting near a long-tailed blood-horse; and of the day with M. Lebaudy's staghounds in the forest of Fontainebleau, begun on the big Prussian horse famous as a *cheval de retraite* ("an equine type that needed explanation, but which turned out to be a good hack home"), and ended on the little French horse *parfait pour les dames*.

Moreover the plan of Lord Ribblesdale's book is not only convenient for himself; it is also mighty convenient for his reviewer who, with so good an example before him, may perhaps ven-

[1] The Queen's Hounds and Stag-Hunting Recollections; *by Lord Ribblesdale, Master of the Buckhounds from* 1892 *to* 1895. *With an Introduction on the Hereditary Mastership by Edward Burrows, compiled from the Brocas Papers in his possession.* London, 1895.

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ture to ramble a little on his own account. Tristram Shandy thought digressions the sunshine of reading. We don't claim so much for ours, but it is certain that they are, for the writer, a most easy and agreeable way of doing business. "Take them out of this book," says Tristram, "you might as well take the book along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: restore them to the writer,—he steps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail." Without following any settled track therefore, which would indeed be somewhat difficult in the circumstances, we shall browse at will on these pleasant pages, jotting down whatsoever has struck our fancy in reading them.

In pursuance of which plan we shall accordingly begin by taking Lord Ribblesdale to task for two little sins of commission,—partly to show that we have some conscience, and partly also to show the extent and accuracy of our own reading, which is, we are given to understand, the first duty of all reviewers. Lord Ribblesdale exhibits a surprising wealth and aptitude of quotation and allusion, but he has slipped twice, and, so far as we know, only twice. On that dismal day in the fog, when Agitator disturbed the potboy's equanimity, he compares himself to Watchorn who "before Sir Harry Scattercash had given him the second glass of port wine was longing not to hunt." Champagne, if you please, my lord. "'What will you wet your whistle with after your fine speech?' asked Lady Scattercash. 'Take a tumbler of champagne, if there is any,' replied Watchorn, looking about for a long-necked bottle;" and it was after one tumbler of that exhilarating liquid that the day seemed "changed some-'ow" to the huntsman of the Nonsuch hounds. Again, when in describing the dress of M. Triboulet, the old French riding-master, he enumerates "a high black stock admirably tied, for like Beau Brummell, he never had a failure," he has rather missed the point of the story. A friend, paying a morning visit to the Beau, on his way upstairs met the valet coming down with an armful of apparently clean white neckcloths. "What may these be?" asked the curious friend. "These, sir," answered the valet with a serious air, "are our failures."

And these, so far as we have discovered, are Lord Ribblesdale's only failures. It will be allowed that they are not very serious. He laments indeed his inability to satisfy Dr. Jowett's conception of history, but we do not think that failure need move him very deeply. History, that eminent man is reported to have said, should be biography; but a history of the Royal Buckhounds which should contain the biographies of all their masters from Osborne Lovel, Henry the Second's Chamberlain, to Lord Coventry, for a period, that is to say, of some seven hundred years, might possibly be a very entertaining work, but would certainly be a very bulky one. Nor would it, we suspect, help us very much to a knowledge of the royal pack as an historical institution. Lord Rochford, for instance, the hapless brother of a hapless sister, was one of its masters; Lord Leicester, the husband of Amy Robsart and friend of Queen Elizabeth, was another; Lord Sandwich, the notorious Jemmy Twitcher, was also of the number. One way and another we know not a little of these men, but the knowledge does not include much information about the Buckhounds. Biographies of the huntsmen might be more to the purpose: if they were all as well known to

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us as Charles Davis, then we might have such a history of the pack as might have satisfied even Dr. Jowett. But that is past praying for, and such researches as have been made into the abysm of time have not produced any large or profitable result. Some few years ago an attempt was made to write a history of the Buckhounds on antiquarian lines by Mr. J. P. Hore, but it does not seem to have been especially successful, and is now apparently out of print. From the compliments Lord Ribblesdale pays to it we gather that it was a most conscientious and learned work, but, like so many learned and conscientious things, not very entertaining; a history, we should fancy, more in the style of the Bishop of Oxford than of Mr. Froude. The author, we are told, explored every available source of official information. "He has brought a trained and patient industry to bear upon much old English and dog Latin. Pipe-rolls and the penetralia of public offices have been forced to yield their increase and been turned into type and plain figures. But cheerfully as he threads his way through this valley of dry bones and the dust of ages, Mr. Hore laments over and over again the absence of authentic records of actual hunting incidents. Where as an investigator he has failed, I am not likely to succeed."

For our own part we are glad that Lord Ribblesdale has not spent himself on such vain endeavours. Pipe-rolls and dog Latin are but as east wind to the hungry belly. An old workhouse dame told the Druid that, when a little maid, she had seen the deer taken at Leatherhead in George the Third's time. The years had apparently created some confusion in her mind between the King and his huntsman. "His Majesty had a scarlet coat and jockey cap, with gold all about; he had a star on his heart, and we all fell on our knees." A touch like that is worth all the pipe-rolls in the Exchequer Office. Lord Ribblesdale has done wisely in not seeking to emulate Mr. Hore. In the introductory chapter written for him by Mr. Edward Burrows, the reader with a taste for antiquities of this sort will find ample means for gratifying it. Mr. Burrows is himself a descendant of the ancient family of Brocas, a name familiar to all Etonians, though not many, we suspect, could give its derivation; and from the family papers in his possession he has compiled a brief but learned history of that hereditary mastership of the Royal Buckhounds which his ancestors enjoyed for close upon three centuries. The mastership seems to have been originally an appanage of the estate of Hunter's Manor at Little Weldon in Northamptonshire. Early in the fourteenth century Thomas de Borhunte (a good hunting name) married Margaret Lovel, a descendant of Osborne Lovel, Henry the Second's Chamberlain, who seems to have been the first master of the royal pack, and thus acquired the mastership for himself. In 1363 Sir Bernard Brocas, a Gascon knight in high favour with Edward the Third, married Mary, widow of Sir John de Borhunte, and with her the lordship of Hunter's Manor and the hereditary mastership of the Buckhounds passed into the family of Brocas, who held it till in 1633 Thomas Brocas sold the estate and the office to Sir Lewis Watson, afterwards Lord Rockingham. They were fine fellows these Brocases, no doubt, gallant and loyal, though one of them did lose his head for a plot against Henry the Fourth, and this little history of them comes with a good grace from their descendant. But it cannot be said to help us on much with the purpose of the book. The most interesting fact we have learned

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from it, or what seems so to us, is that, in 1330, Sir John de Brocas bought three chargers for the King's riding at the respective prices of £120, £70, and £50, which, according to Mr. Burrows, would at the present day be equivalent to £2,400, £1,400, and £1,000. Lord Maryborough (afterwards Lord Mornington), when Master in William the Fourth's reign, gave, as Lord Ribblesdale tells, £525 for a dappled grey horse on which to lead the royal procession up the course at Ascot. Five hundred guineas is not an everyday price, even for a South African speculator; but it sinks to the level of one of the Duke's two-penny dams beside the £2,400 paid for the good Pomers, who was also a grey, with a black head. In truth this hereditary mastership seems to have been rather a family privilege than a royal office, something akin to the Baron of Bradwardine's claim to pull off the royal boots; at all events it had become obsolete long before Thomas Brocas sold it. As the years advanced and a new order of things came with them, this feudal tenure, which could be bought and sold at will, was found to be an inconvenient thing. Henry the Eighth accordingly ignored it,—even he could not altogether abolish it—and established the Privy Buckhounds, of which George Boleyn, Anne's handsome brother, raised first to the peerage and afterwards to the scaffold, was the first master. And this marks the real beginning of the Buckhounds as a royal institution. The Norman and Plantagenet kings were always mighty hunters, and kept hounds for their delectation as did many of their nobles and some of their ecclesiastics; but the real forerunners of the pack which Lord Ribblesdale celebrates seem to have been the Privy Buckhounds of King Henry the Eighth.

So much then for the historical origin of the Queen's Hounds, and enough. It is clear that there is nothing satisfactory, nothing vital to be got from this groping in the dust of ages, and the game seems to us hardly worth the innumerable candles that must be lit to pursue it. "Hunting," said Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild once to Lord Ribblesdale, "is a charming amusement, but a detestable occupation." We cordially agree with the Baron, though it is obviously lucky for the amusement that everybody does not object to the occupation; and we commend his most sensible observation to those enthusiasts who are beginning to deafen us with their rather rampant admiration for athletic exercises, as though cricket and football and golf, all excellent amusements in their way, were the beginning and end of man's existence. Certainly hunting is a charming amusement: there is none like it; but we confess to being unable to take it quite so seriously as to spend upon tracking the history of a pack of hounds as much labour and research as might be necessary to establish, let us say, a doubtful point in a Scottish pedigree. There is, however (and fortunately for the more indolent herd) an honest sort of folk about to whom such dusty toil is in itself an amusement; to them we will respectfully, and cheerfully, leave it.

But though the Royal Buckhounds as an institution can trace their descent back to bluff King Harry, the present fashion of hunting their game began with good King George. The date cannot be fixed precisely, but it is certain that the carted deer was first used in George the Third's reign, when Enclosure Acts and the spread of agriculture had made the chase of the wild stag impossible in the settled districts of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. His Majesty was no thruster (which, seeing that he rode nineteen stone, is not surprising), and the

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hounds had frequently to be stopped for him. He rode to a pilot, but as the following little anecdote shows, reserved to himself an ample discretion. "On one occasion they came to a place which the King did not quite fancy. He hung a little. 'John has gone over, your Majesty,' said one of the equerries, hoping no doubt that a hole might be made for him. 'Then you may go after him,' said the King, and jogged off to find a nicer place." Most of the household seem to have taken their cue from their royal master; but one of the equerries, Colonel Gwyn (who married Goldsmith's Jessamy Bride), went so well in a famous run in the autumn of 1797 that he was complimented (by the Nimrod of the day, we presume,) upon displaying "more of the genuine unadulterated sportsman than the effeminate courtier."

The hounds were from twenty-four to twenty-six inches, lemon-pyes and black and white; they could go very fast, we are told, for half an hour, giving tongue the while like Big Ben, but they must soon have sobered down, for some of the runs seem to have covered a portentous tract of country. Perhaps none was quite so long as that famous one in Charles the Second's reign, when a Swinley deer ran for seventy miles before it was taken near Lord Petre's in Essex, and the Duke of York, with the master, Colonel Graham, were among the few who lived to the end. But they must have been long enough, to judge by the names earned by two of the stags, Moonshine and Starlight. The deer were housed in the same paddocks in Swinley as the deer of to-day, and close to them stood the Master's hunting-lodge, where high jinks used to go on in the old roystering three-bottle time. On June 4th, the King's birthday, as Eton boys know well, the Master used to give a dinner to the farmers and foresters, and sometimes the King would drive over from Windsor and watch the lads and lasses footing it on the green in front of the house. The building was dismantled and pulled down in 1831, but the grounds may still be faintly traced. The King rode in a light blue coat with black velvet cuffs, top-boots buckled behind, and, after 1786, a hunting-cap. The Master wore the familiar gold belt and couples, but apparently a green coat faced with red, something like the hunting-coat of the Second Empire. The yeomen-prickers wore the same heavy gold-laced scarlet coats as now, and carried French horns, which they wound lustily on every conceivable occasion. Later on a less noisy but more efficient instrument was added to the horns. After Mr. Mellish, Master of the Epping Forest Hounds, had been robbed and murdered by a highwayman on his return from hunting, a couple of boys was added to the establishment, each armed with a brace of horse-pistols. When the run was ended these pistols were handed to two of the yeomen-prickers, whose duty it was to escort his Majesty back to Windsor.

In 1813 the Duke of Richmond turned from hunting to racing, and gave his pack to the Prince Regent. The old buckhounds were bought by Colonel Thornton to go to France, and their place taken by the Goodwood foxhounds. This marks the beginning of a new era in the annals of the royal hunt, and the central figure of that era is Charles Davis. We may be mistaken, but it looks to us as though Lord Ribblesdale had heard so much about Davis that he has grown to regard him somewhat as the Athenians regarded Aristides. Perhaps it is a natural feeling in the circumstances. Davis is the great tradition of the Queen's Hounds; he had become, one may say, a tradition

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in his own lifetime; and traditions are apt to pall upon the younger generations. "You should have seen So-and-So," is the most exasperating collection of words in the English language. It seems, too, that Davis was used to indulge in lamentations over the social decadence of Ascot races, which had become, he thought, vulgarised and common; and this, one can understand, would not endear him to the leaders of the new order.

> The good of other times let others state,
> I think it lucky I was born so late.

We are indebted to his lordship for the quotation, the bearing of which, as of Mr. Bunsby's aphorisms, lies in the application.

Charles Davis's horsemanship was as stainless as King Arthur's morals. But I imagine his riding appealed to the head rather than the heart. As we have seen, the expression on his features was severe and serious, and I cannot help thinking that his riding to hounds may have been a little wanting in geniality—perfect in form and satisfying in result—but somehow wanting in that impalpable quality which makes riding over an intricate country with some people so amusing. In a point to point steeplechase Jem Mason rode Lottery over a locked gate 5 ft. 6 in. high, off a newly-stoned road, in preference to a hairy bullfinch at the side. "I'll be hanged," he said to his friends when they were walking over the ground, "if I am going to scratch my face, for I am going to the opera to-night"; and Lottery jumped it like an antelope. There was no shadow of turning about Davis, but he would never have said that. Doubtless, had it been a question of rescuing the Trump or the Miller, he would have ridden over the gate, but he would have done it with the somewhat dismal zeal of a permanent official, rather than the zest of a man of pleasure. I admit 5 ft. 6 in. high, and the take-off, would make most people feel grave.

Perhaps, too, Davis took himself a little seriously. He read the newspapers religiously; went to church regularly; never had a horse out on Sundays; made an excellent speech; favoured the Whigs in politics. All these things contributed to make up a valuable and respectable citizen. Moreover, the even and deserved prosperity of his career, his converse—almost identity—with great personages, and the responsible authority of his position may easily have induced a certain semi-royal aloofness. I feel confident that he was never in anything like a scrape—this is of itself quite a misfortune—and I question whether he ever had much to do with the scrapes and shifts of others. Under the startling influence of gratitude, Tom Oliver once swore a great oath that he would fight up to his knees in blood for Jem Mason, who had won him £100 with Trust-Me-Not, relieved him of the pressing society of the bailiffs, and set him again on his rather unsteady legs. But it is doubtful whether anybody ever had occasion to enter into such savage covenants for Davis. We might have asked him to stand godfather to our first-born, or act as trustee to our marriage-settlement—if in order—but we should not have dared to write to him as Tom Oliver did to Mason, to say we were in Short Street and entertaining the sheriff of the county.

This is very good fun, but it strikes us as a little beside the point. Let it be granted that, except their fine horsemanship, there was nothing in common between Charles Davis and Jem Mason, who, besides his other accomplishments, had a playful fancy, and a faculty for expressing it, to which Davis could lay no claim. But the comparison is surely not quite fair. Davis was a huntsman, in an exceptionally responsible position; Mason was a professional steeple-chaser and a horse-dealer. Each in his own line was incomparable; but the lines did not march. Even in the matter of riding a comparison is hardly possible. Davis rode to hunt; Mason hunted to ride, and rode, we may add, to sell. Whether Davis would have chosen the gate or the bullfinch, had a choice been allowed him, we cannot say; probably, being a huntsman first, he would have chosen whichever brought him soonest to his hounds and least

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distressed his horse. But bullfinch or gate, whichever it was to be, he would have faced it as cheerfully as Mason, and never have given a second thought to it when once it lay behind him. In seat and hands he was by all accounts a match for Mason himself; and if he did not, like that redoubtable worthy, look out for the big places to jump, which was plainly not his business, he never turned aside from them when they came in his way. Our own recollections of Davis are only those of a youngster, though we had heard much talk about him long before we had set eyes on him; but really we do not think he was quite the just man made perfect, still less the cold-blooded, tape-bound official that Lord Ribblesdale seems to imagine him to have been. For the newspapers and speeches we cannot vouch, never having seen him read the one or heard him make the other; and favouring the Whigs may be a more heinous offence in Radical eyes than we wot of. But Davis was certainly a regular church-goer. When we first made the old gentleman's acquaintance the nearest church to Ascot was at Sunninghill, which entailed a walk of two miles, with a somewhat dismal service at the end of it. So long as he could get about at all the old man faced the four miles as stoutly as he used in his prime to face the big Berkshire banks, the Aylesbury doubles, or the flying fences of the Harrow Weald; and the prospect of his companionship availed more than the domestic ukase in propelling our unwilling legs churchwards. Though upwards of seventy then he was as straight and spare as a lance-shaft, always scrupulously dressed; even at this distance of time we can recall with despair the miraculous folds of his white neckcloth. In our boyish eyes he was an incomparable hero, and to be praised by him for any equestrian feat a clever little Irish mare had performed for us was "to be sent up for good" indeed. In the field he was the Royal Huntsman first and last,—"my gentleman huntsman," George the Fourth used to call him—but off duty he could be a most agreeable companion. Perhaps he unbent more to a boy; perhaps he was amused by his young hearer's admiration; over our recollection of him at any rate there hangs no shadow of semi-royal aloofness. If we could recollect but a tithe of the tales he used to tell us of the old riding-days, and of the ancient heroes, man and horse, hound and stag, whose portraits covered the walls of his little parlour, we might almost rival the Druid himself. But alas!—

Labuntur anni, Postume, Postume,
The years glide away, and the stories are lost to me!

Davis's great riding-days had passed long before we knew him, but the fame of them was still green in the land. Born at Windsor in 1788, he served an apprenticeship under his father, who hunted the King's harriers, and was promoted to the Buckhounds in 1813, as first whip to Sharpe, the Duke of Richmond's huntsman, who had come with the Goodwood pack to Ascot, and whose daughter he subsequently married, though he left no family. In 1822 he was made huntsman, and had therefore carried the horn for eight-and-thirty years when we first heard him blow it.

But his fame as huntsman and horseman needs no refurbishing. There were giants in those days, as hereafter there will, no doubt, be giants in these, and high among them stands the figure of Charles Davis. The Druid has told his exploits with all his wonted vivacity, and Lord Ribblesdale has added not a little to the Druid. From two veterans especially he has gathered

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some pleasant reminiscences of the old man, from Dr. Croft of Bracknell and Mr. Cordery of Swallowfield. Both born and bred in Berkshire, both fine riders and good sportsmen, better witnesses his lordship could not have called. They are both unanimous in their praise of Davis. "I thought him," writes Mr. Cordery, who can remember him in 1835, "as good as any one I ever saw on a saddle. Used to ride over a country very easy, and never seemed to distress his horse. He liked a clean, well-bred horse, and was master of him and his men and his field and his hounds. Respected by everyone, his word was law, his hounds he loved, and woe be to the man who rode over them." Dr. Croft is more explicit; Bracknell is nearer the centre of stag-hunting things than Swallowfield, and though the Doctor perhaps preferred to hunt the fox with Mr. Garth, he did not disdain a gallop after the stag; and, let us add from our own recollection, there was no better rider in either hunt. If ever a man went easily across a country Dr. Croft was he. So easily indeed did he slip along on those big, brown, somewhat rough-coated nags of his, that the cigar (which seemed as indispensable a part of his equipment as the antigropelos and the straight-cutting whip) seemed never to need re-lighting; though to be sure, when hounds ran straight and fast over that cramped country, with its big overgrown banks and hairy ditches, it was mostly the Doctor's back that one saw, and he might count himself a lucky man who kept that in sight.

Davis's best time [he writes] was before mine, but he was very good in my younger days. He left much in his latter days to his men, but he was always near enough to see what was going on. His hounds in the forest were as perfect in close hunting as harriers. They were left to depend on themselves, and so required but little assistance. "Let them alone," were his words to his whips at check. I never heard him say anything about a bad scent; he told me he would rather have a third-rate scent for his hounds, as the pace was then quite fast enough for pleasure, as the pack would have to fling round occasionally and give you a chance to be nearer to them. The Bracknell country was very difficult to get over in former times, — hedgerows very broad, and ditches wide and blind, much overgrown with grass and brambles. Davis had his field under good control, and he never minced the matter if he saw any man riding unfairly. His language was strong and not always parliamentary, but was most effective at the time, and, I have heard, lasted into the future. If his temper was hasty, it was soon over and forgotten. He was a perfect gentleman in appearance, manner and conversation, well educated, and, I should say, of good ability.

These hounds, as you know, from the first were foxhounds. I believe he bred from the best of his own and others, but he managed somehow to make them peculiarly his own, so much finer and more racy-looking than even the foxhounds of the present day. Getting them faster began, I dare say, when the King [George the Fourth] told him to make them fast enough to run away from the field. This most certainly he did, for they ran away from the field on several occasions in the Harrow country, and I have experience of their doing this in the Bracknell country.

His hounds appeared to love him, and one of the prettiest parts of the day was, when a check occurred, to see them fly to his call, and all the pack cluster round his horse, and he take them to a holloa and plant them on the line of scent. I think this control was due in a great measure to his system of entering the young hounds in the forest in October. The deer were nearly always taken without injury, and many were hunted for years, and knew how to take care of themselves.

At seventy-two the hardest rider may be permitted to rest under his laurels, and perhaps Davis had done better to retire sooner than he did. But he had become a part and parcel of the hunt, an institution which

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everyone was loth to lose; and he himself, though conscious that his day was done, had the feeling, which comes to so many men at the close of a long and active career, that life and work would be ended together. "When I give up the horn," we can remember him saying, "I shall not live to see another wear it." He did not; at the end of the season of 1866 he resigned, and before his successor, Harry King, who had acted as his first whip for many years, had fairly begun the new season, Charles Davis was dead. Lord Ribblesdale strikes a true and graceful note in his parting tribute to the old man's memory.

> It was manifest that his death had made a gap, and that his life had made quite a particular impression upon a considerab'e public. Davis's was a conspicuous career, many things conspicuously English had contributed to his renown. But the distinction of his looks and ways, the eloquence of his seat, the scarlet and gold of his public duties, the bold serenity of his horsemanship are not of themselves enough to account for the vitality of his prestige and tradition. All these things we admire in horse and hound loving England; all these things will be associated with and ornament his memory and profession. But there is something else of Charles Davis which I like to think lives to inspire and to encourage. There is the staidness of his private life; there is the conduct of responsible duties; there is the example he has left us of endeavour to provide things honest in the sight of all men.

There were brave men before Agamemnon, and there have been many brave men since. If there has never been quite a second Charles Davis,—and a combination of circumstances, a combination of the man and the moment, no doubt helped to make him unique — the Royal Hunt can boast of many another good servant. It can boast, for instance, of Frank Goodall, who came to Ascot from Mr. Tailby's in 1872 and hunted the country for sixteen years. No man ever rode better to hounds, and none ever hunted them better; one may say of him what he said of his favourite horse Crusader, no fence was too big, no water too wide, and no day too long for him. He kept an excellent diary too, and evidently was no mean practitioner with the pen. One phrase of his quoted by Lord Ribblesdale strikes us as particularly happy. He is recording a memorable run after a hind called Miss Headington, when out of a field of four hundred only thirty-eight showed their faces at the finish; "My horse Cardinal," he writes, "carried me well, although he began to go at last *very, very politely*." Our young masters of style, who give so much time to the word that they have none left to spare for the thought, might envy Goodall that phrase,—if they could appreciate its point.

Some changes of course there have been. The Harrow country, which reminded Goodall of Leicestershire, has been lost, and the hounds go no more into the New Forest or the Vale of Aylesbury, which has its own staghounds now. Hunting in the New Forest must have been a somewhat limited form of pleasure, for the riders at all events. After a day there in 1848 Lords Canning, Granville, and Rivers are said to have been so disgusted with the danger of the ground that they vowed never to hunt there again; as one man had been killed, three others badly hurt, and Lord Granville's face cut by the boughs of a tree, there seems to have been some reason in their vow. Accidents will happen of course in the most open country in the world, but there at least you get some fun for your money, whereas forest-hunting, though doubtless very good training for the hounds, and a pretty thing to watch, is not, we think most people will admit, the most agreeable form of riding.

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But those visits to the Vale must have been high fun,—and high fun in more ways than one when Lords Errol and Waterford held festival at the old White Hart in Aylesbury. Those were the palmy days of steeplechasing,—the genuine chasing, not the bastard thing which goes by that name now—the days of Becher and Vivian ("who used to gallop open-mouthed over the doubles"), Jem Mason and Lottery, the Squire and Grimaldi, the Marquis and Cock Robin. Becher and Vivian won the first race run at Aylesbury, the Captain riding with both his wrists bandaged. "He fell over a gate," writes the Druid, "and got ducked in the river; but got first past the winning flags notwithstanding." He tells us of another famous time (somewhere in the thirties, we take it, but the Druid has a noble scorn of dates), when there were two races, one for the light weights and one for the heavies. The illustrious Bill Bean should (or so he thought) have won the former on Rochelle, but when close home he made too nice a thing of it between two trees and was knocked out of his saddle. He had not been over the ground, it seems, like the other riders, and not knowing the exact course of the river, had to jump it, and a gate on a bridge as well; a superfluous river, with a gate thrown in, might have accounted for Bill even without the two trees. "It was a great day," writes the Druid in an ecstasy, "and Mr. Davis, who gave the starting signal, brought out the staghounds as soon as the chases were over [they began at half-past nine in the morning] and uncarted one of his flying haviers." In the moonlight of memory fences, like other things, are apt to loom prodigiously large; but it is certain that steeple-chasing was no pony's play in those days. We remember hearing Davis tell how on one of these occasions (perhaps on this very one) he refused to start the riders till certain alterations had been made in the line, lest, as he said, he should be liable to a charge of manslaughter. A big fence in the way of business was all very well, but some of these were, the veteran assured us, such as no horse or man should be set to ride at. It was to the Vale that Davis gave the credit of one of his best runs, from Aylesbury to Twyford Mill; it was in Lord Lichfield's mastership, and has been thus graphically described by the Druid.

Mr. Davis rode the Clipper, so called from being the first that was ever clipped for royal use. He had been originally in harness, and as he was up to sixteen stone, and his rider, even with a 7-lb. coat, did not ride above ten stone, he went through from end to end over grass in little more than an hour and a quarter. The hounds never checked for bullocks or anything else; and as Mr. Davis lay in the ditch with one arm round the deer's neck, he took out his watch with the other. For twenty minutes he had no companions save the miller and his men, who were not a little astonished at the position of affairs; a gasping huntsman, "a hor-*ned* stag," and a pack baying like mad.

The heroes of the old chasing-days have gone, and the visits to the Vale have gone with them; but the Royal Hunt still flourishes, and will continue to flourish, despite its opponents in the Press, until its appointed time shall have come. Lord Ribblesdale has little difficulty in demolishing this opposition, and does so with equal good sense and good temper; and he has, we may add, been materially assisted in the operation by his opponents' palpable ignorance of their subject. As to the charge of cruelty, of course all sport which takes life for man's amusement must be cruel, if you will have it so, but tried by the literal law hunting the carted deer must be the least cruel because

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it takes less life than any other form of sport. In the three years of Lord Ribblesdale's mastership five deer, at the most, were killed, and not one of these was touched by the hounds. In the seven years during which we hunted with the Queen's we can only recollect seeing one deer killed, which had taken soil in a large pond and was pulled down before the hounds could be stopped. Another objection has been urged on the grounds that hunting the carted deer has degenerated into a somewhat ignoble form of sport, which the spread of fox-hunting no longer renders necessary for man's amusement. On this side of the question Lord Ribblesdale, naturally enough, does not touch; but, though we have owed many a good gallop to the Queen's Hounds, we have always felt it in our hearts to be an objection there might be some difficulty in answering. A few years ago there was some talk of transforming the pack into foxhounds when the day (a melancholy day for Berkshire) should come that Mr. Garth's faithful services were no longer available. The idea seemed feasible, and the change, we have been assured, would be universally popular. But we have also been assured that it would be universally unpopular; and, as in each case our informant had the best posssible opportunities for knowing what he was talking about, it may be assumed that, as with most other subjects of controversy, there is much to be said on both sides. It is a question which, as Lord Ribblesdale pertinently observes, time, and time alone, can decide. "Wire in Middlesex, the villa in Berks, the pheasant in Bucks, all the apparatus of population and residential amenity have changed the face and habits of the Queen's country. The Master is obliged to bear constantly in mind that in many parts of a wide district he no longer has the free warren essential to stag-hunting." On the Surrey and Hampshire side there is still a wide extent of rough country, unspoiled by wire or villa and but sparsely peopled by the pheasant, which might easily be made yet wider. This would be good for the hounds and for the deer, and the sport would probably be better worth its name to all but those who hunt only to gallop and jump. But it would not, we suspect, be popular with the London division, and the London division, though not, we are glad to hear, so large as it used to be, is still, we presume, something of a factor in the Royal Hunt. It is this matter of country which will some day decide this question, but the day is not yet. Threatened institutions have a knack of dying hard, and for many a long year to come the Royal Buckhounds may continue to afford a healthy and harmless pleasure to hundreds of honest souls unvexed by nice points of casuistry or lofty ideals of sport. And, we will add in conclusion, if future generations feel the need of another historian, they will be lucky to find one so good as Lord Ribblesdale.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

By ten o'clock the next morning I was standing at the stout iron-locked gates of the Countess Wippach's garden, and had given the bell such a pull that its echoes jangled quite fiercely under the arched entrance, on each side of which were the gardener's rooms, thus enabling that individual with the aid of his family to act as door-keeper or *portinaio*, an important post in Soloporto.

Presently the tiny square hole which served for the inspection of visitors was filled by that part of the human face which contains the eyes, and a moment after, with a great sound of unlocking, the small wicket in the big gate swung open and I stepped inside. I wore my workday clothes and my most professional air, as I produced a pair of newly mended boots.

"I have brought these home for the cook; I suppose I can take them up to the house?"

The old gardener eyed me crabbedly and I thought doubtfully. "I'd best take them myself," he grumbled; "the Countess is never pleased to see such folk near the house."

I felt rather nonplussed, but it would never do to seem so, nor to try to force my way, which might have aroused suspicion. "As you please," I said carelessly; "be kind enough to say that the mending costs one florin and twenty-five *soldi*."

He went off muttering to himself, and I lingered near the open door of the cottage where his wife was washing, determined not to have had my long hot walk for nothing. The garden-wall was high, but I noticed that fruit trees were trained against it for nearly its whole length, so that, provided anyone had assistance in scaling it outside, he could get down inside easily enough. If therefore Thomas Willoughby wanted to go in for the medieval plan of carrying off his lady-love, the plum and apricot trees would be exceedingly handy. Having completed a careful and dignified survey of that part of the garden within sight,—for the grounds were very extensive, and the house at some distance,—I condescended to open a conversation with the old woman, who was washing close by. "A big place your husband has to look after," I began, "and well he does it."

"You may say that," she answered, pausing thankfully enough for a gossip; "you may say that. He works hard enough too, I can tell you, though of course he has many to help him."

"Does he now?" I said with some show of interest. "But very likely the Countess makes a good mistress. I'm told she is rich."

"It isn't the richest folks that part easiest with their money," said the wrinkled creature, putting her hands into the suds again. "The Countess is well enough, but it's little beyond his regular wages that my old man gets."

"Well, but visitors now," I sug-

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gested; "no one goes away without remembering the *portinaio*."

"Don't they?" she snapped. "Well, no later than this blessed morning itself we were forgotten by visitors."

"Very mean," I remarked, opening my ears.

"And my husband sitting up late to let the carriage in after the theatre," she went on, "Heaven knows how many times! and then the old woman drives away without so much as a look at him,—bad luck go with her red nose," she concluded shrilly.

I remembered Carlo's description, *the old Aunt, who is frightful and has a red nose, is called Bianca.* "What sort of people could they have been?" I said wonderingly.

"None o' this country's getting," said the old woman. "There are handsome folk and ugly too here, as there are everywhere, but I never saw one so ugly and another so handsome as those two."

"What two?" I asked.

"Why the two ladies that went away this morning by the early train."

My heart sank,—I was too late! "Where were they going to?" I asked.

"How should I know? I know nothing of any other place than this. They went and left me nothing to remember them by, such like people are best forgotten—" and she began her washing once more.

By this time I saw her husband again approaching the gates, swinging the boots on their return journey which I had fully anticipated. "They belong to nobody here," he cried angrily, almost throwing them at me. "Take 'em away and let me shut the gates; I've no time to waste over people's boots," and he slammed and locked the little iron door after me with a vicious energy which I suppose resulted from his ill-temper at having been forgotten by the departed visitors.

I confess that my spirits were somewhat cast down upon my return walk. What should I say to Thomas? Just as I got into the town who should I run against but Carlo, the *servo di piazza* I had met outside the theatre on the previous evening. He grinned when he saw me. "So yonder pretty bird has flown, Signor Pepe?"

"Indeed," I said with as much nonchalance as I could assume; "and where might she have flown to?"

Carlo, however, was an old hand at the game we were playing and knew how to profit by his opportunities. "What will you pay for the information?" he asked.

"How am I to know that you know what you say?" I said. "It is easy work to tell the name of one town or another."

"I had business at the station this morning," said Carlo, "and I saw the tickets taken. Of course I can't tell you whether they used the tickets or threw them away."

"Where did they book to?" I asked, producing two florins which I had provided in case the gardener might prove useful or communicative.

"Zia Bianca took tickets for Venice," answered Carlo, pocketing the coins and turning away with a whistle.

This chance encounter, which had resulted in such an important clue, cheered me up a little as I tramped along the dusty road leading to Thomas's *campagna*, where we had agreed it would be safer to discuss matters, as eavesdroppers are numerous in *cafés* and such places. I found my friend walking impatiently up and down the broad gravelled terrace in front of the door; Peter, evidently much disgusted at rapid exercise in such a prescribed area, had retired to the doorstep where he sat watching his master with strong disapproval.

"Well, what news?" asked Willoughby pausing.

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"Not altogether good," I answered, to prepare him.

"Out with it," he said, assuming that look of intense determination which became him so well.

"Signorina Iridé has gone."

His face fell ever so little. "Where to?" he asked briefly.

"By a lucky chance I find that tickets were taken to Venice by the early express this morning," I answered.

"There's a fast boat to Venice to-night,—no by Jove there isn't," he cried; "it is to-morrow night, and no decent train till this evening. Six or seven hours wasted—how on earth shall I get through the time?"

"It might be advisable if you considered what you mean to do when you are in Venice," I said drily. "You can't go off on a wild-goose chase like this without some plan. I know you will feel happier when you're on the move; but all the same you might give a second or two to thinking how you are to trace this girl."

"If she is in Venice I'll find her," he vowed energetically.

"It doesn't follow at all," said I. I felt it needful to calm him down a little for what would in all probability prove only a useless errand. "She may have re-booked at Venice, and never gone near the town at all, only passed through the station."

"It is not like you to be so discouraging," he said reproachfully.

"I don't wish to discourage you," I answered, feeling really sorry for him. "But what can be said? It is really a great chance if you ever do find her in Venice, but frankly it is the only clue we have. If you mean to go on with this business you must go to Venice."

"Exactly," he cried, "and yet you don't seem to be at all aware of the serious consequences that delay may involve."

"I am not suggesting that you should delay," I said. "Take the next train by all means; but until that train goes, six hours hence, we may as well consider what you are to do when you arrive in Venice. Just think, if Signorina Iridé went on from Venice to some other place she has in all probability already gone; if not she can hardly leave before you arrive there late to-night." Thomas gave an impatient sigh, which acknowledged the justice of my remarks since he made no protest. So I went on: "First of all you had better make careful enquiry at the station itself, and if that fails, you——"

"If I can hear nothing at the station I shall sit all day long at the Café Florian, and if she is in Venice I shall sooner or later see her; everyone passes the Piazza St. Marco several times while they are in the town. If that fails——" he broke off dejectedly.

"Oh, that will succeed perhaps," I said. "Still, are you sure that you have looked well at both sides of the question? Are you sure that your trouble may not be thrown away? Perhaps she will have nothing to say to you."

This reflection, which I had made purposely to ease a disappointment should there be one in store for him, did not discourage him in the least. "It is possible of course," he answered, "but all the same I intend to try my luck. If I succeed, no trouble will seem too much. If I fail, well, I can only fail once."

We parted at the railway-station that evening with an agreement that he was to write and let me know how things progressed, and that if I heard nothing, no news was to mean good news.

Two days later I had my first letter. Enquiries at Venice had proved futile; either the ladies had gone on unobserved or they were still in Venice; therefore the routine of the Café Florian had been adopted, and after a few days' trial he would let me hear

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the results. These, I was informed in a second letter a week later, were not satisfactory: Thomas appeared to have inspected all the visitors' books at all the hotels, but discovery, or even the slightest clue, was not forthcoming; and next ensued ten long days without a word or sign, though I had written twice during that period to beg for news. On the eleventh day I could stand it no longer, and made up my mind to set out for Venice myself to see how things were going, when it occurred to me to go up to Willoughby's *campagna* before starting to see if Wakefield had received later news than myself. I had hesitated a little about asking him, as he could not understand Italian, and neither he nor his master knew that I spoke or understood English; moreover I was not anxious to display my powers, which must I knew have become considerably impaired by want of use. Nothing, however, must stand between myself and my anxiety about my friend, so I resolved to tackle Wakefield, and began to practise the pronunciation of his name while walking out to the house. I could not master the word to my satisfaction, and arrived within sight of the gates without accomplishing anything better than *Wackfeel*, which however I felt was near enough for my purpose.

As I came up to the gate Wakefield was standing in the road just outside it, and apparently apostrophising a cloud of dust in the distance. He turned as I advanced. "*Boney Savah!*" said he, which was all the Italian he knew. "Ah dear! if you only could understand Henglish now, you might be some 'elp, and 'elp it is we need—" he broke off these rather fragmentary remarks to shake his fist at the now distant dust which was caused by a carriage. "You 'ussey, you baggage, you——"

I felt, although bewildered, that the present was an opportunity for making a favourable impression upon Wakefield, who it seemed to me had never thoroughly approved of my intimacy with his master. "Wackfeel," I began, "I can speak English; not well, for I have forgotten much that I once knew; but still I can understand and speak the language. What can I do and where is your master, and who has driven away in that carriage that you seem so angry with?"

"'Evins be praised!" he cried with real feeling. "Now 'Evins be praised! You come in the nick o' time, so to speak. My master's hupstairs ill in his bed, and that baggage of a 'ansom cook has just gone hoff because she thinks it's smallpox, and——"

I did not wait for more, but hurried through the garden followed by the servant. Peter, who was lying dejectedly on the mat at the door, rose with a subdued greeting and followed me upstairs.

There upon his bed lay my poor friend, his face deeply flushed and his eyes closed; he was breathing heavily and his restless fingers twitched and plucked feebly at the sheet. I laid my hand gently on his head; he was in a high fever, and when at my touch he opened his eyes I knew he did not really see me. It did not need the dull deep-coloured rash on his face to tell me the name of the awful malady that had smitten Thomas Willoughby; I had seen it a hundred times. Men and women and little children die of it sometimes by the score; it is the product of foul air and want of good food; it strikes down, sometimes within a day or two, many a poor half-starved adult or puny child, and then a few days, or a few hours, and all is over; there is one less in the damp and fetid alley, —one more in the graveyard. Nay, this plague may easily be conveyed to

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those more fortunate, as in this instance, for in Italy it sometimes smites very sorely and scores may die in an epidemic, and the name of the scourge is typhus.

"What does the doctor say?" I asked Wakefield in a whisper. He had entered the room very softly and now stood beside me, looking at his master with real regard and something very like despair.

"He wouldn't 'ave no doctor," replied the man. "He was ill when he came back from Venice two days since, but not very bad, and didn't stay all day in bed. But he couldn't walk, and I know I posted a letter to you and wondered you never came to him."

If a letter is lost in the post it is certain to be an important one as in this instance; and I thanked the providence that had guided my steps to the *campagna* that afternoon. "Is there another servant in the house?" I asked.

"This hafternoon," began Wakefield, "I went to ask the cook where to find a doctor, for I didn't like the looks of Mr. Thomas and I saw he didn't understand me when I spoke, and that rash on 'im startled me, and I said to myself that's small-pox caught in some of these dirty foreign 'oles. So I went, as I say, to cook 'oo could make out a bit of English, an' the minute I says small-pox she giv a screech and ran upstairs and put some of 'er things in a bundle and hoff she goes; an' arf an hour since she come back in a cab and fetched away 'er box, and would scarcely trust 'erself in the 'ouse, nor speak to me, and what we are to do I really do not know. The 'ussey's afraid of spoiling 'er face with small-pox. 'Ansom is that 'ansom does, says I, and I only wish someone would spoil 'er beauty a bit, the ungrateful baggage," he concluded warmly.

"You stay here by your master," I said, "and I will hurry to town and bring back a decent woman I know to help, and a doctor. Don't leave this room, Wackfeel; in a short hour I return, and we will look after him together."

"Mr. Romanner," said Wakefield gravely, "you are, Sir, indeed a friend in need, so to speak; and if you should hever need a friend indeed James Wakefield will be ready if chance affords, for I truly ham sorry for some wrong hideas I have 'ad about you, bein' a foreigner, for which I 'ave but poor respex."

He held out his hand at the conclusion of this rather involved sentence and I shook it. "Wackfeel," I said, "we are agreed. Together we will care for your master, and I will do all I can to give you assistance."

I ran most of the way to the nearest cab-stand and then drove to the best doctor I knew of, who was giving consultations but promised to accompany me to the *campagna* in a short half-hour. I then went on to the old house in the Ghetto where I had been lodging when I first met Thomas during the night of the Bora. The reader may remember a certain client of mine, by name Teresa, who had lent me the end of candle to illuminate the contents of the little parcel I had found. Luckily she was at home, and at once agreed to return with me and undertake, for at any rate a week or two, the needful cooking and housework. On my way back I called for the Doctor, and was hailed with great joy by Wakefield who looked out of the open window of his master's room as we drove up.

"He is very ill," said the Doctor gravely; "the fever has a great hold on him; but he is young and may perhaps have the strength to live through it. How did he take the disease?"

"He has been lately in Venice," was my answer, "but——"

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"For that matter he might catch it by chance anywhere," said the Doctor; "it is only too common. Plenty of fresh air, some soup, a little opiate if he is restless—I can say no more. To-morrow at this hour I will return; but if you see any change you will call me at once."

I translated all these remarks for Wakefield's benefit; and then it was arranged between us that he should take charge of the patient until two in the morning, and that I should then relieve him until nine when he would have had some hours' rest.

I smoked a sad and lonely cigarette that night in Thomas's garden, and Peter with listless tail and drooping ears kept me company; the sagacious beast understood the position of affairs well enough, and mourned accordingly, and I was thankful not to be quite solitary. When I threw myself upon Wakefield's bed to take what rest I might my sleep was very fitful and interrupted, and I started wide awake in an instant when my fellow-watcher touched me on the arm with a whispered "Mr. Romanner."

I had kicked off my shoes, and now stole noiselessly into the sick-room. The jalousies were closed, but through the open windows one could see that the full moon still flooded the hot and breathless night, though her rays were beginning to pale in the first faint glimmer of the growing dawn. A carefully-shaded night-light, in a basin on the floor, cast big shadows over the room, making the aspect of every-day things seem strange and unreal; a large moth fluttered audibly outside against the closed jalousies,—I could hear the beat of its powdered wings; a frog croaked loudly in the garden, and some kind of night cricket was making a dry whirring noise that stopped suddenly every now and then, and began again with equally unlooked-for suddenness. And there on the bed lay the motionless form of Thomas Willoughby; his eyes were half open, and he moaned faintly every now and then, but my precautions against the least noise were needless, for he was now nearly deaf. Ah, it was a pitiful thing to see him there, all his youth and strength and comeliness clutched in the fell grasp of the terrible disease! He who so short a time ago set forth hopefully on his quest, and now——

Truly we mortals make great boast of the mind and of its triumph over matter; and yet it was terrifying to think how the same mind that only a few hours back had nursed but one idea, the same heart that but a short day before had held but one image, was now crushed within the coils of a sickness that, apparently at least, affected the mental part of man through the material, and plunged its poisoned fang into his very moral essence. Where was the wandering spirit of the man before me? What had become of his craving to pursue the beauty on which he had set his mind? Where was his remembrance of the loveliness whose perfection had first touched his heart? Was that marred mask on the pillow really the same finely featured face that had reflected the determination of his words "I intend to marry that woman"? Could that deaf and almost sightless object really be my handsome, careless, undaunted friend?

And yet, while my eyes shrank from this sad sight, my whole heart went out in friendship to the man who lay thus helpless and disfigured. There are those who dare to say that the human body encloses no undying essence, no spirit, formless yet all pervading, that exists entirely apart from the mortal shape that wraps it round; there are men who deny the soul; and of such I would ask, what remained now in Thomas Willoughby to attract me? Why was my friend more deeply valued at this perilous

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moment than ever before? And I will answer,—for no scoffer's lips can frame a reply—I will answer that in that terrible hour only the sense of soul was left, and though my ready feet and my willing hands might avail nothing, yet that bodily helplessness recognised the supreme power of something beyond and above itself,—of something subtle, invisible, yet unchanged by the calamity that had wrought havoc upon the flesh. And this phenomenon,—call it what you will—this mental communion is the divine heritage of man, handed down to innumerable generations through æons of time, the birthmark of immortality, of existence apart from the body that perishes.

Slowly the hours passed away, and slowly the dawn crept up the sky while I kept my lonely watch. There was little to do, nothing that could bring sight to those dim eyes, nor hearing to those sealed ears; there was none who might heal save Time, whose hands bring bane as well as balm, whose footsteps may herald Death as well as Life.

CHAPTER VIII.

For the next fortnight the sun rose and set, and the moon came and went; I ate and drank mechanically at intervals without any sense of satisfaction; I smoked twice a day without enjoyment; I slept without resting. The Doctor came regularly and pronounced words that meant nothing more than that his patient was still alive, that no skill could avail anything, and that all depended upon the strength and constitution of the sufferer; if these sufficed he would live; if not—the Doctor shrugged his shoulders, not unkindly, but merely as indicating his own helplessness. To chronicle these hours of light and darkness would mean nothing to the reader, and be but wearisome repetition. I pass on to the fourteenth day after my arrival, which was marked by a letter from Thomas Willoughby's mother, dated from a hotel on the south coast of England. Wakefield suggested that I had better read it, and we would then consult as to the expediency of sending news of her son, which had hitherto been impossible since she was travelling and we had no fixed address to write to. The letter was in the ordinary strain in which an affectionate woman addresses her son; it was short, asked for news of him, and was signed *Cyrilla Willoughby*. The Doctor arrived just as I had finished reading it. After a very brief inspection of the patient he turned to me.

"At present there is no change," he said, "but during the next twelve hours there must be one, for better or for worse. This is the fifteenth day of the illness, and within the next few hours he will live or die. Send for me if you think it needful, but frankly I can do nothing. I cannot save him if he is to die, nor help him if he is to live. In these cases Nature does her own work; we must stand aside."

All that day I never stirred from the bed-side. Wakefield and I at intervals administered the strong soup which Teresa prepared, and did our best to prepare the almost worn out body for the struggle before it. Sometimes I used to fancy Thomas knew me, or was in some way conscious of my presence, but perhaps this after all was only imagination. I sat by the bed as the hours passed by, and looked with unseeing eyes at the trifles near me on the table; things that had become so familiar,—a dressing-case covered with stout English leather, an ivory paper-knife of that solid kind of which blade and handle are sliced out of one tusk, a blotting-

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pad with heavy silver corners, Willoughby's watch, which I had kept wound for him, and close to this his mother's letter. As I noticed it and remarked in an absent way the precise curves of the handwriting, the lady's name came back to my memory, and I discovered why it had seemed already known to me. Long years before, when I had been pursuing my dreary education in England, one of the few bright niches in my recollection was filled by a child called Cyrilla; it is an unusual name, and I had remembered it long after more important things were forgotten. Little Cyrilla was only six years old when I ran away to Paris just before my twenty-first birthday. It was years since I had thought of her: but the once familiar name had quickened my memory, and again I beheld the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little English girl who, whatever might be the case with others, had always been fond of her Italian cousin. There had been a peculiar attraction about this little maid, whose winning ways softened even her stern, proud grandmother, Lady Elizabeth, my aunt, she who had provoked me into running away, —a step which, with all the fulness of experience behind me, I can honestly say that I have never regretted. And as I mused on those long past times I wondered if the little Cyrilla I had known was still alive, and whether she became like her grandmother as she grew up, or whether,—and here my reflections were interrupted by Wakefield who came quietly into the room from the studio, which he was dusting and setting in order.

"Hanny change yet, Mr. Romanner?" he asked, a duster under one arm, and a large book upon which he had been operating in his hand.

"No, no change yet, Wackfeel," I answered.

The man came a little nearer and looked compassionately at his master to whom he was sincerely attached. "Poor Mr. Thomas!" he said, shaking his head. "This comes of living in foreign 'oles and corners, which I 'ave hoften said was uncertain for a continuance. And 'im with a good 'ome too all ready for 'im! See 'ere, Mr. Romanner," he continued opening the book, which was one with cardboard leaves for mounting photographs, "see 'ere; now 'ow can Mr. Thomas leave a place like that to come to this houtlandish country?"

He opened the book as he spoke and placed it in my hands. For a second my sight seemed playing me tricks, and I felt a little giddy; then I recovered my self-possession before Wakefield had noticed anything amiss. There was no doubt about it; the home which was now Thomas Willoughby's had once been my home too! There was the square-built solid English mansion, with its avenue, its ordered range of stabling and outbuildings, its lawns and flower-beds; there were the windows of the drawing-room where Lady Elizabeth had been sitting at our last interview; there was the garden where Cyrilla used to make daisy-chains; there were the entrance-gates through which I had fled one gray morning, vowing never to pass them again, and as I looked at the photograph I remembered how the raindrops had hung in a trembling fringe from the iron bars. In a flash the whole picture came before my eyes, the misty weather, the leafless trees, the sodden leaves underfoot that muffled the tread, the dismal road with its ruts and puddles. And then I came back to the present, and looked at the bed by which I sat tending Cyrilla's son!

Wakefield turned from his mournful contemplation of his master and spoke again, as I closed the book and laid it down. "It's my belief," he began

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mysteriously, "it's my belief, Mr. Romanner, that my poor master is going to die in a foreign land, as 'appened afore to two o' the family. My father was coachman to Mr. Thomas's grandmother, an' I've 'eard 'im tell of a nephew of 'ers, a queer-lookin' young gentleman by all accounts an' queer in 'is ways too, but what could you expect? 'E was only 'arf an Englishman, for 'is father, Lady Elizabeth's young brother, run away to Hitaly and never came back, an' married a furrin wife, this boy's mother. One day 'e ran away too, and came to no good I've bin told,—very likely 'e died of this hawful feviour too—I can't say, but 'e was never 'eard of again; 'e went the way of his father; an' now 'ere's my master must try 'is luck instead of stoppin' at 'ome and——" Wakefield broke off at this point, and hastily returned into the next room, where I heard him blow his nose with great vigour.

I will pass over the next few hours, during which the condition of the sick man absorbed the whole attention both of myself and his servant. Towards night he seemed to grow calmer, and about ten o'clock Wakefield, quite worn out, went to rest on a couch in the next room, I promising to call him if needful. Time passed and the atmosphere grew dull and heavy; I opened the jalousies and through the dim ghostly light, which means darkness in the summer, I seemed to perceive numbers of unaccustomed shadows, formless, aimless, motionless, while across the space of sullen air without floated the deep boom of the old bell of St. Giusto as it chimed two. For a moment I turned from the window and laid my hand upon Willoughby's fevered wrist; the pulse was rapid, yet its vibrations suddenly struck me as weaker, while a change seemed gathering on his face; I moistened his parted lips, and turned again to the window with a heavy heart, for I feared the worst. Outside, in the dim strange solitude of night, darkness and dawn strove together. It was that mysterious hour when life is at its lowest ebb, when the weak are weakest and the strong least powerful, when humanity is swept into that mystic pause of time betwixt yesterday and to-morrow. Out in the garden a sudden chill rolled upon the air, a faint whisper among the motionless trees died away into a rigid silence; there was not a sound in the world, and as I looked once more towards the bed, I saw that the wasted restless fingers of the man who lay there were still, and that his muttering lips had ceased to move. Again I felt his wrist, and the pulse was weaker still; could he live through the next few moments, or would he drift away to the tideless ocean of the unknown on that strange current of force that was affecting half the globe!

I shivered, while far in the eastern sky the palest glimmer of pearl crept upon the shroud of night, parting its close folds with soft insistance, growing every moment more beautiful and strong, moving with tender luminous fingers about the dark pall of heaven, where the stars shone but dimly in the gathering radiance that was now flushed with rose. The pale moon withered and went out; a deep breathing sense of growth and life was abroad; the mignonette below exhaled a sudden fragrance; a swallow gave one sleepy twitter under the eaves. Again I turned to the bed, and again my fingers closed on Willoughby's wrist; the pulse was stronger, and was it my fancy that the worn-out look upon his face was more restful and his breathing more regular? Shaking with excitement I tried to control myself,

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and looking at the time I forced myself to sit down in a chair, and watch carefully for half an hour before daring to hope, lest my overwrought nerves might be deceiving me. Nature was kind; my self-imposed task, whose duration I anticipated with dread, became easy and short, gradually an irresistible sleep stole over me and I suppose my head must have bowed forward on to the bedside whence I raised it in much bewilderment at the sound of Wakefield's whisper. "Mr. Romanner, look there!"

I was staring stupidly at the servant, and his words told me nothing, while his strained voice might have portended the best or the worst. For an instant I dared not turn my head,—I, the sleeper at his post, the faithless guardian! What if the last sigh had flickered from Willoughby's lips while I slept, what if his hand had vainly felt for mine as its last touch with earth? For the brief second during which these ideas flashed through my mind I lived through a very agony of terror; then I looked, and at the first mere glance my fears fled. I was no doctor, but the physician's skill was not needed to see that the sick man's breath came and went regularly in a deep sleep, little resembling the torpor in which he had been previously sunk, while the fingers, so lately moving to and fro in such unpurposed fashion, lay motionless and relaxed like those of a child at rest. In all human probability Thomas Willoughby's life was to be spared.

The Doctor's visit an hour later confirmed my impressions, and poor Wakefield would have danced a jig for joy if he had been less English and respectable; but as things were he only heaved a deep sigh of thankfulness and said "That's a good job," which from him meant a good deal.

That afternoon, at my suggestion, he devoted some time to the composition of a letter to Mrs. Willoughby. He had suggested that I should undertake this letter, but I refused, telling him that my English was hardly equal to the task, and moreover that Mrs. Willoughby would probably feel far more reassured by news from one personally known to her. I offered, however, to copy his epistle for him and address it if he liked, and this offer he gladly accepted. I left him therefore engrossed in composition at his master's bedside, while I returned for an hour to the garden to smoke and to meditate upon many things which had been crowding my brain for several hours, but which my anxiety had forbidden to obtrude themselves.

The reader must not suppose that I had listened quite unmoved to Wakefield's succinct account of my own career in England, as of "a queer-looking young gentleman" of whom little good could be expected because "'e was only arf an Englishman." On the contrary, my blood had grown hot over the recital which the loquacity of the servants' hall had perpetuated; and if Thomas Willoughby's condition at that moment had not rendered all demonstration impossible I might have spoken words which I should have regretted, and which would have enlightened Wakefield upon a subject which subsequent reflection showed me was best ignored. Granted that I knew myself without any manner of doubt to be kin to Thomas Willoughby, whose grandmother had been my own cousin, what was to be gained by disclosing the fact? At present the pleasure of my friendship with this young man had been greatly founded upon the fact that he had,

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of his own free will and without effort on my part, sought to know me, and had bestowed his confidence from choice. If he knew, or even suspected that I had any claim upon him, even that slender one of recognition as akin, all the delight of my present intercourse must cease for me; and seeing our respective positions my friend might feel bound to extend to a relative offers of a financial nature which I should have scorned and which would have entirely upset the basis of our connection. The whole discovery, owing to my rather intimate acquaintance with this young Englishman, seemed to me so natural, I knowing myself to be what I was, that I could not help wondering that no inkling of the truth had ever occurred to me before. Recalling previous conversations I remembered that Thomas had more than once referred to that member of his own family who, when thwarted in a natural desire to see something of the world, had proceeded to run away in order to satisfy his curiosity, and I was astonished that the subject had awakened no suspicion in me. There are, however, innumerable families who can boast of a n'er-do-weel in their ranks,—perhaps there are few who have not contained this very ordinary person — and I saw no object to be gained by proving my own identity. On the contrary, a very strong reason for keeping my secret presented itself very shortly to my mind.

To ignore or conceal the sowing of wild oats is partially possible, but to apply the same process to a distinct crime is called, and treated as, compounding a felony. As you have already heard, all the years that had elapsed since last I had set eyes on Moses Lazarich had not sufficed to deaden the smart of his injuries; the improbability of tracing the man did not lull my keen thirst for revenge, which was indeed rather whetted by the possible chance of my meeting with him on any day or at any moment. I might die with my vengeance unsated, or within an hour my knife might be in the Jew's heart! And it was this ignorance which helped to preserve my undying sense of wrong, my bitter hatred, my unsatisfied longing. No obstacle, I had sworn, should stand between me and my desire; and was it likely that I should interpose one of my own free will! Pepe Romagno might murder and be hanged or imprisoned, without any sense of a relative's disgrace attaching to Thomas Willoughby; but if Joseph Egerton (as I had once been called) killed Lazarich the usurer, Thomas would feel the reflection of the crime; for in such matters a man's family is a mirror from which, helpless to resist, are reflected the doings, good or evil, of one of its members.

Whether owing to the strain upon my nerves during the past fortnight, or whether because I had begun to dwell upon the thought of Lazarich, I know not, but I felt one of my fits of murderous passion coming over me, such as I had not experienced for some time,—not indeed since the day when at Miramar I had met the strange woman who had answered me so aptly. The thought of her flashed through my mind as I rose and went out of the garden on to the high road where I might walk more freely, for the narrow bounds of the shrubbery tortured me with a sense of enclosure. I set off at a quick pace along the dusty track and had soon put a fair distance between myself and the furthest cluster of workmen's cottages, where dwelt a colony of washerwomen and of stone-masons employed in the limestone quarries that scarred the grim mountain flanks above and

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beyond the town. The road rose in a gradual sweep with many windings hereabouts, and from it one might look down on the mass of roofs and domes and towers that composed this aspect of Soloporto, beyond which a broad opalescent belt of sea stretched to the horizon. Immediately below the spot where I was standing a handful of small houses formed a tiny village, from which a zigzag and precipitous footpath ascended to the road, here partly supported and banked up by a space of walling. The edge of the road was in fact only protected from the steep declivity by low stone posts set at regular and not too frequent intervals.

I stared at the great town below me, the swarming hum of whose habitations came to my ears even at that distance, for the air was still and clear, and I wondered if any house therein held my enemy, if he might lie under one of those roofs. It seems strange that man with all his powers and passions, with all the intensity of his loves and longings and hates, cannot for all their force penetrate for one instant into the unknown to wrest therefrom the secret he burns to fathom. Perhaps, all unsuspecting, I had many times passed the Jew in the streets of Soloporto or elsewhere, or even been his ignorant neighbour; and yet,—could such a thing be? If we were ever to meet would not the magnetism of my hate deliver him into my hands? Could I fail to see and know the man I had so long sought and sought in vain; could my hand roll a cigarette, or ply the tailor's needle, if my enemy's throat were within reach? I clenched my fist at the thought, and as I did so I felt a touch on my arm, and heard a voice speaking—

"Yes, you are right,—one thrust and it would be over! We will do it together."

I turned suddenly, and met the dark, baleful, sunken eyes of the maniac I had seen at Miramar. She said no more, but I felt her look sink deep into my very inmost consciousness that no word might touch or probe; I felt those vengeful eyes recognise the subtle kinship of evil, and I knew that her passion waxed in the knowledge. I was rooted to the spot by something not unlike fear, for we in Italy are not ignorant of familiar spirits and strange apparitions that may, and do sometimes, haunt a mortal. Was it, could it be that my hideous, irresistible, cherished scheme of revenge had taken mortal shape and showed itself thus, strange and terrible! As this thought surged over me I made an instinctive movement away from my companion, who swiftly and easily, as if well accustomed to it, began to descend the steep goat's path, which I have already described and which here reached the level of the road. I watched her, feeling spell-bound, watched till her shabby, dusty black raiment became a mere dark moving spot in the plain below; and then with trembling limbs I made the best of my way back to the *campagna*.

I am free to confess that this meeting startled me not a little; the coincidence seemed almost too extraordinary to be the result of mere chance, and thence rose the suspicion that this apparent maniac must be the product of my own brain, disordered at such times by the influence of my ungovernable rage and hatred. When I remembered the battery at Miramar and my subsequent description of this woman to the gardener, the latter was by no means sure he had seen her, but only recollected a person of similar appearance who might, or might not have been the mad creature I had met. What if until my vengeance was consummated I was doomed to be thus haunted? What if those deep

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eyes, sombre with hate, were to glare suddenly into mine when my prey was marked down, and bid me see the hideousness of my desire? And yet, could this thing be? There are unfortunately plenty of women suffering under a sense of injury more or less just, and many a woman has ere now taken her own means of restoring the balance of sorrow and pain. Doubtless the present was a case in point; or perhaps even this was too extreme a supposition, and the poor creature was only a lunatic. As I walked on, and began to feel my equanimity somewhat restored, the ghastly idea I had at first conceived began gradually to fade from my mind as absurd, and the English half of me, always the slowest to assert itself and the most persistent when yielded to, assured me that my imagination had been playing me tricks.

By the time I arrived at the *campagna* again I was comparatively calm, and the sight of familiar surroundings tended still further to give a sense of distance to my late impressions. Peter stood at the gate wagging his tail, and we passed between the dusty trees and up the winding path together; I had been absent longer than I intended, and now hastened indoors to relieve Wakefield's watch.

He was still sitting at the table as I had left him, with writing-materials and a whole array of letter-paper in front of him, and was reading over with much apparent satisfaction the epistle he had just completed, and which I was to copy and address. He rose as I came in, handed me the sheet of somewhat laboured writing, and then hastened downstairs upon an errand for the invalid.

I took his place and had soon finished my part of the business and addressed the letter, which ran as follows. I took the liberty of correcting the spelling, also the punctuation, and of removing many superfluous capital letters.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY, Madam,

I takes my pen to inform you that Mr. Thomas has lately enjoyed but very poor health having been nearly dead of typhus fever, but is now recovering, and the Doctor says will do well. I have been greatly obliged by a foreign gentleman, a friend of Mr. Thomas, Mr. Romanner, who has helped with the nursing, and spoke the language for me. He is still here, and I must beg, Madam, that you are not too anxious for Mr. Thomas who has begun to sleep well. I hope, however, that soon my master may come home, for these foreign places, I say with all respects, are not healthy nor fit to live in. I will write and say how Mr. Thomas goes on, and will now conclude with my respects.

Your obedient,
JAMES WAKEFIELD.

CHAPTER IX.

THOMAS WILLOUGHBY made very rapid progress towards recovery, and having an excellent constitution, and the advantage of only five and twenty years' wear of it, had no relapses. He ate like a wolf, and Teresa's soups became positively terrific in strength, though even they had shortly to be supplemented by more solid fare. The Doctor's visits were now merely a question of form, and his conversation with his patient had degenerated into polite remarks about the weather and kindred harmless topics. I was beginning to think that my friend had forgotten all about Iridé, of whom he had never spoken to me during the whole time of his illness; even in his occasional delirious hours I had never been able to catch her name among those that he sometimes murmured. I held my peace therefore, and was only too thankful to think that this wild-goose chase after a lovely face was presumably abandoned; but I soon discovered my mistake.

One morning when the Doctor came,

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and Thomas, already promoted to the sofa, had concluded his usual remarks about the heat and the dew and so forth, he suddenly asked a question: "How soon do you think I shall be fit to travel?"

"Well, that rather depends upon the length of your journey. No doubt in a couple of months you will be fit to go to England." The physician, like most foreigners, regarded such a journey as the longest any one could wish to make. "But," he added, "in one month I daresay you might have a short change to some place nearer at hand," and he took his leave.

Wakefield had been in the room during this colloquy, and having opened the door for the Doctor, returned with a most satisfied expression on his face. "I'm sure I'm glad to 'ear, Sir, that you are thinking of going 'ome." There was no answer, but I fancied that his master assumed rather an obstinate look. "Maybe you would like me to be putting some of the things together," continued Wakefield. "There's that there devil-ware from China takes a lot o' careful packin'." Thomas had secured some admirable specimens of dragon porcelain during his sojourn in the East, but Wakefield could never remember its correct name. "I could begin this afternoon, Sir, if you like; there'll be a lot to do before all's ready."

"You can pack the devil-ware at once if you choose, Wakefield," said Willoughby, "but you have plenty of time before you; there is no need to hurry. I am not going to start for England yet. I am not quite so fond of my own country as you are; but if you don't care to stay here any longer you can go back, you know, and return to me when I am in England again."

Poor Wakefield was evidently much disappointed, but stood his ground manfully. "Mr. Thomas, Sir," he began, "I've served you hever since you was a boy, and it's 'ardly likely as I should leave you when you are in an un-olesome foreign place, where there ain't no decent servants to be got. Hall I begs to say, Sir, with respects, is that you will be far better in 'ealth and prospex in Hengland;" and with that the man disappeared with some clothes to brush.

Thomas Willoughby laughed. "Poor Wakefield!" he said, "he must really be very fond of me to endure this stay abroad; he thinks there is no place like England."

"But when do you propose to return?" I asked. "Mrs. Willoughby seems naturally anxious about you, and——"

"I am not going back to England," said Thomas doggedly, "until I have found Iridé."

Alas! All my hopes were shattered and I spoke in haste: "Then you will probably remain abroad all your life!"

"Perhaps," he answered tranquilly; "there is no telling."

"I thought you were going to have your future wife selected for you by your mother," I said with a spice of malice.

"I was of that opinion at one time," he said calmly; "but that was before I had any idea how easy it was to choose a wife. I am quite ashamed now to think that I ever imagined I could require any assistance about such a simple thing."

"In the meantime," I said, "how do you propose to bring about a meeting between Signorina Iridé and yourself? Your visit to Venice seems to have been fruitless."

"It was," he said, "quite fruitless, except that I am convinced she was not in Venice at that time, but must have gone on from there to some other place, without staying. Never mind, I shall find her some day."

He was still, of course, weak from illness and I did not therefore press

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the matter further, for I could only have pointed out the hopelessness of such a quest as he contemplated, and I did not want to depress him. How much easier it was in medieval times for the knight to ride forth in quest of his ladylove. That tiresome invention the railway could not then bear her from him at the rate, even in Italy, of some twenty miles an hour, quite as long a distance as any respectable damsel might cover on her palfrey in a whole day's journey. Then the knight enquired at hostels and such like places, where news was sure to await him, and finally he generally came up with his adored and her party in time to rescue them single-handed from a gang of outlaws. Now-a-days the knight races after the lady on the railway, the same manner of transit as she has herself adopted; there are no more fiery steeds or ambling palfreys, and the noble profession of highwayman is confined to Whitechapel and the Old Kent Road in London, I am told, though on the Continent there are still some respectable brigands at large in Corsica and Greece. Yet in spite of the romantic surroundings amid which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the lover conducted his affairs, he was animated by sensations precisely similar to those of Thomas Willoughby in the nineteenth century. For the core of humanity is ever the same, though certain of the more nebulous virtues and vices may be in or out of fashion, may change or renew themselves in different channels. The deep bases of human nature have never altered; love calls to the men and women of to-day as he called to Paris and Dante, to Cleopatra and to Cressida; Don Quixote riding for the Lady Dulcinea was not more in earnest then Thomas Willoughby buying a railway-ticket to Venice. In the change of surroundings we are too apt to discern a change of sentiment, and hence arise some of the false calculations of character which, when exposed, bring surprise to him who has conceived them. Nay, if by any chance the chivalry or persistent devotion of the Middle Ages insists upon occasionally finding a counterpart in these modern times we ridicule instead of applauding. We forget the single aim, the unswerving courage, the reverence for women, the gentle heart of the Knight of La Mancha, and remember only that he charged windmills and was grievously mauled by cats. When we call one of our ken Don Quixote it is not meant to commemorate the Spanish hero's virtues but his failings, for vices he had none. Alas! with all our boasted advance in art, science, and literature it is a poor thing that we so easily forget the virtues of our ancestors, and that we congratulate ourselves upon our greater enlightenment by ridiculing the exaggerations which were sometimes born of their honest hearts.

In the meantime here was a modern knight-errant with all the wide world before him as the field for his quest after the lady of his heart, yet, with all respect for the advantages of modern civilisation, it must be conceded that in some respects the medieval knight had a greater scope for his powers. If any one suggested that the lady in question was not the most peerless of her kind her admirer killed or injured the wretch, and thus worked off a little of his superfluous energy, and kept himself in trim for the final tournament or fight for the bride. But poor Willoughby, too weak as yet for active measures, yet strong enough to fret under his enforced quietude, could find no vent for his energy, and therefore became exceedingly irritable, a strange condition for his blithe and hopeful nature. He tried hard to quarrel with me on a

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variety of subjects, and I was really beginning to seriously consider the advisability of again repairing to my own quarters, when I was fortunate enough to suggest a diversion which completely changed the aspect of affairs.

"Why don't you go back to your palette and brushes?" I said at last one day when he grew weary of a French novel and pitched it across the room with a strong interjection. "Try a little painting; I will sit to you with pleasure if you like." He said nothing but looked rather more approachable. "Until you are strong enough to travel all over Italy and explore every likely corner after Signorina Iridé, which I am quite aware you intend to do," I continued, "you might occupy yourself by painting something. I would suggest a subject which might be possibly construed as prophetic; Perseus and Andromeda, for instance; the dragon can resemble Zia Bianca who is frightful and has a red nose."

He did not answer me directly, but got up and went into the next room, where I heard sounds which convinced me that he was rummaging his portfolio and looking up his brushes. I congratulated myself privately upon having prompted these proceedings, but I said nothing, only contriving to be absent on business during the greater part of the next day; and when I returned towards evening I was able to see with great surprise a study already begun of the subject I had recommended more as a joke than anything else. The canvas was, of course, still in a very chaotic state, but the relative positions of Perseus, Andromeda, and a monster made of intricate convolutions, could be clearly distinguished. In a day or two the artist became so interested in his picture that his temper perceptibly improved, to the great relief both of Wakefield and myself; after a week's work, during the course of which he had devoted himself almost entirely to Andromeda, Thomas had produced a more than recognisable likeness of Signorina Iridé.

"It is really very good," I said critically looking over his shoulder on the eighth day of his labour; "the resemblance is quite unmistakeable."

"I can't get on with Perseus," he grumbled, squinting along his brush at the damsel fettered to the rock; "I must have someone to sit for him. I can easily paint my own face on to someone else's body. Can't you find me an able-bodied young man of decent proportions who would be content to earn a florin or two by doing nothing! An Italian for choice,—they can always sit still."

"When do you want him, and for how long?" I asked.

"Oh! say a week at any rate for three hours a day."

I promised to do my best, and inspected several individuals the next day, but none realised my idea of the bodily proportions of a Perseus. I was taking my *siesta* in the cool shade of Luigi Fascinato's shop opposite the Canale Grande when an idea occurred to me. It was again the season of onions and water-melons, and the Stella del Mare was lying within a few yards. I got up and went at once on board, where Toni Capello lay in his usual graceful attitude doing literally nothing at all, but then certainly that was allowable during the hour for *siesta*.

"Toni," I began, plunging at once into my business, "how would you like to earn some money very easily indeed?"

"I am quite content with what I have, Signor Pepe," answered the master of the Stella del Mare tranquilly. "I have enough for Nina and the *bambino* and more I really do not care for."

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"Is Nina with you?" I enquired.

"No, we feared the heat for the little one; she stays at Ancona," said her husband, not I thought without satisfaction.

"If Nina were here she would tell you to make money whenever you can, Toni," I said. "Just think, you might easily earn enough to take a new frock home for the *bambino*, and a silk handkerchief for Nina, and perhaps——"

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Toni coming to the point, for, idle as he himself undoubtedly was, he had strong affections and was devoted to his wife and baby.

"I only wish you to sit still for a short time every day for a week," I answered. "I have an acquaintance, a certain Englishman, who wishes to draw a fine young man, and I ventured to suggest to my friend that you would quite fulfil the condition."

Toni moved his handsome limbs into a sitting posture and looked at me with some approval; he was by no means insensible to his own good looks. "I know what you mean," he said with more animation. "My wife's brother-in-law's sister's cousin did the same thing in Naples once for a painter there, who was also an Englishman. Well, since it will certainly pay for a present for Nina and the baby I will consent to oblige you, Signor Pepe. Only I do not know if I can come every day for a whole week. I shall perhaps only be four or five days here this trip. However, we will see."

I took Toni Capello up to the *campagna* with me that afternoon to see if he would answer to the artist's idea of a Perseus. Thomas was in the garden when we arrived. "Is this Perseus, Signor Pepe?" he said with interest.

"Your servant, Sir," said Toni, baring his head and bowing with the inimitable grace of an Italian peasant.

"Do you think he will answer your purpose?" I asked.

"I can remain exceedingly still if the Signor wishes," put in Toni. "Signor Pepe says he is a painter; what does he wish to see? A sailor hoisting the sails [Toni suddenly threw his body back with arms extended and uplifted to drag at an imaginary rope] or eating his maccaroni [he held an invisible basin in one hand and held up fictitious coils of maccaroni with the other, allowing the airy food to drop into the open mouth in his upturned face], or perhaps the Signor desires a beggar [his hat was held out and his whole attitude fawned for a *soldo*], I can be what the most excellent Signor may wish me to be."

Although Toni had never yet posed in a studio he had encountered that ubiquitous person the English artist before, and had some idea of his requirements. His ready Italian grace and adaptiveness had done the rest.

Thomas Willoughby had watched the scene with some interest, and now he spoke in answer. "Have you a sweetheart?" he asked.

"A wife, if it please the Signor."

"Ah, a wife," Willoughby's face took a curious expression.

"And a *bambino*," went on Toni proudly, "an angel of a *bambino*, Signor, with brown eyes like mine." The beautiful eyes in question were fixed upon his interlocutor who seemed suddenly to come to some resolution.

"And what is the Signora's name, may I ask?"

"My wife's name is Nina; the *bambino* is Toni like myself," answered the man simply.

"I do not want to paint a sailor, nor a man eating his dinner, nor yet a beggar," said Thomas slowly, "but try and pay attention to me for a moment. Suppose someone wanted to take Nina away from you, and threatened to carry her off, and sup-

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pose you came home and heard your wife cry out in terror and that you could get at the man who was frightening her,—how would you look then?"

He leaned eagerly forward watching the effect of his words express itself on the subtle changes of the Italian's face; as he concluded, Toni, with a look of genuine rage provoked by the other's dramatic situation, sprang suddenly forward with a magnificent sense of onslaught; we saw his right hand rise, then fall like lightning with a stiletto that flashed in the sunlight; and involuntarily we both recoiled. The next moment the master of the Stella del Mare recollected himself and, concealing the stiletto with a muttered word or two, stood before us looking rather ashamed of himself.

"That will do," said Thomas approvingly; "if you can occasionally assume that attitude it is all I want. You need only do it when I tell you. When can you come and pose to me?"

"To-morrow, if the Signor wishes," said Toni.

"Well, to-morrow then at this hour," said Willoughby; and Toni, well satisfied with the liberal terms offered, departed the richer for a handful of cigarettes and half a pint of good wine.

I left the *campagna* early next morning as was my custom, for now Willoughby was no longer an invalid, I carried on my usual occupations during the day and returned to keep my friend company in the late afternoon or evening. It was seven o'clock when I got back, and it appeared that Toni had fulfilled his engagement punctually and had proved an exceedingly docile and satisfactory sitter. His chatter too, had amused the artist, whose own perfect knowledge of Italian, together with his natural inclination to good-fellowship, had enabled him to establish himself on excellent terms with the master of the onion-boat; and already this fresh interest had begun to bear fruit in the dissipation of the taciturnity which had lately oppressed Willoughby. On the fourth day of the sitting I returned earlier than usual, and found the work still in progress.

"It is going on very well indeed," I said inspecting the picture which, perhaps owing to genuine enthusiasm, was certainly a decided advance upon any of his previous performances. "You have caught a splendid attitude for Perseus."

"Yes, I think he is pretty good," said Thomas modestly, looking at his handiwork with his head on one side.

"Will the Signor permit me also to see the picture?" asked Toni, whose natural sense of awkwardness in his unaccustomed surroundings, together with his shyness of Willoughby, was beginning to wear off. He had not hitherto had the hardihood to inspect the painting as one more accustomed to sitting might have done, with or without leave, and for some reason it had not occurred to Thomas to invite an opinion.

"Certainly," said the latter; "come and look at yourself, Toni."

Thus encouraged Perseus advanced and, taking up a post of observation behind the artist's stool, began to criticise. "Truly it is marvellous what may be done with a paint-brush and the coloured messes in those little pipes. Here am I, arms and legs, and shoulders and hands all complete, and made out of nothing but a spoonful of coloured paste, and a brush, and the Signor's skill. It is wonderful indeed! But I see that I have no face! Surely the Signor will vouchsafe me eyes and nose and mouth? Ah, and the Signorina there so uncomfortably placed against that rock, —why!—" he broke off abruptly, evidently much struck with Andromeda.

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"A beautiful creature, is she not, Toni?" said Willoughby.

"Beautiful indeed!" answered the man, still staring at the hapless maiden whom he had been too much absorbed in his own portrait to notice previously. "But surely,—" he broke off again.

"Can you suggest any means by which I may make her more lovely?" enquired Thomas, well pleased by the other's genuine admiration.

"Surely that is Signorina Iridé," said Toni at last in a mystified voice.

Thomas Willoughby, still a little weak from his illness, turned white as a sheet with excitement and surprise, and let all his brushes fall with a clatter; and I felt my own heart give a great leap as I responded to the mute appeal on his face, by at once assuming command of the situation. "Ah," I said, "so you know Signorina Iridé too, Toni; can you tell me where she lives?"

"At Ancona of course," answered the man, "in the big old house outside the town; the garden wall comes down close to the beach where my house is. I often see the Signorina looking over."

"And what is the other name of Signorina Iridé?" I asked. Toni looked puzzled and scratched his head. "I mean what is her father's name?" I said to prompt him.

"I really cannot at this moment remember, Signor Pepe; but when I return I will ask Nina, who being on the spot can tell me at once, and next time I bring the Stella del Mare to Soloporto I will come and tell you."

"I will give you an envelope with my address, Toni," I said, "also the money for the stamp and to pay the scribe, if directly you get to Ancona you will send me word what is the surname of Signorina Iridé; I do not want to wait till you return."

"Certainly if you wish it, Signor Pepe," answered Capello, evidently a little astonished.

"Is she now in Ancona?" I enquired.

"No," said Toni; "during the summer weather she is always absent travelling with her aunt with whom she lives. About the month of October she will return, I suppose, as usual."

I had put my last question advisedly, being quite certain that Thomas, who was by no means yet fit for a hurried journey, was meditating a departure for Ancona by the next train. I saw his face fall visibly at the man's answer. "Well, Toni," I said, "to-day, I suppose, is your last sitting,—is it not?—since you must return to Ancona to-morrow. Do not forget to write; and here is an envelope," I added, rapidly preparing one with Thomas's writing-materials close at hand.

"My respects, Signor," said Toni with a graceful salutation to Willoughby, who like a man in a dream had taken out his purse and drawn therefrom the sum (a liberal one) agreed upon as the price of the sittings. He counted it into Toni's hand, and then held up a golden Italian *lire*. "This you will give to your wife for the *bambino*," he said, evading some of Capello's gratitude by going into the next room while I accompanied the overjoyed parent downstairs, and said good-bye to him with renewed charges not to forget the letter, which I will do him the justice to say was highly improbable. Then I went back to Thomas, pondering many things, for I knew that he had flung a thank-offering to Fate though the gold might be clasped in a baby's hand.

(To be continued.)

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BURNS.[1]

To be a National Bard is the worst of disasters; for, despite the indiscreet flattery which is heaped upon him, the National Bard is foredoomed to misappreciation and caricature. Above all things, he is made the packhorse of the National Sentiment, until his blameless verses are laden with the follies of all his compatriots; and the National Sentiment, like John Bull, Jacques Bonhomme, and the other symbolic perversions of the comic Press, can only represent the coarser and more obvious traits of a people. If we were sufficiently familiar with the life of the ancient Greeks, it would doubtless be easy to prove that Homer's lines were twisted to many a vile purpose; Euripides, we know, was quoted as a false witness against himself in his own lifetime. Even Shakespeare has not escaped disgrace. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, he endures garbled quotation and shameless parody. Moreover he has even crossed the Channel, and there are few French journalists who do not conclude their daily article with the unnecessary tag, *That is the question*. Then, too, he must bear the brunt of popular representation upon the stage, and the playgoer is apt to warp his understanding of HAMLET or OTHELLO by the remembered tones and gestures of some mouthing actor. But the sufferings of Shakespeare are as nothing compared to the sufferings of Burns. For not only is Burns the poet of a nation or of a parish, he is the poet of a nation in whose life sentiment is the very first necessity; and by an unhappy accident, the populace of Scotland has chosen the poetry of Burns to express all its tangled emotions. No contradiction seems too grim; no inconsistency baffles the people's ardour. If Scotland shiver with Puritanism, then Burns must minister to the chill disease and appear in the guise of blameless lover and sturdy pillar of the Kirk. Again, when Scotland would carouse, Burns must play another part, and he is bidden to masquerade as the genius of debauchery. His countrymen shout forth his songs from the hazardous summits of chairs and tables; they make wild endeavours to grasp the hand of friendship to the skirling of pipes and the spilling of whiskey. In Glasgow or in Timbuctoo, in Peebles or in Johannesburg Scottish patriotism finds its loudest expression in Burns, until the author of HOLY WILLIE is pictured as a kind of Kirk Elder, and THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT is an instant excuse for glasses round.

It follows that Burns has been constantly admired and deplored upon false grounds. One of his more recent biographers went so far as to shed a tear of regret over THE JOLLY BEGGARS, a masterpiece which will outlive by many a century the memory of Highland Mary. Others have paid a debt of superfluous admiration to his poorest experiments in the English tongue and in trite morality. But his champions have concerned themselves too little with the incomparable poet, the biting satirist, the idle singer of idle songs. There was at the outset every opportunity for misunderstanding: even the dialect of Burns was enough to contract his fame; and the

[1] THE POETRY OF ROBERT BURNS; *edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson.* In four volumes; Edinburgh, 1896-7.

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injustice wreaked by indiscreet admiration was intensified a hundredfold by the extravagant folly of Burns Clubs, which have been as eager to bring ridicule upon their author as our own Browning Society.

It is therefore greatly to the credit of Messrs. Henley and Henderson, whose Centenary Edition is much too important a book to be dismissed in a hasty review a month after publication, that they have disengaged Burns from the national sentiment. Thus, among other good offices, they have enabled us at last to contemplate him in a simpler guise than that of the soiled angel or the melodious devil. To accomplish this necessary duty they have first of all assured themselves a perfect text. For the proper understanding of a poet it is essential to know precisely what he wrote, and no poet was ever so careless of his masterpieces as Robert Burns. The greater part of his work was left unpublished at his death, and he was so prodigal of his gifts that he would post a poem to a friend and forget its existence. Yet he was never a careless writer, to whom a various reading was a matter of hazard. On the contrary, though he wrote with ease, he corrected, like all writers conscious of their art, with extreme difficulty, and castigated the least of his works to the last polish of refinement. But for him the joy of poetry began in production and ended in the perfect work. Despite his character and surroundings he was singularly free from the author's vanity. Publication meant little indeed for him, and he readily forgot such of his creations as were abroad in the world. The Jolly Beggars, for instance,—"that puissant and splendid production" Matthew Arnold calls it—survives only by a series of accidents. The early editions excluded it, and it won its first place in the author's works to the championship of Sir Walter Scott. But it existed in manuscript, or rather in several manuscripts, and by a strange fatality the best version passed from Scotland to the Azores, and from the Azores to Nova Scotia. The fortune of The Jolly Beggars is typical, and from the very first the poems of Burns were subject to corruption. What the uncertainty of the original began, the carelessness of editors completed. In brief, we have read Burns at haphazard, and have even accepted the corrections of a foolish puritanism for the gospel of truth. But henceforth there will be no excuse for a faulty text. Messrs. Henley and Henderson have treated Burns as the famous editors of Germany have treated the classics. They have slurred nothing; they have conjectured nothing; they have not presumed to improve their author, as a hundred busybodies have improved Horace or Æschylus, and as Dr. Bentley would have improved Milton. But they have collated every poem not with one manuscript only, but with every manuscript that was authentic and available; and if a personal preference has been allowed to assert itself in the choice of a variant, all the variants are given in the notes, so that the reader has all the material necessary for the complete consideration of Burns's work.

The text once settled, the editors have set themselves to observe the pedigree of the poems, and while the ancient theory that Burns was a ploughman whistling at his furrow has been exploded, it has been exploded in the cause of truth and common sense. Mr. Stevenson long since pointed out that Burns wrote best in emulation, that his inspiration always lagged without a model. In the common use of the word he was

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original neither in his motives nor in his rhythms, yet so nobly was he endowed with the truer originality that by his own excellence he made the less worthy experiments of his forbears his own. Burns, says Mr. Henley, "is *ultimus Scotorum*, the last expression of the old Scots' world." In a word, he concentrated in his own genius the achievements of the past. He represented in the highest form the poetry of Scotland, as it had been sketched by Dunbar and Montgomery, by Ramsay and Fergusson. Nothing was too low for a suggestion, nor too high for rivalry. He expressed in perfect verse the vague experiments of the chap-books and the ballads. To say that he was a plagiarist is to misunderstand his method. He did but seize what may be called the folk-lore of poetry, and convert it to nobler uses. The tunes, maybe, were old, but he played them upon his own richer, ampler lyre, until their origin was obscured by a fresh beauty. No poet ever had so strange a history; a lyrist of genius, he was born into the least lyrical of worlds. Had he been an Englishman following the habit of the time he would have written Pindaric odes, and jingled the outworn couplet. Indeed, he did both, and the world has forgotten his couplets and his odes. But he did more also; he rescued half-a-dozen measures from undeserved obscurity. He forgot Shenstone in Dunbar, and Gray in Fergusson. Above all, the ancient broadsheet was more to his mind than the polished commonplace of the eighteenth century; and he owes his greatness not to a marvellous gift of originality, but to the free, unfettered genius which bade him cast off the weight of a foolish authority and seek his models where best he could appreciate them, in the barrow of the street-hawker and in the forgotten lore of lyrical Scotland.

But if Burns was familiar with the literature of the streets, he was none the less a man of letters. His education, though narrow, was sound, and his father bequeathed to him a sincere love and a proper understanding of books. He wrote a prose which would shame no man, and while his poetic imagination would not permit a cool estimate of himself, the snatches of biography which may be gathered from his letters are picturesque and even passionate. In English verse he was never at his ease,—so much he confesses himself. "These English songs gravel me to death," he wrote with perfect truth to Thomson; "I have not that command of the language which I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish." The Duchess of Gordon was of the same opinion, and regretted that a poem addressed to her was not written in the poet's vernacular. But when Burns handled his own tongue, he was as fine an artist in words as Horace himself. Though with a proud humility, which Horace too would have understood, he speaks of his "rustic song," rusticity was a vice which he never knew. The accident that he wrote a language spoken by the peasants of Mossgeil and Mauchline did not affect the artful perfection of his verse. In the preface to his first edition he takes, with other poets, a lowly view of his performance. He confesses that he has not "the advantages of learned art," and that he "does not look down for a rural theme with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil"; his purpose, says he, is "to amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy"; but these confessions need not be taken too seriously. The oaten reed and the scrannel pipe are the professed heritage of all: and

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Burns's preface meant no more than the admissions of Herrick, of Milton, or of Pope. In his heart he knew himself a great artist, nor to his friends does he conceal his exultation. But he is a great artist who, happily or unhappily, has become popular, and in the devotion of the crowd his excellencies have been slurred, while his ostensible vices have appeared virtues to the over-sympathetic.

Yet the unbiassed critic has no difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff. THE JOLLY BEGGARS, long held unworthy the author of THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT, is an immortal masterpiece of melody and observation. The squalor of the piece is glorified by a style so little rustic that every word and every rhythm is fitted to its purpose. It is the literature of the street, maybe, but the literature of the street made classic for all time; and on either side of it may stand that miracle of quiet irony, THE TWA DOGS, and the grim fantasy from fairyland which is known as TAM O' SHANTER. These are works of invention which might establish a poet's claim to immortality, yet they are but a corner of Burns's achievement. In HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, and the other poisoned shafts launched at the Kirk, he proves himself a master of satire,—of satire that could wound and render its victim's recovery hopeless. The rarest gift remains untold,—the gift of song which, rather than the composition of epics or the building of plays, justifies the ancient proverb *poeta nascitur*. It is a gift that can neither be fostered nor controlled, and a lyrical voice is as seldom heard as a nightingale in Cheapside. Some years since the French Academy, which has never lacked courage, undertook to award a triennial prize to the worthiest song of the moment. But with all their courage they have never had a chance to make the award, and in sheer despair they are renouncing the responsibility. Yet the voice, once heard, is unmistakeable, and Burns is one of the few singers the world has known. That he regarded this one gift with seriousness is certain. So lofty was his lyric pride that he declined to accept money for his masterpieces, not, as Mr. Stevenson suggests because "his steps led downwards," but because he believed, with a touch of sentiment, that the writing of songs was above price. As we have said, he laid his hand upon whatever material he found suitable, but he himself was the first to declare his indebtedness, and the genius which transformed the hasty sketch into a marvel of music was all his own.

In undertaking, therefore, to discover the origins of Burns Messrs. Henley and Henderson have but completed the task indicated by himself, and they have performed it with rare knowledge and industry. They have ransacked the ballad literature of two centuries and omitted nothing that might elucidate the poet's text. The Pepys collection at Cambridge, the famous broadsides of Lords Crawford and Rosebery, and a perfect wilderness of Black Letters have been consulted and compared, until all the songs in Johnson's MUSEUM and THE SCOTTISH AIRS are traced to their sources. There may be a suspicion of pedantry in placing Burns under a debt to ballads which he probably never saw in his life; but, though he knew not the remoter past to which he was bound, at least he had grasped the later links in the chain of tradition. Nor may the poet be lawfully suspected of plagiarism. In Mr. Henley's phrase, "he did but pass the folk-song of his nation through the mint of his mind, and reproduced it stamped with his image and lettered with his superscription." That is the editors' point of

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view, and if a thousand singers went to his making, his own claim to be the greatest poet of Scotland is not one whit impoverished. Rather is the greatest of all distinctions conferred upon his ancestors.

Burns, in fact, scarce put his hand to a metre that had not come to him rough and ready-made from the past, and the note on THE ADDRESS TO THE DEIL is a perfect specimen of the editors' method. The six-line stave, in *rime couée* built on two rhymes, is a favourite with Burns, and though of course he knew nothing of its history, its lineage is unbroken in spite of his ignorance. He took it from Fergusson, who wrote his best work in it, and Fergusson borrowed it from Ramsay, who picked it up from the broadsides. From Ramsay you go straight back into the past. Though King James knew it not, it was admirably handled both by Sir Richard Maitland and Alexander Scott. Thus it is that Scott complains against Cupid :

> Quhome sould I wyt of my mischance
> Bot Cuped, King of variance ?
> Thy court, without considerance,
> Quhen I it knew.
> Or evir made the observance,
> Sa far I rew.

And so through Montgomerie's REGRATE OF HIS UNHAPPIE LUVE we arrive at the Towneley Mysteries, and the low Latin of the twelfth century. Here is Hilary, a monk of Paris, writing the same measure, that in the eighteenth century Burns found in a remote parish of Scotland :

> Danielem nos vidimus
> Pronum suis numinibus.
> Esca detur leonibus
> Quia sprevit
> Quod Babilonis Darius
> Rex decrevit.

Thence to Count William of Poitiers (1071-1127) is but a step ; and thus it is that Robert Burns derives through a long line of ancestry from the troubadours.

So, too, THE JOLLY BEGGARS had its origin in a past which the poet ignored, an origin the more interesting because Burns had studied his characters from the life. "I have often courted the acquaintance," says he, "of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of 'blackguards,' sometimes further than was consistent with the safety of my character." Even had his character suffered you would have forgiven the lapse for the sake of a masterpiece ; but so firmly does Burns realise the personages of his little drama that you feel sure his character had not suffered in this quest at least. Yet although he wrote with his eye upon life, he wrote also with his eye upon literature, and this immortal cantata was many a generation in the making. For the praise of beggars is sung in every chap-book that was read to tatters from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth. Even the title of the cantata is ascribed to James the Fifth :

> There was a jolly beggar and a begging
> he was boun',
> And he took up his quarters into a
> land'art town,—

while in England Copland's HIGHWAY TO THE SPITAL HOUSE (1536) was but a prelude to that notorious handbook of blackguardism, Harman's CAVEAT, OR WARNING FOR COMMON CURSETORS, which was read by Shakespeare and was a powerful influence upon his contemporaries. Thence the rascal travelled easily into the chap-books, and the sheet-literature of the eighteenth century is full of him. And there it is that Burns found him, borrowing a rhyme here and a touch of character there, but not detracting by this debt one whit from the splendour of his original piece. Thus it is

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historical criticism does its work, and Messrs. Henley and Henderson have left small gleanings for those that follow after.

As the editors have treated the poems of Burns, so have they treated the poet and his world. They have pictured him in his hard, grey, drunken, unsympathetic surroundings, and the picture loses nothing by sincerity of treatment. Again and again the attempt has been made to gloss over the poet's sins and to belittle his shortcomings, but Mr. Henley has been insistent (occasionally a little too insistent, some may think,) in his expression of the truth, and his biography paints the portrait, without favour or disguise, of the real Burns, the enemy of the Kirk, the too liberal lover, the man with the artistic temperament and all its failings. The indiscretion of earlier critics has met with its inevitable reaction, and perhaps the reaction carries us too far the other way. Mr. Henley does not disguise his antipathy to his predecessors, and at times expresses his displeasure with a fortitude which the occasion scarcely merits. It is also true that the poet's life does not particularly concern us, but others have made a false report, and it is in justice to Burns that at last the truth is told. Some virtuous biographer, in the vain attempt to erect unto himself another graven image, long since invented a Burns of plaster or terra-cotta. It was an admirable ornament for the chimney-piece, and an admirable toast at a public dinner; but it was inhuman, and as far as the Sunday School from the real man of genius who wrote TAM O'SHANTER and HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER. Moreover, that his victim might not be disconsolate in the coldness of plaster, the pious biographer invented a mystic companion whom he called Highland Mary. Of this other plaster-cast nothing is known in the flesh, save that she received a Bible and died; yet she has appeared to several generations a twin-soul to the ploughman-poet. Doubtless to the ploughman-poet she would have been a twin soul. But Burns was never a ploughman-poet, and Highland Mary seems never to have been an influence in his life. It is, indeed, a strange commentary upon the study of literature that the rustic loves of Burns should still be discussed with the same ardour wherewith the memory of Shelley and Harriet and Mary Wolstonecraft is obscured. Not even George Sand and Musset have been tracked down and spied upon posthumously with a keener energy than Burns and Mary Campbell and Jean Armour and the fair Clarinda. The labour of indiscretion has been in vain, of course, and the only result has been to confuse the plain reading of the poet. But, given the false and popular conception of Burns, the invention of Mary Campbell was inevitable, and Mr. Henley is only clearing away the fogs of criticism when he attempts to place the characters of the drama in a right relation. Clarinda, doubtless, was a passing phantasy to Burns, as was Annie to Poe; Mary Campbell is three-parts mythical; Jean Armour is the one woman who had an enduring hold and influence upon the poet's life. Had a foolish piety not intervened, there would have been little enough to say; but it had intervened, and it is well that once and for always the poet's character should be explained and justified.

That Burns should have been happy was impossible from the first. Men who are born to confer happiness upon countless generations are too often condemned to bite the wormwood themselves. "God have mercy upon me," he wrote of himself, "a poor damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool!

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The sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imaginations, agonising sensibility, and bedlam passions." There was a true cry from the heart of the "misplaced Titan"! To be born out of one's station is a tragedy indeed. The hapless runagate, well-born and wealthy, who descends upon the companionship of stable-boys and sharpers is familiar enough, and because his misfortune is obvious, it is deplored by a thousand moralists. But the man of genius, born in a lowly condition, and forced by his wit and brilliancy to share the life of men and women more cultured and wealthy than himself, suffers a fate ten times more bitter and inevitably misunderstood. Doubtless the aristocracy of Edinburgh, in opening its doors to Burns, believed that it was conferring upon him the last condescension. It was but acting the part of the sharper towards the gilded youth, and forcing him, as in his detestable attack on Mrs. Riddell, into an entirely false position. Burns was born to the plough, with the rough habits and passions of the peasant; his intellect, on the other hand, purified him of all grossness, and made him the fit companion for the most accomplished and refined society of his day. Torn hither and thither, he fell in the struggle, as hundreds have fallen above and below him, but his misfortune is by no means lessened because he was dragged for a season through the drawing-rooms of Edinburgh. He was a man to whom condescension was impossible. Nobody met him without admitting his marvellous wit and brilliant temperament. Scott, who had known all the great ones of his generation, treasured the memory of Burns's magnificent eye; the Duchess of Gordon, with characteristic frankness, confessed that his conversation carried her instantly "off her legs." His manners, if awkward, were the manners of a gentleman, and once his voice was raised the whole table was silent. Such men as Robertson or Dugald Stewart were his humble admirers, and it is not remarkable that he knew his power as intimately as those who felt it. So it was that he became a leader in a world that was not his own, and which never could have been his own. The hard training of an Ayrshire farm had possessed him with a devil which could not be exorcised in polished Edinburgh. He fell inevitably into the company of wits and drunkards, still the leader in converse, still unrivalled in repartee. Among professors, as among ploughmen, he was supreme, but his very supremacy was his undoing, Having conquered Dugald Stewart, and having brought the chaste Clarinda to his feet, he returned to his parish, and his Kirk-elders, and all the petty tyranny of the countryside. But, despite the sympathy of Jean Armour, he was unsatisfied. The mind was too large for the body, the bird for the cage. He led the only life that was possible to him, and it could not possibly bring him content or happiness. The travels of a gauger kept him from composition; the lapse of composition drove him to despair. There was nothing to fulfil his manifold energy, save the raffish conviviality of the countryside, and the society of taverns drove him to Jacobinism and despair. Moreover, he was first and last a man of letters. He was not, save by the hazard of birth, either a ploughman or a gauger. He was no peasant in grain, warbling his "native woodnotes wild." His woodnotes, if native, were never for an instant wild. He wrote the vernacular because it was his own tongue: he wrote English because it was the fashion; and he failed in his imitations of Shenstone and the rest, because English was to him a foreign

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tongue which he handled with the uncertainty of a scholar expressing himself in Ovidian Latin or Thucydidean Greek. So in his odes and couplets he is always dependent upon borrowed phrases and unfelt conceits. But directly he touched the vernacular, his own speech, he wrote it like an artist to whom literature was the first necessity of life. Thus being a man of temperament, he delighted in the art of masquerade; he was always present to himself as a creation. He magnified his misfortunes, and he idealised his love-affairs, until, like many another artist, he lived through superfluous tragedies and suffered a thousand imagined tortures. But none the less he did his work and lived his life, despite the habit of literary extravagance, and despite the consciousness that he was discharging the duties of another man. Carlyle would have sent him to a university, and so replaced his exquisite mastery of the vernacular by a foolish aspiration after English. But at least he escaped this mishap, and won himself a place among the few great poets of the world. "The Man," in Mr. Henley's phrase, "had drunk his life to the lees, while the Poet had fulfilled himself to the accomplishing of a peculiar immortality, so that to Burns death came as a deliverer and a friend." And for us it is not to give false reading to his virtues, or unduly to deplore his mishaps. It is for us to remember that he wrote a dozen of the best songs the world has heard, that he is the author of TAM O'SHANTER and THE JOLLY BEGGARS, that he brought humour and gaiety and freedom back to an age that had forgotten them in the foolish manufacture of odes and fantasies. His own carelessness, and the misapprehension of others, claimed for him a careful editing, and for the future he will best be read in these four volumes of Messrs. Henley and Henderson. For his latest editors have shown the wisest loyalty in their regard for truth, while in scholarship and justice they have outstripped all their predecessors.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE POPPY.

Those parts of India, known as Oudh, the North-West Provinces, and Behar, constitute what may be called the Land of the White Poppy. These provinces are watered by many rivers, the principal of which are the Goomti, the Gogra, the Sone, and, last and greatest of all, the Ganges. Broadly speaking, it is the Gangetic valley that is the domain of the white poppy. There are numerous other rivers, such as the Kali Nuddi, a treacherous stream given to overflowing its muddy banks with disastrous results, and the Ramganga, a tributary of the Ganges. Of this river the natives have a saying—

> Gangaji ki katta reth
> Ramganga ki katta keth—

which means, when the Ganges overflows its banks it turns the fields to sand, but the waters of the Ramganga improve the quality of the land.

In all this region only the white-flowered variety of the poppy is grown. Away, south of the Jumna in the plains of Malwa, the red poppy brightens the fields around Rajput homesteads. In Behar, in Oudh, and in the North-West Provinces it is a strange fact that the red-flowered variety of this plant does not produce opium of any economic value. There is for this reason a strong feeling against it in the Gangetic valley, and should even one coloured flower appear in the white spread of the fields, no time is lost in destroying it.

Although the cultivation of the poppy is extremely profitable, and hence popular among all castes, it is not followed with equal success by all of them. The Brahmin, the Thakur, the Rai, and the Mussulman are considered to be the least able to make the crop pay. This is due to the fact that, as a rule, they will not work in the fields themselves, preferring to leave the task to hired labourers who are naturally careless of their employers' interests. The inevitable result of this system is a large expenditure and diminished profit. The Koeri and the humble Kachhi, or Murao, are the hereditary high priests of the poppy cult. The Koeri is by caste and the tradition of centuries a farmer, and the Kachhi has ever been what he is now, a market-gardener. Both are true children of the soil. Their practical training begins with their infancy: their first ideas are associated with the brown earth of the fields; and though ignorant of all other learning, they are masters in their own line and tend their crops as if they loved them. The secret of their success is hard work, and they reap the reward of their labour a hundred fold, for they bring in great earthen pots full of opium to the weighing centres every year, and return to their villages rejoicing, with many bright rupees tied up in their waistcloths.

It is the month of Asar (July); there is a bank of heavy clouds in the north-east; a strong wind is blowing and a grey light fills the air. It is clear that rain is coming, and the Koeri loses no time. Hastily taking up the light plough resting against the thatched roof of his hut, he calls to his wife or son to assist him, and driving the two rough-coated starveling bullocks that form his team before him, proceeds to plough up the field

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he has reserved for poppy. This field has been lying fallow since March, and will now be ploughed, weather permitting, once every eight days until October. In October the Koĕri makes arrangements with the *gararea*, or village shepherd, to picket his sheep in the field at night. He thus secures a dressing of manure, and every time this is done he pays about sixpence to the shepherd.

This simple process of manuring is followed by ploughing in all directions until November. The field is then attacked with the *hingah*, or clod-breaker. This instrument is nothing more than a heavy bar of wood, which is yoked to the cattle by rope traces in place of the plough. It lies horizontally on the surface of the field and at right angles to the bullocks; to increase its weight a couple of boys or a man often sit upon it. The trituration by this rude though powerful implement is followed by further ploughing, and this again by clod-crushing. The soil of the field thus becomes finely powdered and thoroughly amalgamated with the manure, and is now almost in a fit state to receive the seed. Before sowings commence, however, the field is once more harried with the plough, and then the seed is scattered broadcast.

Early the next morning the Koeri is out again. He stands near his well: his patient bullocks are with him, but the plough and the *hingah* have been left at home; and instead of these a coil of stout rope lies over the farmer's brown shoulder, and an assistant, who is often the Koeri's wife, carries a large leather bag, the mouth of which is kept open by an iron ring. One end of the rope is fastened to the mouth of the bag by means of cross pieces of wood or iron, in such a manner as to enable the *mot*, for so the bag is called, to be lowered perpendicularly into the well; the other end of the rope is passed over a winch fixed over the mouth of the well, and fastened to the yoke.

At the brink of the well-mouth stands the Koeri's wife with one hand on the rope. It is her duty to guide the *mot* on its journey up and down, and, when it comes to light again brimming over with warm well-water, she brings it to land with a deft twist of her arm, and the rope being slackened the water pours into a channel made for the purpose and is conveyed to the field. The Koeri himself manages the team. He accompanies his cattle down the steep slope and thence up again to the well-top, whence he looks to see that the women and boys are working in the field. He shouts now to them, now to his cattle; and so the day wanes, and the last square inch of thirsty soil has soaked up its share of water.

The field is now left until the soil is dry enough to admit of another ploughing. This is followed by a vigorous course of the *hingah*, and then again the field is left for four days. After the lapse of this time the surface of the field is made up into small rectangular beds, called *kiarid*, separated from each other by ridges of earth. The object of this is to facilitate the watering of the crop after the plant has germinated. Until germination takes place, which should be in about a week or ten days after the beds have been made, the field requires no further attention. The Koeri and his household now turn their thoughts to other crops in which they are interested, for they never sit idle and are too wise not to have more than one iron in the fire.

Should the seed not germinate, or the seedlings be destroyed by unusual heat, the indefatigable Koeri will make second and third sowings if necessary. The growth of the young

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plant upon which so much labour and time has been spent is watched with anxious care, and when the tender seedling, throwing asunder the close embrace of its cotyledons, expands its first true foliage-leaves to the light and air, the important news is repeated to each other by the farmers with eyes glistening with joy and hope.

As the plant grows it is carefully weeded and watered from time to time, and the soil about its roots loosened with a small iron hoe, called a *khurpi*. The winter rains are looked for with anxiety, and should these fail the well and the *mot* are again in requisition. Surface-dressings of manure are applied at intervals; that most esteemed being a saline deposit found chiefly on the walls of old mud huts, and called *nona-matti* (salt earth). By the month of January the plant is some twelve inches high: in February a rapid increase takes place in the size of the plant; and towards the end of this month the fields are one mass of dazzling white bloom.

The variety of poppy grown here is that known to science as *papaver somniferum*. It is a plant of vigorous growth, and the beauty of its long bright green leaves is enhanced by the deep serrations of their margins. The leaves do not spring from stalks, but embrace the stem which appears to rise through their bases, and this serves to increase the elegance of the general appearance of the plant. The flower is solitary and borne at the end of a long stalk. As a bud it droops towards the ground, the neck of the stalk being bent like the end of a shepherd's crook. The bud is enclosed in two pale green calyx leaves, which, as the petals expand, are gently torn from their bases and generally drop off before the flower is fully open. There are only four petals, broadening from the base, of a delicate texture, finely crimped, and of a brilliant white colour. Inside this alabaster cup nestles the green ovarium surmounted by a crown of stigmata and buried in innumerable fawn-coloured anthers. The flower lives but a short life. In forty-eight hours after the white petals have trembled open to the sun and breeze they flutter down to the earth. The sun brings maturity to the ovarium that is soon deserted by the withering stamens; and it is left to swell and grow until the experienced eye of the Koeri tells him that its outer walls are full of the milky juice that is known later on as opium.

When the Koeri has made sure that the ovarium, or capsule as it is called, is ripe, which is generally about the first week in March, he begins the delicate operation of lancing. In this he is aided by his family, and if his fields are numerous, he will call in the families of his friends to help him. The process of lancing is begun in the afternoon, and requires much care and experience. The operator stands somewhat behind the capsule and, grasping it in the left hand, makes an incision from base to apex with a four-bladed lance of peculiar shape, called a *neshtar*. Great care has to be taken that the incision does not go deeper than the outer envelopes of the walls of the capsule, as it is only in those that the laticiferous vessels lie. A deeper incision would injure the capsule and cause it to dry up prematurely. In skilful hands a vigorous capsule will take as many as eight incisions.

The moment the lancet is withdrawn the juice, which is on its first appearance of a pure white colour, exudes and slowly trickles down the side of the capsule, thickening as it comes into contact with the air and forming a tear at the base of the incision.

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The action of the air also causes an immediate change in the colour of the juice, which assumes a reddish hue, and finally takes the dark brown tint natural to the opium of commerce.

The capsules, after being lanced, are left until the next morning, when the drug that has exuded is collected by means of a shallow scoop, called a *sitwa*. Shells are often used for this purpose also, and sometimes even the edge of a *khurpi*. The crude opium as collected is stored in a brass vessel, and then taken home to be properly inspissated. It is finally conveyed in earthen platters and pots to the weighing-centres, where it is made over to the officers appointed by Government to receive it.

It has been said that the life of the poppy flower is a short one, and that the petals soon fall to the ground. In many parts of the regions where the poppy is cultivated, however, the petals are gently detached from their bases before they fall, and are then placed in masses in the shallow iron frying-pans, called *tawa* by the natives. They are then subjected to the action of a gentle heat, and are at the same time pressed with a damp rag. The heat causes the natural glutinous juices of the petals to exude, and the whole mass finally coheres and forms a thin cake, very much like a pancake. A well-made cake of petals is of a pale golden colour and smooth texture, and is strong and pliant. A leaf of this sort is called a *chandi*, or silver leaf, by the cultivators. These leaves are required for the manufacture of the shells of the opium-cakes at the opium-factory, and the cultivators are well paid for them.

The capsules, after the lancing is over, are left to dry on the stalk, and are then plucked off and broken open for the seed. When the lancing has been properly done the seed-producing qualities of the capsule are not affected in any way. The seed contained in the finer and more vigorous capsules is stored up by the cultivator for his next year's crop, and the balance is sold to the *teli*, or oilman, to be pressed for poppy oil. The seeds are also used as a seasoning for many of the dishes that delight the Mussulman's palate, and are known by him as *kash-kash*. Even for the broken capsules some use is found; they are sold to the *pansari*, or druggist, an infusion of them in boiling water making an excellent fomentation for sprains or painful swellings.

There now remain the stalks and leaves of the plants, and these also are turned to a profitable use. The leaves are allowed to wither on the stalks, and are then swept up and collected in huge bales.

In the process of collecting and packing, the dry leaves are reduced to a coarse powder, and this substance is technically known as *trash*. It forms a most useful article for packing and is much used in the central opium-factories. The stalks are then collected for fuel, so that it may safely be said that no part of the plant is wasted.

The cultivation of the poppy is not unattended by risks, for the plant has many enemies and is liable to many accidents during its short life. As a young plant its existence is menaced by the *gadhya*, a grey weevil that appears in large numbers during hot, dry weather. The cultivators, knowing the great partiality these insects have for any juicy vegetable substance, strew bits of pumpkin as bait in their fields. In the morning the *gadhyas* are found swarming on the bits of pumpkin and might easily be destroyed; but their captors, urged by religious scruples, frequently decline to kill them, and satisfy themselves with carrying these pests off to some distance, or depositing them in a neighbour's field. Several species of

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caterpillars, the larvæ of certain not well-known species of moths, also infest the leaves of the plant at various stages of its existence; but they cease their ravages as soon as the plant attains maturity, for its juices are then apparently unpalatable to the insect tribes. Among animals, the *nilghai*, the largest of Indian antelopes, is as fond of the young poppy as the *gadhyas;* and in wilder parts of the country his grey form may often be seen in the early morning, returning from the poppy fields to the dense cover of the grass jungle or the *dhak* thicket in the vicinity.

During the process of lancing the Koeri often casts anxious glances at the eastern sky, for rain at this time would cause a heavy loss by washing away the exudations that have collected on the capsule. He is in still greater dread of hail, which often accompanies rain at this period of the year and frequently destroys the crop entirely. All broad-leaved crops are naturally more liable to be damaged by hail than crops with very thin leaves; and consequently the poppy and tobacco fields are always the first to be ruined when a storm of this description occurs.

But of all the diseases to which the poppy plant is heir, the one most dreaded by the cultivator is the blight. Damp and cloudy weather is favourable to the appearance of this disease, but it is not always possible to trace its origin clearly. It spreads with alarming rapidity, and under it the plants wither up shrivelled and sapless. In really bad cases not much can be done to save them; but if the disease be taken in time a careful weeding out of badly affected plants, together with surface-dressings of manure and watering, often saves at least part of the crop from utter destruction. The cultivator is, however, a philosopher, who takes the bad with the good cheerfully; and when he makes up his poppy total of kicks and halfpence more often than not finds he has a preponderance of the latter to think of.

There is hardly an industry in India that is not watched over by Government with a paternal care. The poppy forms no exception, and it has wisely been ruled that its cultivation and the sale of its products should be directly regulated by Government. In Upper India the Government of Bengal is entrusted with the management of this task, and for the purposes of administration the control of the cultivation is placed under two agencies, one at Patna in Behar, and the other at Ghazipur in the North-West Provinces. Each of these agencies is under the orders of a high officer of the Civil Service, the out-station work being performed by district officers.

The official life of the opium district officer is passed among the people of the soil. He is generally a master of the dialect spoken in his district and is expected to be a good horseman for, in common with other officers of Government, he spends most of his time in the saddle. Early in August when the sky is black with rain clouds he leaves his pleasant home in the Station and vanishes into the *dihat*, or country. Here he sees what has been done, and in September is back again to report on the probable crop. In November he is again out, and does not come back till the cry of the brain-fever bird heralds the hot weather. During this period he leads a healthy, if nomadic life. He traverses the whole of the district under his charge, pays particular attention to the construction of wells, and inquires into all matters relating to the interests of his cultivators,—playing the part of a friend and adviser to them rather than of an officer.

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By the first week of April he is ready to receive the opium produced in his district. The crude juice collected in March has by this time undergone considerable changes. It has given off its superfluous moisture, has become much harder, and has assumed, if properly cared for, the dark mahogany colour so distinctive of good opium. It has been arranged finally in the earthen vessel in which it will perform its journey to the *kothi*, as the weighing-centre is called, and the cultivator now awaits the summons annually sent to him by the opium-officer to attend the place of weighment.

There is a great stir in the village as the time approaches for this ceremony. It is an annual journey looked forward to with keen anticipations of pleasure by the simple-hearted country people. Many and important are the commissions entrusted to the caravan by the wives of its members. These will necessitate a long and delightful day spent in wandering about the crowded evil-smelling streets of the *shahr*, or native city, and the final purchase of some yards of gaudy cloth or, perchance, some silver jewelry, some native sweets, and it may be a quaint mud toy for little Rambalak or Ganesh. The caravan generally travels on foot, each man carrying his own opium; but sometimes a cart is used for the transport.

The scene of the examination and classification of the opium is an interesting one. The officer stands in the verandah of his *kothi*, or may be under the shade of some lofty *nim*, or mango tree, in the enclosure. He is in his shirt-sleeves and his arms are bare to the elbows. Before him is a rough table, and in front of that, on the ground, sit the cultivators silent and expectant. They are arranged in long lines, each man with his opium before him, and each group of villagers belong to one license, separate from the other groups. The men of a license are called up one by one, and as each man is called he brings his pot of opium with his own hands and places it on the table in front of the officer. The latter first carefully searches the mass with one hand for such adulterations as may be detected in this manner, and then withdraws a small specimen to which he will afterwards apply chemical tests for purity. He has at the same time by his trained touch been able to inform himself of the consistence or degree of solidity to which the sample before him has attained. He now proclaims this quality in a clear voice, and at the same time marks it on the surface of the pot, and causes it to be entered in the official record which is carefully kept.

As may be supposed the examination of each pot is watched with keen interest, not only by its owner, but also by all the other cultivators belonging to the license. The officer's decision is received by the owner of the opium with grunts of satisfaction or grumblings of discontent, but his verdict, though not final, is rarely wrong. When the opium reaches the great central factory it is again examined by a thoroughly trained body of experts under the immediate supervision of the opium-examiner, and there receives its final classification. The work of examination by hand being over, the officer is able to turn his attention to the application of the chemical tests aforesaid. When he has thus satisfied himself that the opium is absolutely free from adulteration he permits it to be conveyed to the weighing-room.

In this way, working from five in the morning to nine or ten, he is able to examine and classify some five or six hundred pots, and is then at liberty to attend to his other duties in connection with the weighing of the drug and payments to the cultivators.

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The opium is weighed in the weighment-room, pot by pot, and is collected in large receiving-jars, each of which is set aside for a particular quality and is calculated to hold eighty-two pounds of opium. The process of weighing occupies the whole day, and is carried out under the supervision of European officers specially employed for the purpose. The opium is paid for at a graduated scale according to the officer's classification; and a further settlement is made with the cultivators when the final decision of the central factory is made known.

Thus day succeeds day, a stream of cultivators pouring in with their opium, while a rival stream returns to the villages, as a rule in high content and looking eagerly forward to the next year's harvest. The work while it lasts is very hard and inflicts a heavy strain on the officer, who is employed, on an average, some ten hours a day at a time when owing to the great heat the climate is exceptionally trying.

As soon as a hundred of the large receiving-jars have been filled up they are despatched to the great central factory. The opium travels by bullock-cart, boat, or rail, according to the situation of the weighing-centre and the means of locomotion available. It is of course always sent under the protection of a guard, but robberies are not unknown though they are rare.

The Ghazipur opium-factory is the busy heart of the Benares Opium-Agency. It is placed on the banks of the Ganges and is a difficult place to reach, for it is not as yet on any line of rail. The nearest railway station is across the river, and this is the terminus of a branch line of the East Indian railway system.

The visitor to Ghazipur is deposited at a dreary station on the main line, called Dildarnagar. Here he is in the midst of what looks in the hot weather like a howling wilderness. He has often to wait some two or three hours at this wretched place before the asthmatic engine, that conveys the four or five rickety trucks used on the branch line, is ready to convey him to the tiny station of Tarighat on the right bank of the Ganges.

It is a relief when the train starts, for, slow as its pace is, the movement is a welcome change from the baking platform at Dildarnagar. At Tarighat the traveller is confronted by a half mile of sand, white, stifling, and dazzling in the hot sun of an afternoon in May. It has to be done, however, and it is with a parched throat and weary limbs that the explorer crawls at last up the landing-stage and casts himself on an armchair on the quarter-deck of the Rama, a tiny little ferry steamer that runs between Tarighat and Ghazipur. In the meantime he has not failed to notice long strings of carts laden with opium-jars, each securely packed in a basket, and all travelling from the little station he has quitted to the river-side. He has, while on his weary way to the steamer, often had his progress impeded by these carts, and has sometimes had to dodge the horns of an irritable bullock, for the tempers of even these patient creatures give way under the combined influence of overwork, blows, twisting of tails, and the clouds of sand that sweep with every gust of wind over this trying half-mile. The jars contained in these carts have been filled up at the district weighing places and pour into the opium-factory at the rate of about fifteen hundred a day. When it is remembered that each of these jars contain eighty-two pounds of opium, some idea of the vast number of capsules that have been lanced to produce even the daily contribution,

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and of the magnitude of the industry we are investigating, may be arrived at. This influx of opium continues sometimes for six weeks, sometimes for two months, according as the season has been an average or a bumper one.

The river being crossed, the traveller is confronted by a steep ascent up which he makes his way as best he can. A crowded native city is before him, and the usual inhabitants of its landing-places, beggars of all sorts and sizes and of all descriptions of loathsomeness, forthwith attack him. His luggage, which has been pounced upon by a crowd of yelling coolies, has by this time been placed on top of a sort of box on wheels, known as a *palkighary*, and into this he tumbles, glad to escape from the filthy crowd through which he has hitherto been fighting his way. Two tiny ponies, more remarkable for bone than muscle, are attached to the conveyance by harness consisting of odd bits of leather fastened in many places with pieces of coarse twine in lieu of buckles, and often with lengths of rope for reins.

The *gharry* takes some time to start, the ponies finding it necessary to back a little distance before sufficient momentum has been gained to urge the vehicle on its career. In the meantime the driver yells, the beggars whine, and the coolies demand more *bakshish*, while the traveller, if he is wise, keeps his temper and lights a pipe. At last the ponies go off at a hand-gallop and keep this pace up to the end of the journey. The street is crowded but the driver does not seem to mind this in the least. His vehicle proceeds with a rumbling and clashing that act as an efficient alarum, and he generally succeeds in piloting his fare safely through what seems to be interminable miles of a narrow road.

After this long journey the traveller arrives covered with dust and shaken but safe at the gates of the opium-factory; and here we must leave him for the time, hoping at a later period to describe some of the processes going on in this busy place.

G. Levett-Yeats.

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SOME FRIENDS OF BROWNING.

THAT Robert Browning should make friends with a musical family was only natural. No English poet since Milton has had a better knowledge of music or a more intense love for it. To some extent, no doubt, his love was an inheritance. His grandfather on the mother's side was the son of an accomplished musician; his mother's own tastes were musical, and we know how his father would take the little Robert in his arms and soothe him to sleep by singing snatches of Anacreon to that favourite old tune, *A Cottage in a Wood*. At any rate, Browning, even as a child, was very susceptible to music. One evening, we are told, his mother was playing alone in the twilight. Presently she heard a sound behind her, and, turning round, beheld a little white figure distinct against an oak book-case, and could just discern two large wistful eyes looking earnestly at her. The next moment the child was in her arms sobbing passionately at he knew not what, but, as his burst of emotion subsided, whispering repeatedly with shy urgency, "Play, play!" It is said, too, that when the young poet began to find the artistic impulse stirring within him, he remembered his mother's music and aspired to be a musician. And even when he had come to see that "Verse alone one life allows me," it was rather as a musician and an artist that he was known among his associates. Nor was this surprising. The late Sir Charles Hallé, who was one of his intimates, declares in his reminiscences that Browning "knew the whole literature of music, had an unfailing judgment, and sometimes drew my attention to pieces by older masters which had escaped my notice." Hallé says he must have been a good pianist himself, though he could never be prevailed upon to give a proof of his powers. No doubt he would shrink from exhibiting himself before an artist of such standing as Hallé. In other circumstances he was less reticent, as for example when he sat down at the organ in the Convent chapel at Vallombrosa, and played some of the old melodies he loved so well. But one might devote an entire paper to the poet's love of music; here we have another story to tell.

When, at twelve years old, Browning was fruitlessly endeavouring to find a publisher for the early poems which he had collected under the title of INCONDITA, a certain Miss Eliza Flower was growing into an intimate acquaintance with his family. One day Mrs. Browning thought of showing her son's neatly written and carefully stitched manuscripts to Miss Flower. That lady promptly carried them off, perused them, read them to her sister (afterwards to become known as Sarah Flower Adams), copied them out before returning them, and persuaded the celebrated William J. Fox, the Unitarian minister, to read the transcripts. In this way was formed a connection which made no slight impression on Browning's personal life, as well as on the lives of the two sisters who had thus constituted themselves the earliest of his critics. It may be worth while to trace the connection in some detail.

The Flowers, Eliza and Sarah, have a place in all biographies of Browning, but little more than a passing reference is made to either of the sisters. They

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were the daughters of Benjamin Flower, editor of THE CAMBRIDGE INTELLIGENCER, whose name is associated in some slight degree with that of Coleridge. Sarah, as we shall presently see, met the poet in later life and left on record some interesting reminiscences of the meeting. Flower owed his editorship indirectly to the circumstance of his having spent six months in France in 1791 during the most innocent part of the Revolution. His work, of the following year, on the French Constitution was inspired by the impressions thus received; and that work, again, contributed to his being appointed to the chair of the new paper. THE CAMBRIDGE INTELLIGENCER had some notoriety among the journals of its time. It was almost the only provincial paper in the country which denounced the war with France, and advocated the removal of the grievances of the Dissenters on the broad ground of religious liberty. It was the advocacy of these views which attracted the great attention the journal received, an attention which was out of all proportion to its ability. In 1799 it gained a notoriety of another kind, when the editor was summoned before the House of Lords for an alleged libel on the Bishop of Llandaff. Flower, it appears, had taken the then daring liberty of censuring the political conduct of the Bishop. The House gave the case a very short hearing; and the hapless editor was sentenced to six months imprisonment in Newgate and a fine of £100. The imprisonment fortunately turned out to be a blessing in disguise. A certain Miss Gould, a young lady who had herself suffered for her opinions, took pity on the intrepid editor and frequently gave him the solace of her company at Newgate. The result was just what might have been expected; Benjamin Flower married the devoted damsel soon after his release. At the same time he gave up his newspaper and established himself in business as a printer at Harlow, in Essex, where he carried on a monthly magazine called THE POLITICAL REGISTER from 1807 to 1811.

From such parentage, and under the influence of such fearless Radicalism, came the two sisters whose names were to be so unexpectedly connected with the name of Browning. The mother died in 1810, when Eliza was seven and Sarah five years old. The father lived until 1829. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Fox, and to that well-known divine and political orator he left the guardianship of his daughters. They had their home at Dalston, nearly opposite to that of Mr. Fox; and, according to Harriet Martineau, the house was much frequented by musical and literary people. The connection with Fox would naturally lead to interesting introductions. He had helped Mill and Dr. Brabant (who gave £800 for the purpose) to found THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, the first article of which he had written; and in course of time he drew around him a distinguished literary circle, including Hazlitt, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, and other more or less luminous lights. When the Flowers came under his guardianship he was the minister of the Unitarian congregation which still meets at South Place, Finsbury; and it was only to be expected that the sisters would yield to the religious influences thus brought to bear upon them.

We hear next to nothing of any theological difficulties on the part of Eliza; but Sarah seems to have been in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity even before the death of her father. Curiously enough, it was to Mr. Fox that she went for counsel. Her father, notwithstanding his ex-

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treme opinions in other directions, had, as she declares, no sympathy with any kind of unbelief, and to him she dared not reveal her state. She writes to Fox from Great Harlowe ("not what it once was, and it has added to the feeling of loneliness which has just been coming on,") in 1827, when she was in her twenty-second year, calling her communication "a regular confession of faith,—or rather want of it—from one whom you little suspect guilty of the heinous sin of unbelief." Her mind, she remarks, has been wandering a long time, until now she seems to have "lost sight of that only invulnerable hold against the assaults of this warring world, — a firm belief in the genuineness of the Scriptures." Some remnants of the old faith she still retains: a belief in the existence of "an All-wise and Omnipotent being," and perhaps (for she is not quite sure about it) she can still hold to the Resurrection; but she cannot go to the Bible as she used to go.

Then follows an interesting statement: the cloud, she proceeds to say has come over her gradually, and she did not discover the darkness until she sought to give light to others. "It was in answering Robert Browning that my mind refused to bring forward argument, turned recreant, and sided with the enemy." This was written, let it be remembered, when Browning was only fifteen. What precisely was the nature of the young poet's unsettling opinions it is impossible to determine. Miss Flower was conscious, however, that she had not "examined as far as she might" in her attempts to answer him; and she looked to Fox to direct her enquiries farther. What must she read? She herself suggests "a good ecclesiastical history," but she wants to hear of other resources "against the evil time which is beginning to set in." The very study, she adds, will be a delight, even if it has not the desired result. This letter appears to have served as a sort of climax to Fox's own doubts. As regards some of her views his correspondent was assuredly in advance of him; and it is claimed for her that she was really the means of emancipating him from the thraldom of Calvinism.

That, however, is a question which it is happily unnecessary to discuss here. It is more to our purpose to note the further connection which Browning had with this young doubter and with her sister. In 1833 PAULINE was published, and in June of that year we find Sarah Flower writing to a cousin: "Have you seen anything of PAULINE? I will send you down one of the first copies. We have renewed an old acquaintance with the author, who is the 'poet-boy' we used to know years ago. He is yet unmatured, and will do much better things. He is very interesting from his great power of conversation and thorough originality, to say nothing of his personal appearance, which would be unexceptionally poetical if nature had not served him an unkindly trick in giving him an ugly nose."

Such is Sarah Flower's verdict on the young poet, who about this time according to Mr. Fox's daughter, was "just a trifle of a dandy, addicted to lemon coloured kid-gloves, and such things." As for PAULINE that work was less connected with Sarah Flower than with her sister Eliza. Mrs. Sutherland Orr asserts that if, in spite of Browning's denials, any woman inspired the poem, it can have been no other than she. On the same authority, young Robert not only conceived a warm admiration for Eliza's talents, but a boyish love for herself, notwithstanding that she was nine years his senior. It is certain

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that he had no ordinary feeling of tenderness and admiration for the lady. In later life he never mentioned her name with indifference. Mr. Moncure Conway testifies that he could not speak of her early death without evident pain; and in a letter of 1881 to Mr. Dykes Campbell he characterises her as "a very remarkable person." He had begun writing to her when he was twelve or thirteen, and what he called "the few utterly insignificant scraps of letters and verse" which formed his part of the correspondence were preserved by her to the end. Most of these he recovered and destroyed, but one or two notes remain. In 1842, when Eliza Flower had published her HYMNS AND ANTHEMS, he writes to thank her for the good news: "all this music I shall be so thoroughly gratified to hear." Some time in 1845 she had arranged to give a concert of her own compositions, and with reference to this Browning wrote: "For me, I never had another feeling than entire admiration for your music,—entire admiration. I put it apart from all other English music I know, and fully believe in it as *the* music we all waited for." Browning believed Eliza Flower to be "a composer of real genius," a belief which was shared by Mendelssohn when, in the course of one of his visits to England, he made the acquaintance of the Flowers.

Nor was this belief so ill-founded as it may appear; for although the name of Eliza Flower is not to be found in the great dictionaries of musicians, she has certainly some claims to remembrance as a composer. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW said of her, rather generously, it must be admitted, that "in musical composition she attained a higher rank than before her time had been reached by any of her sex," adding that "she has been excelled by no living composer in the particular order of composition to which she devoted herself." She first became known for a series of FOURTEEN MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE WAVERLEY NOVELS, a work which is still so well esteemed that after an interval of sixty-six years a second edition of it has recently been published. She wrote many hymns, hymn-tunes, and anthems for Mr. Fox's congregation, of the choir of which she and her sister were enthusiastic members. It is, however, by the music of that widely popular chorus *Now pray we for our country*, composed in 1842, that she is best known. Browning's opinion of her musical powers was of course exaggerated, pardonably in the circumstances, but not so greatly as has been asserted.

Eliza Flower wrote several letters to Browning, but of these not one seems to be in existence. A letter addressed to Miss Sarah Fox, a sister of the Unitarian minister at Norwich, contains an interesting reference to STRAFFORD on the occasion of its performance at Covent Garden Theatre in 1837. "Were you not pleased," she writes, "to hear of the success of one you must, I think, remember a very little boy years ago? If not, you have often heard us speak of Robert Browning; and it is a great deal to have accomplished a successful tragedy, although he seems a good deal annoyed at the go of things behind the scenes, and declares he will never write a play again as long as he lives. You have no idea of the ignorance and obstinacy of the whole set, with here and there an exception. Think of his having to write out the meaning of the word *impeachment*, as some of them thought it meant *poaching!*"

In this connection it is worth recalling the circumstance that Eliza Flower's friend, Mr. Fox, wrote that "most generous notice" of STRAFFORD

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in THE TRUE SUN which Browning said had "almost made 'my soul well and happy now.'" Eliza seems to have been helpful to Fox and his people in many ways. Fox's published discourses were, it appears, all written out by her from the short-hand notes which, after his fortieth year, he always used in the pulpit. In 1843 the South Place congregation presented her with an alabaster vase as an expression of their affection and gratitude; and when her death took place three years later, the committee paid her a warm tribute as one whose virtues and graces "endeared her to all who knew her, and whose compositions have contributed so materially to the beauty and completeness of the services in this place." Such is the story of Eliza Flower and of her connection with Browning. It is said that John Stuart Mill was at one time an aspirant for her hand, but she was never married.

Turning now for a little to the younger sister, it is rather curious to think of Browning as having indirectly inspired the hymn NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE, by which alone Sarah Flower is likely to be known to posterity. We have seen how the young poet's theology had disturbed her early faith, and although her famous hymn was not written until 1840, thirteen years later, it is not going too far to say that but for Browning's influence it might never have been written at all. For Sarah Flower's bent was originally in quite another direction than in that of hymn-writing. At one time she actually meditated adopting the stage as a profession; and there is a little sketch of hers in THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY (1835) called *The Actress*, which shows where her thoughts sometimes were even after she had passed through her moods of mental anguish. Her VIVIA PERPETUA, too, which is her principal work, is a dramatic poem. But although her leanings were thus towards the drama, her literary talent was much more lyrical than dramatic. She was very happily inspired in her hymns, which are marked by great devotional feeling; and NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE, notwithstanding that objections have been raised against its implication of Unitarian doctrine, has long been in the front rank of our sacred lyrics.

Some of Sarah Flower's prose contributions to THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY, the Unitarian official organ, are worth looking up. Indeed a set of that forgotten journal might prove a happy hunting-ground for any one who desires to be thoroughly acquainted with the intellectual progress of England some sixty or more years ago. It was purchased by Fox in 1831, being then nothing more than a theological organ; but Fox reduced the theology, and edited it on broad literary lines. He engaged many interesting contributors for its columns. Mill wrote for it under the pseudonym of *Antiquus*; Crabbe Robinson wrote (on Goethe); Harriet Martineau wrote; and, most notable of all, Browning wrote. The first review of PAULINE, one of the only three that are known to have appeared, was that written by Fox, and printed in THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY for 1833. "We felt certain of Tennyson," says the critic, "before we saw the book, by a few verses which had straggled into a newspaper; we are not less certain of the author of PAULINE." This early recognition of his work was never forgotten by Browning. He wrote at the time to Fox: "I can only offer you my simple thanks, but they are of the sort that one can give only once or twice in a life. All things considered, I think you are almost repaid, if you imagine what I feel." Many years after, in 1857, he wrote to the

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same generous critic from Italy: "I would, you know I would, always would choose you out of the whole English world to judge and correct what I write myself. My wife shall read this, and let it stand, if I have told her so these twelve years; and certainly I have not grown intellectually an inch over the good and kind hand you extended over my head how many years ago!"

The notice of PAULINE led to Fox seeing rather more of Browning than he had done since the date of the youthful Byronic verses; and one of the results of the greater intimacy was the appearance of certain poems in the Unitarian journal. Thus a sonnet appeared in 1834; in 1835 THE KING, introduced afterwards in PIPPA PASSES, was printed; and in 1836 came PORPHYRIA, JOHANNES AGRICOLA, and STILL AILING, WIND. Doubtless other poems would have been printed as time went on, but in 1836 Fox gave up the journal to Richard Horne, from whom, in the following year, it passed to Leigh Hunt, and in his hands it shortly afterwards expired.

The most interesting of Sarah Flower's contributions to its pages is that entitled AN EVENING WITH CHARLES LAMB AND COLERIDGE, which appeared in the volume for 1835. It is signed *S.Y.* which was meant to stand for *Sally*. The writer recalls "a bright, sunshiny, spring morning, worthy of such an announcement," when a friend called to say that she was going to visit Lamb on the following Tuesday; "Coleridge is to be there, and you shall go with me." Her heart, as she puts it, was on its knees the next minute, and for the two or three intervening days she trod on air. At length the great day arrived, and the two friends "walked together to the well-remembered, quaint-looking house by the canal." Coleridge, as being evidently the more striking personality, is first described. The writer speaks of his "clear, calm, blue eyes and expansive forehead, of his sweet, child-like, unruffled expression of face," of his "painful voice, which, in spite of all the beauties and treasures it was the means of bringing to you, had yet such an expression in its tone of long suffering and patient endurance as at first to prevent the sensation excited by his extraordinary power of conversation being one of perfect enjoyment." His figure was "tall and somewhat inclined to corpulency; its expression was like that of his voice, —one of suffering borne long and patiently." This suffering, as well as the poet's "resource to the dram of opium," she attributes to his having "mated mistakenly"; he "had never known the reality of love."

Lamb's person was in complete contrast. His "strongly-marked deeply-lined face was furrowed more by feeling than age, like an engraving by Blake, where every line told its separate story, or like a finely chiselled head done by some master in marble, where every touch of the chisel marked some new attribute." She notes the "sweetness and playfulness" that lurked about the corners of his mouth and gave the face "the extraordinary character of flexible granite." His figure was "small even to spareness." His conversation did not flow like Coleridge's; it was "a periodical production of sentences, short, telling, full of wit, philosophy, at times slightly caustic, though that is too strong a word for satire which was of the most good-natured kind." Coleridge, who, "never opened his mouth but out came a precious gem," spoke of death with fear. Lamb kept silence, but after a pause said suddenly: "One of the things that made me question the particular in-

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spiration they ascribed to Jesus Christ was His ignorance of the character of Judas Iscariot. Why did not He and His disciples kick him out for a rascal, instead of receiving him for a disciple?" Coleridge "smiled very quietly," but said nothing,—as indeed what could he say to such a piece of unseeing criticism? This was the last time that Sarah Flower saw him. Lamb she saw once after, in the streets. He had "aged considerably, but it scarcely excited melancholy, for Mary was with him, like a good guardian angel. They had that same country air freshness about them; they looked unlike everything around. There was an elderly respectability about them,—not the modern upstart prig of a word, but the genuine old China, old plate, bright, black, mahogany air, which is now almost departed."

Sarah Flower enjoyed some fourteen years of happy married life as the wife of William Bridges Adams, the civil engineer, who, as De Quincey said of his father, was literary to the extent of having written a book. Mrs. Adams had always been constitutionally weak, and the nursing of Eliza so enfeebled her own health that she gradually sank and died in 1848. Both the sisters are buried, with the rest of their family, in the little cemetery at Foster Street, near their native Harlow in Essex.

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

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THE GENTLE ART OF CYCLING.

By An Ambler.

I.—SANDFORD AND MERTON.

Cycling has found its legitimate place at last; it is as the Gentle Art that it will be with us to the end. Too long has angling usurped the title for which it has no justifiable claim, except when the revolting gentle is used as a bait, and then only in an objective and not a subjective sense. It has always been a matter of astonishment to thoughtful persons why the bloodthirsty art of killing fishes by means of hook and line should ever have been called gentle. The fact is that the art of angling has been able to flourish for so long under false colours simply because Izaak Walton wrote about it in so inimitable a manner. It is not a gentle art, but a cold-blooded, savage, and cruel one. As to its moral effect upon those who practise it, one half hour spent in listening to the fairy tales told at any anglers' club would be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that anti-angling societies are as necessary as anti-drink, anti-meat, or any other of the associations that exercise such beneficent negative influences. Izaak Walton has indeed much to answer for; but probably all his iniquities will be overlooked because he has preserved for mankind The Milkmaid's Song, which will in future become the special property of the only truly Gentle Art,—that of cycling. What could be more appropriate than, as lover and lass skim along the country lanes, for the swain to sing,—

> Come, live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
> Or woods and steepy mountains yield?

It will be understood, of course, that the mountains must not be too "steepy" in character, but just sufficiently sloping to relieve the monotony of the plains below.

And here probably the patience of the policeman, the elderly nervous lady, the nursemaid, the cabman, the 'busman, and the unfortunate minority who cannot or will not enjoy the pleasures of pedalling will be exhausted. "The gentle art indeed! How about the Scorcher who slaughters women and children to make a Cockney's bank-holiday?" My dear friends, I can only say that the Scorcher is a Scorcher and not a cyclist, and that before long he will be as extinct as the old bone-shaker. The times have changed. When strong athletic young men first found themselves springing along the ground over pneumatic tyres the temptation to revel in this newly discovered power (I had almost written *sense*) was too great to be withstood. To be held down to a snail's progress of four miles an hour by steady toe-and-heel tramping, and then suddenly to be gifted with the power of flying through the air at the rate of fourteen miles an hour with no more exertion than that entailed in walking four,—this was intoxication that at one time promised to send our youth crazy. But we have altered all that now; the novelty has worn off, and even vigorous youth is inclined to use the new power with discretion. The Scorcher is seen at rare intervals, but neither he, nor the poor things who grind round the racing-tracks, represent the real cycling world of to-day. That

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world consists of the great army of men and women who have transformed cycling into the Gentle Art that has brought nature and man together in a way that not even the arts of poetry and painting have hitherto succeeded in doing. To women especially do we owe this change. The woman who first rode a bicycle little realised what she was doing for her sex and for the race. By the way, what a splendid subject for the silly season! Who was the first woman to ride a bicycle? Think how the maidens and their male champions would deluge the columns of the lucky newspaper with long letters setting forth their claims, —miles of exciting manuscript, free, gratis, and for nothing. Has any poet ever written stanzas to the eye-brows of the first cycle-maiden? Probably not, because even a poet is capable of foreseeing how awkward it would be if it should be discovered that the first lady to ride on bicycles was a respectable, middle-aged, married woman.

Yes, women and elderly men have done much to raise cycling to the Gentle Art. The cycle is no longer a machine for covering the longest distance in the shortest space of time. It is a companion to the solitary, a friend that is always exhilarating and never selfish, an aid to reflection; it gives inspiration to the poet, health and strength to the plain man, vigour to the man of science, and breadth to the philosopher. Imagination fails one in the attempt to conceive what Carlyle might have been had he practised vaulting into the saddle over a pair of sound pneumatics. We should have had no querulous domestic ravings, no dyspeptic beatings of the air, the starry heavens would not have been "a sad sight" had the prophet of Chelsea (Mr. Morley has told us why we must not call him the sage) seen them as he pedalled along the Ripley Road. The adjuncts of cycling would have taken some of the objectionable philosophic starch out of Thomas. It is all very well for a man who has never tackled the petty details of life to give himself airs over domestic irritations; but when he has once had to repair a tyre on the roadside, and to clean up a machine after a muddy ride, he begins to feel somewhat tolerant towards the shortcomings of domestic servants, and even of wives. Some day I intend to write a lengthy dissertation on the moral influence of cycling, but if I attempt it now I shall never reach Sandford and Merton.

Every one who is a true and honest follower of the Gentle Art always sets out upon a journey, be it long or short, with some particular object in view,—to see whether that grand patch of heather on the other side of the common is yet in bloom, to find out whether the sloes are ripe for the preparation of that famous cordial the name of which must not be mentioned here, to see how the sunset looks through the pines in the distant forest, or to pay a reverent visit to some historic shrine. What a help a cycle is to the enjoyment of these simple pleasures! There is no rush to a railway station, no preliminary wading through time-tables, not even a horse to be harnessed,—no anxiety of any kind. A little oil in the bearings, perhaps a few strokes of the inflator, a turn of the screw of the gear-case, stride over the saddle, and off you go!

What I call my Sandford and Merton run came about in this way. You must know that when you write a certain class of leading-article, it is essential to display a vast knowledge of the subject you are dealing with; you make allusions and references to a great variety of persons, places and things, till your readers marvel as Goldsmith's rustics marvelled at the village schoolmaster—

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That one small head could carry all he knew.

In one of these leading-articles on the subject of education the writer had suddenly plumped down a dark and mysterious allusion to the experiments of the author of SANDFORD AND MERTON, which he hinted had led to disastrous results. Is there any boy now in existence who has read SANDFORD AND MERTON? When we were boys it used to be our second gift; first the Bible, then THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON. It is an awful thing to reflect upon now, that some of us had a hazy notion that the two books were by the same writer. The Bible told us not to do the wicked things that we were so often inclined to do, and so did Mr. Barlow, the respected teacher of Harry and Tommy. Probably the present generation of youth only know the book by name, and that knowledge has been gathered through Mr. Burnand's burlesque version. But, notwithstanding all the jeers and jibes that have been levelled at it, and notwithstanding the blunder of making Harry Sandford such a terrible little prig, the book contains more sound advice and common sense, put in a simple style intelligible to children, than any work that has been written since. It is a remarkable fact that this book, which was at one time read by almost every English child, was the only channel through which the ideas of Jean Jacques Rousseau flowed into the minds of the English public, and that without the dear good souls knowing anything about it.

Thomas Day, author of this once famous history, did a very great deal more than write the book with which his name is always connected. He was an exceedingly interesting man, in many ways far in advance of his contemporaries, and when I read this allusion to his disastrous experiments I wrote off post-haste to my friend the Librarian, asking him what these disastrous experiments were like, because I knew not of them. The Librarian has read almost all the good books that ever were written, and, unlike most omnivorous readers, he has retained a marvellous portion of their contents. He is a great admirer of Thomas Day, and was wroth with the newspaper man for writing of the author of SANDFORD AND MERTON in so scoffing a spirit. He concluded his reply to my question by asking me to send him a sketch of Day's grave, which he had never had an opportunity of seeing. "You are only about twenty-eight miles from the spot," said he, "and could ride over to Wargrave on your bicycle quite easily." How it enhances one's affection for the Gentle Art when from time to time we find it the means of giving pleasure not only to ourselves but also to a dear friend!

I soon discovered Wargrave on the one-inch ordnance map, about a mile and a half north of Twyford, which, as every one knows, is within eight miles of Maidenhead. By the way, when will the public learn to take advantage of the work of the Ordnance Survey? Here are these admirably engraved maps, on the scale of one inch to a mile, to be had at the ridiculous price of one shilling each; and nobody seems to buy them, or even to know of their existence, excepting the surveyors and the lawyers. Each of these shilling maps covers an area of about two hundred and sixteen square miles, and they are a compact compendium of information for the cyclist. Every road and by-road, and many of the field-paths, are all shown with a clearness that is a revelation to those who examine them for the first time. Not

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only are the roads easy to trace, but you can tell at a glance whether they are first, second or third-rate metalled roads, or whether they are unmetalled, whether they are hilly or flat, whether they pass through woodland, common, heath, or fields. County and parish boundaries, churches, chapels, historic buildings, post-offices, letter-boxes, and, in sparsely populated districts, roadside inns are all distinctly shown by ingenious methods of draughtsmanship. And now that all this valuable information has been compiled at an enormous expense, it is not taken advantage of as it should be, simply because our foolish old Government does not know how to sell it and popularise it. Four of these ordnance maps, with your place of domicile in the centre, will give you an endless number of excursions which without such aid you might never discover. At the cost of a few pence and a little skill you can mount them on linen and carry them folded up in the pocket of your Norfolk jacket.

Before starting on my run I carefully traced out the best route, writing down on a piece of card, as is my custom, the names of the principal villages and the miles between them. Every ambler should make a point of doing this, as it prevents any unnecessary hurry, enabling you to see at a glance how many miles you have to travel. Starting from a village in Surrey I made my way across a breezy heather-covered common towards the little village of Chobham. It was a delightful August morning, the sun's heat being tempered by fleecy clouds and a cooling breeze. The road across the common, though rather loose at ordinary times, was in excellent condition owing to the rain that had fallen during the night. Blue and brown butterflies were continually fluttering across the road and the larks were vying with one another to fill the upper air with song. One never seems to lose the sense of glorious freedom and almost wild excitement that comes over one during the first few miles of a morning ride; each morning the old familiar thrill is experienced again, as if for the first time.

Beyond the bridge with the white handrails, where half-a-dozen village boys are bathing in the rivulet, their little brown bodies glistening in the sunshine as the cool water streams off them, the common soon disappears, and thick high hedgerows guard the fields on either side. Here the robins and water-wagtails show all their native impertinence and stand quite fearlessly as the bicycle passes them. Have they found out by experience that the wheelman never interferes with them? That birds do acquire such knowledge there can be no doubt. I have noticed for many years that the sparrows in Trafalgar Square will allow a grown-up person to approach them quite closely, and show no sign of fear; but they will not allow a boy to come within twenty yards of them.

A few minutes' ride along the winding lane brought me into the village street of Chobham, with the usual number of public-houses and its somewhat picturesque church. Chobham is in the enviable position of being five miles from a railway-station, and consequently remains a quiet, uneventful, old-fashioned place, several of its houses being now three hundred years old. Blush, ye jerry-builders of the neighbouring town, who are setting up death-traps as fast as you can; in twenty years' time your works will be in ruins, while these old veterans will be as firm and sound as they have ever been.

Turning out of the village street I entered the pleasant winding lane that

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leads towards Bagshot, a lane with fine old trees on either side, the trunks covered with pretty parasitic growths. The road was rough, but not at all bad riding. In Surrey, even on the smallest by-roads, one can generally find a smooth track sufficiently wide for a bicycle, the Haslemere district of course excepted. May I never be led into discoursing on the road between Liphook and Haslemere! The great main roads, well metalled and kept in excellent condition as they generally are, offer seductive temptations to the cyclist; but, after all, there is no riding so pleasant as a quiet amble along a winding lane with trees meeting overhead. One never knows what surprise nature has in store at the next turn; and one gets into close touch with the birds, squirrels, rabbits and wild flowers in these peaceful byways, where no Scorcher is ever seen and where the strident voice of the stout middle-aged lady in knickerbockers is never heard. It is true, however, that sometimes at a turn of the winding lane mankind has a surprise in store for us of a rather unpleasant character. Sometimes it is in the shape of a bullet-headed boy driving a dozen cows or a flock of sheep, who will not make the slightest attempt to keep his charges on one side of the road; sometimes it is a cart loaded with hay or straw which reaches from one side of the road to the other. I once ducked and went underneath the overhanging load of one of these huge ships of the road, but wild horses shall not induce me to repeat the experiment. Country carters, and even fly-men, are as a rule exceedingly courteous, and on narrow roads will draw into the near side in order not to drive the poor wheelman into the ditch.

Bagshot is a nice clean little town, which it is always a pleasure to ride into. You can scent the military there, and the old lady who gave me some tea on my return in the afternoon told me, with much pride in tone and manner, that the Duke of Connaught passed her door every morning. She even went to the trouble of stepping out into the road and swinging her old arms to and fro, to show me the exact portion of the road along which His Royal Highness passed. Such loyalty was touching in one who had to make both ends meet by providing teas at a shilling a-head, with two new-laid eggs thrown in. Why do these old ladies in country places always boil eggs hard? When I was young and inexperienced I ventured to instruct one of these dames as to how she might always insure having soft-boiled eggs, but I regret to say that my advice was not received in the spirit in which it was offered. It is the common fate of those who endeavour to propagate important truths.

From Bagshot it was a glorious run on a good road through Swinley Forest to Bracknell. I noticed scores of bicyclists on the main road running through Bagshot, but in the midst of this delightful forest scenery I was the only one. It was indeed a place of solitude. As I sat down on the root of a giant oak, to take in a particularly attractive scene of silver birch, oak, elm, and pine, all standing knee-deep, as it were, in green and golden bracken and purple heather of varying shades, there came rattling along a most imposing equipage. Two thoroughbred horses of exceptional stature pranced in their glittering harness; a portly coachman and the most dignified and supercilious footman I had ever seen were perched high up on the box-seat of a sumptuous swinging carriage. And all this was to carry along a poor, wizen-faced old woman who looked very unhealthy and very unhappy! Following

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at some distance behind there came a strange group. A man with a rope about his loins attaching him to the shafts of a cart; a woman at his side also harnessed by rope to the cart; on the other side, but well in front, tied to the end of a long rope was a barefooted little boy, certainly not more than six years old, doing his share of tugging at the cart which was loaded with wood, the inevitable baby being perched high up on the top. They came to a standstill as they reached the brow of the hill, the man and woman gasping for breath and wiping the sweat from their faces with their begrimed hands. The little boy grinned through his dirt and danced with delight at the end of his rope. The man and woman soon laughed too, the man doing a little double-shuffle in the shafts, as if to convince all interested that he had some life left in him yet, and the yellow-haired dirty baby up aloft crowed and clapped his hands in the joy of his little life. "Come along, Jimmy; a little more pull, and we'll 'ave 'arf-a-pint at the Cricketers!" Off they went, truly a happy family, —at that moment, at any rate.

I sprang into the saddle, and commenced ruminating over the social contrasts with which we are surrounded, and the many schemes for making every one happy,—those political Morrison's Patent Pills, as Carlyle called them—but a stiffish incline along a lovely glade distracted my attention, and in a very short time I had left the forest behind and was pedalling cheerfully through Bracknell village. The roads here are somewhat confusing, and I was forced to make inquiries. An old white-haired man was passing through the street, carrying a basket of cucumbers, and muttering to himself, "'Ere they are, fine cucumbers, as long as yer arm!" Perhaps he was afraid to repeat such a fib in too loud a tone. In answer to my inquiries he gabbled on for some time, describing various roads leading to Twyford, and rejecting them all in turn on the ground of some fault in them. Some went too far round, some were too rough, some too hilly, others had all these defects. I managed to gather, however, which was the road to Binfield, and on I went.

From Binfield to Twyford the road was very rough; it was difficult to find a solid channel anywhere, and I ploughed through the sand and shingle with as much resolution as I could command. I relieved the monotony of these heavy roads by pausing occasionally to watch the labourers at work in the fields, or to examine some of the strange-looking machines that are rapidly becoming the common features of the country-side. "Some-day it'll all be done by machines," said a labourer gloomily, as he munched his bread and cheese; "and then we shall all have to go into the workus!"

Over a stony railway-bridge into Twyford I steered, not in a violent race-track style, but with the calm dignity becoming a middle-aged gentleman entering a strange town on a bicycle. Having now travelled nearly thirty miles and being close to my destination, I thought I might reasonably refresh; so hieing me to a humble hostelry I did so with bread and cheese and ale. Anything approaching to heavy eating or drinking during a day's ride is a woful mistake; you cannot digest food properly and pedal a machine at the same time. As to drink, if you imbibe at all freely of alcohol you cannot ride; and the inverse of this being equally true is a strong reason for encouraging young men to take to cycling. If you are thirsty, and most novices suffer terribly from thirst, do not drink anything, but simply rinse out your mouth with water, which will alleviate the

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thirst far more effectually than quarts of liquid poured into the stomach. Half the thirstiness is caused by riding with the mouth more or less wide open; on a dry day this means that your tongue, palate, and throat become coated with dust. All that is necessary is to wash this dust away, and try to ride with your mouth shut.

An easy ride of about a mile and a half along a good road brought me to Wargrave. It is only travellers who by long journeying have won the right to membership of the Travellers' Club who are allowed to indulge in superlatives; a mere idler along the roads like myself must be sparing of his adjectives; otherwise I should wax enthusiastic about Wargrave village street. I wonder whether you can find anywhere else so many pretty flower-decked houses, so many smart-looking-inns; has any other village such a wonderful, well-to-do, easy-going air about it? Every house seems to be a quaint little palace of quiet enjoyment. Surely all the male inhabitants must wear brown velvet coats and soft felt hats, and all the women must be beautiful dames of the Du Maurier type. But where were they all? Not a soul was to be seen! Evidently in this peaceful village the afternoon nap is an honoured custom. What shining brass knockers, what highly-polished windows, what pretty white casements, and flowers, flowers everywhere. This must be the place where all the modern poets live; which may explain many of the queer verses that have often caused me to wonder whether I was very dense or very silly. Who could live here without soaring above the common-place, the common language, and the common sense?

As I reflected thus I strolled down a side street, and caught sight of the church and church-yard, just the sort of church you would expect to find in such a village. Two gables and a square red tower, half-covered with foliage, confront you as you walk across a field in which are some fine old trees that must often have gladdened the eyes of Thomas Day. I searched diligently in the churchyard for the good man's tomb, but not a glimpse of it could I find. There was the bell-ringer's grave, with a stone cross above it, erected by the vicar and parishioners. He deserved a monument, for he had rung the bell for thirty years. What scenes of joy and sorrow the old man must have witnessed! But why the half-hearted praise of the inscription, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things"? Did the reverend and the lay subscribers really mean to imply that the old fellow was unfaithful in many things?

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! A journey of thirty miles and no tomb to be found! Perhaps Thomas Day was not buried here at all. I went into the church a disheartened traveller, and thought of Seneca's diatribe against those who are not content to stay at home. "He that cannot live happily anywhere will live happily nowhere. What is a man the better for travelling? As if his cares could not find him out wherever he goes. Frequent changing of places shows an instability of mind, and we must fix the body before we can fix the soul. We return neither the better nor the sounder; nay, and the very agitation hurts us [there were no pneumatic tyres in Seneca's day]. We learn to call towns and places by their names, and to tell stories of mountains and of rivers; but had not our time been better spent in the study of wisdom and of virtue?"—and so on. How Seneca would have chuckled to find a rambling cyclist in such a plight!

Suddenly I caught sight of the name of Thomas Day on a tablet fixed against the wall of the church.

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Here was the solution of the mystery; our old friend was buried inside the church, and, as I afterwards found out, his bones were lying beneath the very pew in which I was seated. The tablet is a plain, common-place affair, from which I copied the following inscription:

In memory of Thomas Day, Esq., who died the 28th September, 1789, aged 41, after having promoted by the energy of his writings and encouraged by the uniformity of his example the unremitted exercise of every public and private virtue.

Beyond the rage of time or fortune's power,
Remain, cold stone, remain and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts which Heaven e'er gave
Were centred in a dark untimely grave.
Oh, taught on Reason's boldest wings to rise
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies,
Oh, gentle bosom! Oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue and mankind,
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine.

So good a man deserved at least a better epitaph. For Thomas Day was really a good man, who deserved to live in later times when many of his ideas bore fruit and cycling added a new pleasure to life. He found himself a young man of some fortune in a world of much wickedness and suffering. He did not drink hard and ride hard, like most of his contemporaries, but he devoted his life to the task of trying to make the world a better place than he found it. He has been laughed at for his experiment with two Shrewsbury workhouse-girls; but while this incident and the writing of THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON are remembered, it is almost forgotten that he expended his fortune in trying to transform a waste howling wilderness into a land flowing with milk and honey. He lost £300 a year by trying to make a barren land yield some harvest, but he said bravely and nobly: "I consider the pleasure of everything to lie in the pursuit, and therefore, while I am contented with the conveniences I enjoy, it is a matter of indifference whether I am five or twenty years in completing my intended plans. I have besides another material reason, which is, that it enables me to employ the poor."

I went out of the quiet church, into the pretty meadow beyond the churchyard, where the grand old planes, limes, and poplars made summer music overhead. While I was sitting in the shade, making my sketch of the church, the sexton came towards me. I was shocked at his appearance. He had none of the proper characteristics of his calling; he was young, jaunty, and I observed with particular regret that he was clean; he might indeed have passed for a respectable carpenter. Did he know of the grave of Thomas Day? "Yes, under the pew, under the stone on the wall; 'ee was thrown orf 'is 'orse."

"Yes," I murmured sadly, thinking of Day's untimely end.

"Thrown orf 'is 'orse," repeated the sexton in a defiant tone. The man seemed to revel in the fact; probably it was the only one he knew of concerning poor Day. I asked him whether many people came to see the grave.

"You're about the sixth this year," he replied.

So the author of THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON is not quite forgotten.

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AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.

It was in a moment, as it were, that the favoured comedians of His Majesty (a doomed, forlorn Majesty who had virtually ceased to reign) found themselves in the whirlpool of the Revolution. The date was November, 1789. The Bastille had fallen; the nobles were flying; Louis and his Queen were under rigorous watch in the Tuileries; and Paris was in the grip of the National Assembly.

Twenty-five years earlier Voltaire, in exile at Ferney, had written to Saurin (author of the tragedy Spartacus, and adaptor of The Gamester): "Some day we shall introduce Popes on the stage, as the Greeks represented their Atreus and Thyestes, to render them odious. The time will come when the massacre of St. Bartholomew will be made the subject of a tragedy." His prediction was verified a little sooner than he may have anticipated. Early in the summer, as the ascendency of the Tiers-état became manifest, Marie Joseph Chénier dramatised this dark history in order to expose the crown and the mitre to additional odium. But Louis was still king in name, and he declined to sanction Charles IX. His players, most of whom remained loyal to the authority to which they owed their corporate existence and their privileges, were unwilling to oppose his wishes; but revolutionary Paris was of another mind. Chénier went up and down the town declaring that his tragedy had been arbitrarily suppressed, and the pit of the Théâtre Français was clamorous for it. Fleury, most elegant and most polished of his Majesty's comedians, as fine a gentleman off the stage as he was on it, at length stepped forward, for the play that was being given could get no hearing. M. Chénier's piece, he said, could not be put in rehearsal until the necessary permission had been received. "Necessary permission!" a wrathful pittite leaped upon his bench and cried. "We've suffered too much from censorship, and in future we mean to have what we want." "Monsieur," returned the courteous player, "the laws which have governed the Comédie Française for a hundred years are still binding on it, and we cannot break them." "Good!" said the spokesman of the pit. "You had better consult the municipality on the subject." Fleury gave an undertaking that this should be done, and the next day a deputation of the players waited on the representatives of the Commune, who, however, with somewhat unusual forethought, forbade the piece, on the ground that it might compromise public tranquillity.

Such a decision, it may be imagined, was little to the liking of the pit; the agitation increased, and in five days the authorities, yielding to the general demand, sent to request MM. les Comédiens Français (no longer, be it noted, *du Roi*) to place Charles IX. on their stage as soon as possible. Needless to say, the King had not removed his veto, but the players had tasted the temper of the times, and another refusal was scarcely to be hazarded. Charles IX. was put in rehearsal, and November 4th was the day named for the first performance. Naudet had been cast for the part of Coligni; Vanhove (with his Flemish accent and monotonous delivery) for

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L'Hôpital; Madame Vestris (who said to Chénier: "I am really putting myself in peril for you. This queen-mother is so detestable that I am certain to be shot at!") for Catharine; St. Fal (the wig-maker's son, and an excellent tragedian) for Henry of Navarre; St. Prix (with a figure "to remind spectators of the Homeric heroes") for the fierce Cardinal,—but who should play the marksman of the Louvre balcony, Charles himself? After much deliberation between the author and the senior members of the company, the part had been offered to, and eagerly accepted by, one of the youngest. This bold young man, whose age was then only twenty-three, was the son of a French dentist very prosperously settled in Cavendish Street, London, who had reared him almost exclusively on Voltaire and Rousseau. As a youth, he had played Hamlet in English at the Hanover Square Rooms; and Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the Duchess of Devonshire had counselled him to make the stage his profession. In Paris, whither his father had sent him to manage his business in the Rue Mauconseil, Lord Harcourt had introduced the young man to Molé, who had just taken the town as Almaviva in Beaumarchais's MARIAGE DE FIGARO; and it was through the influence of Molé that he made his first appearance at the Français, as Séide in Voltaire's MAHOMET, in October, 1787. His success was instantaneous, but the fixed usages of the House of Molière restricted him thereafter to parts of no importance; he must wait his appointment as the "double" of one of the senior members of the company. The name of this young player was François Joseph Talma, and his performance as Charles, the first notable character that had been assigned to him, was to mark a turning-point in his career.

On the night of the 4th, Republican Paris swarmed in the pit of the Français, and right in the middle sat Camille Desmoulins and the burly Danton. There were Royalists present also, and they did their royal best to have the piece condemned; but the opposition out-shouted them from first to last, and the new tragedy went with a kind of roar. The success of the night was Talma's. He came on the stage, we are told, a living portrait of Charles, and Fleury says of one particular scene that the sublimity of the young actor's conception filled them all with amazement.[1] Danton declared that the play should have for second title L'ÉCOLE DES ROIS. "Beaumarchais," said he, "killed the aristocracy; Chénier has cut the throat of royalty in France."

But the fate of CHARLES IX. hung yet in the balance. The clergy urged the King to suppress it, but poor Louis doubted whether he had the power to do so. Still, one might try; and the Gentlemen of the Chamber, through whom the King had been in the habit of instructing or counselling the players, were despatched with an order for the withdrawal of the piece. A little to the surprise of the whole Court, perhaps, the order was instantly obeyed; but neither the players nor Paris had seen the last of CHARLES IX.

Talma's expulsion from the historic theatre, the next event of significance, was a consequence rising more or less directly from this affair. Chafing under the loss of the first fine part that had fallen to him, a part moreover which had made him famous in a night, he attempted to break through the rule which gave the senior actors a monopoly of the leading characters. Madame Vestris (who had been twenty years in the company) and one or two others sided with him, but the dominant party stood firm, and

[1] MÉMOIRES DE FLEURY, 1757-1820.

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the attempt failed. Now, however, the House of Molière was divided against itself; on the one side stood an ardently Republican section, on the other the Reactionaries, who held to the fast-sinking vessel of royalty. The latter were the stronger party, and, careless of the danger which menaced every supporter of the Crown, they remained deaf to the advances of the National Assembly,—who had just restored to them the rights so long denied by the Church.

The revolutionary Press took up the cause of Talma, and Camille Desmoulins's new journal, RÉVOLUTIONS DE FRANCE ET DE BRABANT, published an article against Naudet, in which he was accused of interfering with the liberty of the stage, of aiming a blow at the young tragedian, and of other grave misdemeanours. Talma himself had the bad taste to write a reply to the article, affirming the charges against his fellow-player to be true. A general meeting of the Comédie Française was convened in the green-room, and on the motion of Fleury it was unanimously resolved that Talma should be expelled from the theatre. Revolutionary Paris rallied to his side, and the new Municipality itself took the matter in hand. Fleury and his associates were requested to appear before Mayor Bailly at the Hôtel de Ville. Bailly was urbanity itself, but he informed the actors that their theatre was now a national institution, that their rules (which he advised them to regulate) could not entitle them to interfere with the gratification of the public and the prosperity of art, and that, in a word, M. Talma must be reinstated. The players withdrew protesting; they protested for a week or more, and then Talma was recalled. He did not stay long with them. The Assembly had already passed a decree which was in effect one of free trade in theatrical matters, enabling any body of actors to represent new plays in Paris. This was presently extended to include the works of dead authors, which meant the complete abolition of the monopoly which the King's players had enjoyed since the days of Molière. New theatres arose; and Talma, taking with him Vestris, Dugazon, and others, went over to the Théâtre Français de la Rue de Richelieu.

From this date, however, the Comédie Française began to be viewed with suspicion and disfavour by the extreme Revolutionary party. The pit grew more and more turbulent, more and more hostile; and Fleury notes that, in rubbing on the rouge at night, his hand trembled at the thought of what he might have to undergo. For all this, neither he nor his comrades were shaken in their devotion to the hopeless cause of the Crown; and of that devotion they were to give one signal proof which, in the circumstances, seems worthy to be called heroic. The royal family were now prisoners in the Temple; their case was even then desperate, and scarcely less desperate, perhaps, was the case of all who were known to be, or suspected of being, in sympathy with them. At such a fateful moment, when the *tapes-dur*, those satyr-like janissaries of the Revolution, and the *furies de la guillotine* were dancing the Carmagnole round the red-running scaffold of Samson, the King's comedians had the courage to produce a piece by Laya, written expressly in the interests of the abandoned Louis. It was almost like stretching out their necks to the headsman; but they did it, and put their hearts into lines which aimed almost directly at Robespierre, Marat, and the whole faction of the Mountain. The Jacobins contrived to suppress the AMI DES LOIS after the first performance, but the doings of

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the royalist players were now observed more closely and malignantly than ever. Their Ides of March were near.

Late in the summer of 1793 François de Neufchâteau, a reforming member of the Legislative Assembly, who had thought with Laya that France was dancing the wrong road to freedom, wrote and sent to the Comédie a new version of PAMELA. Just half a century earlier, when, thanks to Voltaire's almost regal influence in letters, Frenchmen of education had become familiar with the language of Shakespeare and Milton, Pierre Lachaussée, who has been styled the inventor of the *comédie attendrissante*, or sentimental comedy, produced on the stage of the Français a five-act play in verse, adapted from Richardson's prodigious novel. It was not to the taste of a Parisian audience, but in its printed form the work had a host of readers, and in the course of fifty years PAMELA became one of the best-known tales in France.

This adaptation, which was called PAMÉLA, OU LA VERTU RECOMPENSÉE, and which was at once accepted by the Comédie Française, escaped in some way the jealous censorship of the Reign of Terror. It was given on August 1st, 1793. Consciously or not on its author's part, the tone of PAMÉLA reproduced the tone of the AMI DES LOIS, and it sealed the fate of the players. Their Ides of March were come. PAMÉLA ran for eight nights, and was then suspended. Neufchâteau made a pretence of revising it, and the actors had the hardihood to announce a ninth performance. The curtain rose, and the piece went forward, the pit packed with *tapes-dur* in their fox-skin caps and jackets smeared with the blood of that day's victims. At a line spoken by Fleury, some one sprang up in the pit and shouted: "That passage has been prohibited by the Committee of Public Safety!" "*Pardon*," returned the imperturbable Fleury, "the Committee of Public Safety has passed every word of it." There was a scuffle, and the disturber found himself ejected. It seems that he ran at once to the Jacobins' Club, to denounce the actors at the Comédie for poisoning public opinion, and speaking lines which the censor had forbidden. An hour later, as the curtain was rising for the second piece, news was carried to the green-room that the military had surrounded the theatre. "Shall we run?" said pretty Mlle. Lange to Fleury at the wings. "*M'amie*," answered Fleury, "it would be of no use. We are safer where we are. This is our 10th of August, *m'amie*." The piece was played to the end, and the players were allowed to quit the theatre; but all of them were arrested in their homes before midnight. It was one hundred and thirteen years since the association of the Comédie Française had been formed, in 1680, by letters patent under the royal seal; and now the doors of their play-house were closed. Let us follow the hardy players into their strange captivity.

II.

Nothing in Europe has matched the spectacle of the prisons of Paris during the Reign of Terror. Mirabeau, Linguet, Latude (or the person who wrote in that name) the compiler of the ARCHIVES DE LA BASTILLE, and others, have some poignant tales to tell of the prisons of the Monarchy; but none of these can match the histories of the Revolutionary prisoners, of Saint-Méard especially, whose AGONIE DE TRENTE-HUIT HEURES falls on the ear at this day like the dripping of blood from a mortal wound. When the September Massacres were over, that butchery of a hundred hours between the afternoon of Sunday the 2nd and the evening of

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Thursday the 6th (1792), it might have seemed that Ossa had been hurled on Pelion; but the swift, uninterrupted slaughter of those five successive days was followed, just one year later, by the protracted sufferings of a heterogeneous mass of some thousands of Royalists and Republicans, flung together in the strangest pell-mell, in all the prisons of Paris. The common gaols were not enough to hold them; palace and convent were made dungeons for the nonce. In the Conciergerie lay Marie Antoinette (to be followed at no long interval by Charlotte Corday) who could hear the drunken turnkeys, with their dogs at their heels, spelling out their roll of prisoners at lock-up. In Sainte-Pélagie was Madame Roland, stinting herself to save food for the poorer prisoners. In the Luxembourg was the flower of the French aristocracy, keeping up the old etiquette, with cards and music of an evening, and one ear straining for the footstep of Guiard, or his deputy Verney, coming with the list of those who were to die on the morrow. In the Abbaye, along with others, were the three hundred families of the Faubourg St. Germain, flung in there on a single night; the fourteen young girls who went to the guillotine in one tumbril, looking, it was said, like a basket of lilies; and the nuns of the convent of Montmartre, who were guillotined in one batch. And in all these prisons, when death, with or without trial, came to be regarded as certain, was to be seen that curious exaltation of spirit which is shown by the playing of the *guillotine* game in the Conciergerie, by the last supper of the Girondins in the same prison, by the voluntary sacrifice of friend for friend or parent for child, if the chance offered, and by the attitudes in death of Marie Antoinette, Danton, Madame Roland, and Charlotte Corday.

Into this world turned topsy-turvy, a world wherein the reality must have appeared to each new-comer like some wild phantasmagoria, were cast, on the 2nd of September, 1793, the players of the Comédie Française. It is not certain whether the ladies of the company went to Saint-Lazare or to Sainte-Pélagie; the men were despatched to the Madelonnettes, erstwhile the asylum, or convent, of repentant Magdalens. Chief among them were Fleury, Vanhove, Dazincourt, Molé, Champville, St. Prix, and Dupont; all of them well-known men, of whom several had received special marks of royal favour. Fleury, one of the best-known men in Paris, had been on the boards since the age of seven, when, as a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed boy, he made his *début* at Nancy in the presence of ex-King Stanislaus, and was kissed in the royal box by Madame de Boufflers. He had pulled Voltaire's wig at Ferney, and in return for that impertinence the great man gave him some lessons in acting. His impersonation of Frederick the Great, on the eve of the Revolution, was so life-like that Prince Henry of Prussia, hardly able, it is said, to believe that his brother had not risen from the grave, presented him with Frederick's own snuffbox, saying, "Nobody knows better than yourself how to use it." Molé, famous both in tragedy and comedy, had been petted at Court, and the young nobles used to flock to the theatre to take lessons in deportment from him. When he fell ill in 1767, the street in which he lived was blocked all day by the coaches of inquirers, and the night's performance was regularly preceded by a report of his condition. Dazincourt, a refined and often brilliant comedian, was the original representative of the barber in Le Mariage de Figaro. "We

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were no ordinary victims," writes Fleury, with the characteristic self-importance of his profession, "we were a literary corporation, bearing with us into exile all the gracious past of France. We represented in miniature all that gives charm to life, and we were honoured as a body who had shown courage and a united front at a time when, apart from the trivial courage of dying, all courage had vanished, all union had been shattered."

All the prisons of Paris at this date were in a state as wretched as the Newgate described by Howard, and Les Madelonnettes would seem, according to the authors of Les Prisons de Paris, to have been almost the worst. To say that the prisons of the Terror were overcrowded would be rather to flatter the memories of those who were responsible for filling them. They were packed to their very utmost capacity of accommodation. The Madelonnettes, contrived to hold about two hundred prisoners, was charged with a complement of more than three hundred. On one floor, in cells five feet square and nine feet high, space was made for no fewer than twelve sleeping-cots about eighteen inches wide. The cells had two small windows protected by crossed iron bars. Even with twelve beds to a cell, there were many prisoners who had to make shift in the corridors on mattresses well stocked with vermin. Marino of the police, who was the inspector of this prison, had an unvarying answer for all complaints: "You won't be here long; this is only your ante-chamber. You must learn to wait. Oh, you shall have prisons big enough by and by, citizens!" The Madelonnettes had a garden and a spacious courtyard, but Marino forbade their use to his prisoners, who were forced to take their exercise in the corridors.

When the players of the Français arrived at this noisome hold, it was already in the occupation of the suspects of the Mountain, the Contrat-Social, and the Marchés, not to mention a motley crew of thieves, forgers, and cut-throats. In the beginning they were all herded together,—players, political offenders, criminals; but the last-mentioned were presently sent to an upper limbo of the prison, and the captives of the Revolution were distributed in the three remaining storeys. Fleury tells us how they busied themselves in trying to make their cells more habitable; "each of us a veritable Crusoe, nailing up shelves, putting down carpets, and so forth, until an order came to deprive us of all our tools." After infinite pains he succeeded in making himself a sort of desk, and adds that he possessed besides half a pair of snuffers: "I don't mean that the snuffers were incomplete, but the other half belonged to Rochelle." And he goes on: "How we used to criticise one another's work, and brag of our own! I can still recall with a smile the pitying glance I bestowed on Champville's carpentry, and his air of commiseration as he watched me struggling with the saw." Relaxations less agreeable than these were the domestic offices which each had to bear his part in,—making the beds, sweeping and scouring the cells and corridors. Fleury rallies St. Prix, going about with his broom shouldered like a musket, sweeping here and there, very dignified but very clumsy, and apostrophising himself in an undertone: "Poor Agamemnon, at what a pass do I behold you!"

But this life which, on the surface, seems not much more depressing than a picnic on a rainy day, had its ever-flowing under-current of tragedy. One guest or another (they were not yet sweeping them out by *fournées*, or

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batches, from the Madelonnettes) was always receiving his summons to withdraw. Ex-Lieutenant General of Police, M. de Crosnes, was one of the company in the Madelonnettes. He had distinguished himself by his charitable zeal in arranging a scheme under which the richer prisoners became the almoners of the poorer, finding them in food, clothing, and other necessaries. One night M. de Crosnes is playing trictrac in Fleury's cell with another proscribed noble, M. de Latour Dupin, when his name echoes through the corridors. "No need to ask," writes Fleury, "what that summons boded!" "Yes, yes, I'm ready!" says De Crosnes; and rose at once, as if he had an order to give. "Gentlemen," says he to his cell-mates, "I fear I must bid you good-bye! It is evidently my turn to-night. I could not have spent my last hours more pleasantly. Good-bye, and God bless you!" And he goes out as calmly as though he had been going to an audience of the King. Sometimes, of course, it was more painful than this; some prisoner, who had hoped against hope that his petition had been heard, would receive his answer in that same callous summons, and, soul and body failing him, would be carried half-inanimate to his death.

In all these prisons of the Terror, rigorous as the orders were at the last, much depended upon the personal character of the *concierge*, or governor. In three or four instances the prisoners were exceptionally happy in their chief. One must not forget, for example, the heroism of Bouchotte, governor of Sainte-Pélagie, who, when he heard the red bonnets nearing his prison during the September massacres, slipped his prisoners out by a subterranean passage, after having made his warders bind his wife and himself with cords in the court-yard of the gaol. "Citizens," he said to the butchers, when they had forced the doors, "you are just too late! My birds have flown. They got wind of your coming, tied my wife and myself like this, and forced the bars." This is the handsomest story told of the governors of the Revolutionary prisons; but Benoît of the Luxembourg, and Richard, who was little less than guardian angel to Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, have left us grateful memories. Not less fortunate were the prisoners of the Madelonnettes in their M. Vaubertrand. "All contemporary chronicles, and the testimonies of all the prisoners," say the authors of Les Prisons de l'Europe, "unite in praise of the humanity of Vaubertrand and his wife." It was Vaubertrand who insisted on a decent classification of the prisoners, who substituted beds for the cots in the cells, and who tried by every means to render the lot of his prisoners more tolerable and less humiliating. But neither the cares of Vaubertrand nor the precautions of Dr. Dupontet, his indefatigable lieutenant, could keep disease from a place in which the air was always fetid, the food indifferent, and the supply of water wretchedly inadequate. Epidemic sickness of some sort was common in nearly all the prisons of the Revolutionary epoch. There was fever in the Conciergerie and fever in the Luxembourg; and in the Madelonnettes an epidemic of small-pox, which raged during many weeks. In none of these prisons was there any fit hospital; in the Madelonnettes none whatever, and the authorities persisted in their cruel refusal to open the court-yard. Brisk Dupontet (whose benevolent activity is in fine contrast with the gross indifference displayed by most prison surgeons of his time) made the best of a heart-breaking situation. He insisted on the doors and windows being opened at certain hours, the

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cells and corridors being sprayed with vinegar, and so forth. For the prisoners who were still in health he prescribed abundant exercise before dinner and supper, and to give an interest to this he organised a series of military promenades in the corridors. "We must have looked queer enough," writes Fleury. "The light in the galleries was so feeble that many of us carried candles. Imagine us on the march through those dim passages; pale faces which would not have smiled for an empire; here a nodding night-cap, there a flowered dressing-gown or a white piqué overall; and the yellow rays of the candles creating the most grotesque effects as we advanced, wheeled, or formed in line. Madame Vaubertrand, who would come sometimes to watch us, was kind enough to say that we were worthy a canvas of Rembrandt; the truth is, I fear, that we deserved to be mistaken for a caricature by Callot." Fleury's light-glancing humour comes often to the rescue; and he and his fellow-comedians, with their trained art of playing upon the emotions of others, must have softened and brightened many a dreary hour in the prison.

Meanwhile they were not forgotten of their enemies. They had lain seven months in prison, had learned the deaths of Marie Antoinette, of the twenty-two Girondins, of Egalité Orléans, Madame Roland, and Mayor Bailly, when Collot d'Herbois wrote to Fouquier-Tinville to hasten the case against them. Collot had been in touch with the theatre. He had been hissed off the stage at Lyons: he was the author, or adaptor, of a piece which had failed at the Français; and a sister of Fleury had assisted him to escape from the prison of Bordeaux, when he lay there under sentence of death on a conviction for felony. As morals went at that chaotic era, he had grounds sufficient for his hostility against the Comédie Française; it was the day of days for the wreaking of personal and private vengeance.

In very many cases the fate of the accused was sealed before the *dossier*, or brief, had been submitted to the docile tribunal. The judge merely passed sentence in accordance with the instruction conveyed to him by means of the capital letter in red ink on the margin of the brief. Thus, *R.* stood for acquittal, *D.* for banishment, and *G.* for the guillotine. In cases of which the docket had been branded with the fatal *G.* appeal was seldom allowed.

Six of the players were singled out for immediate trial, or rather, for immediate judgment, and the six briefs bore the emblem of the guillotine. Fleury, Dazincourt, and Mlles. Louise Contat, Emilie Contat, Raucourt, and Lange were d'Herbois's chosen victims. Françoise Marie Antoinette Raucourt, one of the most beautiful and stately women on the stage, had made her first appearance at the Français in 1772. She had risen quickly into fame, and Republican Paris remembered with envious hatred the splendour of her appearance as she drove through the streets to the theatre. Louise Contat, who had appeared four years later, was a beauty of a different type, and the best of all Susannes in Beaumarchais's play; her sister Emilie was a dainty little coquette on and off the stage. Annie Lange, barely twenty-one years of age, had but just made her mark; she was the Pamela of the piece which had wrought the downfall of the players.

"You will bring them before the Tribunal," wrote Collot to Fouquier-Tinville, "on the 13th Messidor." But the 13th Messidor passed, and the players had not appeared at Tinville's bar. Had Collot d'Herbois

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relented? No; but a very singular thing was happening at the Bureau des Pièces Accusatives, the office through which all proofs of royalist guilt had to pass before being delivered to the public prosecutor. At the daily risk of his life, the clerk in charge of these documents was destroying them wholesale. The name of this forgotten hero of the Terror was Charles Labussière, once low-comedian of the obscure Théâtre Mareux, who was using his position of trust under the bloody masters of the Revolution to save the lives of hundreds of innocent creatures. Shift the scene a moment, and watch at his stealthy task of salvation the one-time humble player of the humble Mareux Theatre, the favourite butt of the grisettes and shopboys in the pit. There was not in all France at this hour a braver man than he.

My first care [he used to say] was to save as many fathers and mothers as I could. Having abstracted a certain number of *pièces accusatives*, I locked them carefully away in my oaken drawer. But as it was absolutely necessary to leave some work for the executioner, I had to cast a certain number of documents into the fatal portfolio (feeling as if I were myself dropping the heads into Samson's basket!). Imagine, however, the joy I felt in rescuing the others! But just here arose a very embarrassing question: What should I do with the papers I had removed? Burn them? Impossible; there wasn't a fire, for it was the height of summer. They were too bulky to carry away, for everyone was searched on leaving the office. I racked my brains for a means of escape for my *protégés*. My forehead burned, and I turned to bathe it in the bucket of water which stood in a corner of the room to cool our wine for *déjeuner*. That plunge into the bucket was an inspiration—why not diminish the bulk of my precious papers by soaking them in the water? Carrier had his *noyades* of death; I would have my *noyades* of salvation! Quick! I threw my papers into the bucket, softened and rolled them into pellets. The pellets were easily bestowed in my pockets; I slipped out unquestioned, stepped across to the Bains Vigier, set a-going my little flotilla of innocents, and watched anxiously enough their easy progress down the banks of the Place de la Revolution.

So, in a moment, the story has come to an end,—for the dockets of the six comedians of a Majesty who had long since been decapitated had swum with the rest of the flotilla. The fraud upon the Committee of Public Safety was discovered, and fresh briefs were prepared against the players. But their Ides of March were now not only come but gone; for the ink was not dry upon the second set of briefs when the fateful pistol-shot in the Hall of Convention announced that the Reign of Terror was over, and the 10th Thermidor reversed the decree of the 13th Messidor.

Three sentences may make a fitting postscript. Labussière escaped, and told his story often; "In the brusque way he had," writes our friend Fleury, "with an odd little stammer, and an up-and-down movement of his black eyebrows." Talma, whose passionate Republicanism had carried him safely through the Terror, was the first to welcome on their release the comrades who had banished him; and there is a pretty story of Louise Contat falling on his neck, when she was told that he had spent half his savings to get possession of a letter in which Fleury had incriminated himself in the interests of Charlotte Corday. At a dinner given by Dazincourt all differences were healed: the House of Molière rose upon its ruins in a single night; and, to the joy of Paris, the reunited players made their first appearance in THE CID.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

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SAYWARD'S RAID.

(A Tale of the Behring Sea.)

Towards dusk one lowering evening Clinton Sayward, master and part-owner of the sealing-schooner Caribou, lounged across the wheel with a look of sullen discontent stamped upon his weather-beaten face. Drifting mist walled in a narrow circle of leaden-coloured water, across the centre of which the schooner rolled, heaving her streaming bows aloft as she met the long grey seas, and then, with a vicious jerk which set the rain-soaked canvas thundering overhead and a wild clatter of blocks, plunging down into the hollow beyond. It had been blowing hard for a week, and now the wind had fallen light and a searching drizzle oozed out of the mist, but the crew thought little of that. Over a wide belt on either side of the line where the blue depths of the Pacific shoal into the muddy green of the Behring Sea, the lonely waters of the north are alternately swept by tempest or veiled in haze and rain.

Twenty Siwash Indians and ten white seamen lounged about the cumbered deck, where the sealing-boats were nested one inside the other six feet high. They wore a curious combination of canvas and fur; but the stalwart figure at the helm was wrapped in a coat of pure white hair, which would have cost him its weight in silver but that he slew its original owner upon an ice-pack with a sealing-rifle. A fetid odour of blubber and fur-skins hung over the schooner, and a group of Siwash were crouched forward about a pot of rancid sea-oil, nibbling strips of half-dried halibut which they dipped therein. There was, however, neither talk nor laughter among them, though the Indians of the coast are a light-hearted race, for the shadow of discontent brooded heavily over every soul on board.

Sayward had been very unfortunate that cruise. Once, when he came across a large herd of fur-seals going north, a sudden gale had rendered it impossible to launch his boats. Twice afterwards, when the Indians were shooting the fine-furred *holluschak* right and left in a flat calm, a Russian cruiser had warned them off. Each time Sayward felt sure that he was well outside the Muscovite limits, but it is not wise to argue with the commander of a Russian gunboat on the high seas. If the sealer's tales are true, the officers of the Czar occasionally do very high-handed things, and the case of a free-lance fisher has more than once led the representatives of three great nations to the verge of a misunderstanding. Therefore Clinton Sayward cherished a bitter dislike to the Russian, as also did his crew, for they were paid on shares, and the Caribou was returning south with very few skins on board.

Presently the drizzle ceased, and a sickly gleam of moonlight filtered down through the thinning vapour, while the breeze freshened a little and the slatting canvas hardened out and listed the schooner over. Soon a dull vibrating boom, the roar of the long ocean heave piling itself upon smoking reef and boulder-strewn beach, came out of the darkness, and the air was filled with a rush of wings as a flight of arries and burgomaster-gulls went by.

"Haul lee sheets, and keep your

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eyes lifting, forward there! There'll be mighty little left of any of you in ten minutes if we blunder among the ledges," said Sayward, wrenching upon the wheel. Then, as the schooner came round a little, he added to his Mate: "We must be near the Komandorskies or Copper Islands, but with the last ten days' thick weather I can't say exactly where. If this everlasting haze would only clear!"

The Caribou slid on into the darkness, the black water breaking apart beneath her bows with a musical gurgle, while her crew listened anxiously to the sound of the surf, until a clamour of voices rose up from the bows which was lost and drowned in a sudden thunderous roar. Close ahead, a great column of foam shot up vertically, followed by a chaotic swirling and frothing, and the air was filled with spray. The little schooner rolled wildly down the back of a sea-slope, and as she did so the sound died away in a hollow rumble.

With a cry of "Ready about!" Sayward jammed down the helm. There was a rush of feet across the deck, the head-sails fluttered over, and as the Caribou came round upon her heel every man on board held his breath. Sudden death on a submerged reef, over which only the largest rollers broke, lay close at hand, and her crew knew well that one blow against that hidden ledge would crush the vessel in like an eggshell. Slowly she gathered way on the other tack, and when the water gurgled along her run again and the danger slid astern, the helmsman felt that his brow was damp with cold perspiration as he slackened his grip on the wheel. Now a giant wall of rock loomed out through the haze, its summit crowned by a tall cross, the ocean rolling in weighty ridges among the kelp-beds at its feet.

"East end of Loteska promontory, and good anchorage in St. Peter's Bay. We had better bring up inside the reef to-night," said the Mate. "I've been here before."

"So have a good many more who wouldn't care to own up to it," answered the Skipper, and some of the white seamen smiled grimly as they went forward to clear the anchor. In spite of American and Muscovite vigilance a certain percentage of the skins obtained by the independent sealers are taken illegally on beaches where, under a very heavy penalty, no unauthorised hunter may land.[1]

With her boom-foresail lowered the Caribou wallowed slowly along parallel to the dim coast-line, and a wild project entered the Skipper's brain, for a peculiar piping and roaring sound came out of the darkness, louder far than the vibrating monotone of the surf. At one moment it resembled a shrill blowing-off of steam, and the next the roar of breakers on a reef, while the whole formed a chaotic din, the like of which may only be heard around the Komandorskies and the surf-beaten Pribyloffs. For two months or so each year this ceaseless clamour rings out through the fog that wraps these lonely isles, and the whalers, groping northward through the mist, listen for it as they would for the warning of a lightship syren. It is the cry of the big see-catch, the fur-seal bull, which hauls-up in countless thousands on shingle-spit and sloping ledge, and there fights hard, and often to the death, for a few square yards of ground whereon its meek-eyed consorts may lie in peace. For some fourteen days the mad struggle goes on, and then, after the cows come up out of the ocean, throughout six long weeks or more the see-catch neither eats nor sleeps, but keeps grim watch over his seraglio, roaring incessant defiance to all that approach.

[1] The writer once sailed in these vessels himself.

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At last, as the Caribou slipped inside the jutting reef which guards St. Peter's Bay, Sayward called his Mate aside. "With the gunboats hounding us day and night there's no chance for deep-water hunting now," he said. "Besides, I can't forget how that Russian sank our best whaleboat, in neutral waters, too, by the sights. Three hundred dollars she cost with the guns, and I'm going to get even with the Russ to-night. We'll land three boats, kill all the *holluschak* we can, and slip out again at dawn."

"It's a risky business," answered the Mate thoughtfully; "but it's often done, and I've been in this kind of thing before. The seals are hauling out earlier than usual, and the Russians will hardly have turned up yet. You never need look for them before the middle of the month, old Marvin used to say, and he had good reason to know their ways. What's the matter with trying any way?"

Sayward put the helm a-lee, and the Caribou swept round head to wind, her damp canvas fluttering noisily. The anchor and grinding cable thundered down, and three light boats swung out over the rail. Squat, brown-skinned Siwash hunters, and a few white seamen slid down on board, and Sayward leaned over the reeling taffrail above. "If there's anything suspicious, pull off for your lives," he said. "It means confiscation and Siberia, if we're caught."

The oars dipped and the boats shot away across the long smooth sea-slopes, the Mate staring hard into the streaks of moonlit vapour that divided them from the shore, while the boom of the surf grew louder, and the din from the crowded rookeries almost deafened his ears. "We'll all be ground up pretty small unless we can find the end of Two Fathom Reef and land behind it," he said; and then the way of the boat was rudely checked, as giant streamers of floating kelp, which in these seas grows up out of forty feet of water, wreathed about her bows. But the men bent their backs until the stout oars cracked, and, driving through the tough sea-tangle, she shot ahead again, close past a spouting smother of white on the end of a sunken ledge.

"That should break the weight of the rollers," said the Mate; and a big black sea rose up behind them, foamed across the ledge, and swung the boats aloft. Then there was a cry of "Give way together, all you're worth!" and the light craft drove inshore, the froth boiling a foot high over either gunwale, and the oars ripping through the water. A few moments later a spouting of foam half-buried the boats, as with a thunderous crash the partly-broken roller hurled itself upon the beach, and the keels ground harshly into the shingle. The crews were out in a moment, waist deep in the dragging back-wash, and ere the next sea came smoking in their craft were run up high and dry.

Loosening the long knives in their belts, and gripping hand-spike and rifle, they crept quietly up a slope of rock, smooth-scarped and polished by the passage of countless seals.

The Mate well knew the risk he ran, and was by no means easy in his mind. If a party of Russian hunters, the rightful owners of the ground, had already landed, they might be shot down every man of them, for there is little doubt that the seal-poacher meets with rough and ready justice at times. Occasionally these free-lances of the ocean, who may only kill seals in open water, carry a well-stocked armoury on board, and weather-beaten skippers have been heard to boast of beating off cruisers' boats in open fight. It is rumoured that in 1892 some of the schooners vigorously resisted at-

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tempts at seizure, and then, as now, the independent sealer was a rankling thorn in the side of British, Russian, and American diplomatists.

The Caribou's crew, however, did not approach the resounding rookery. In the first place, the seven-foot sea-catch, or bull-seal, is a dangerous beast to meddle with on the ground he has fought so hard for; in the second, his fur has generally been hopelessly torn and rent in the fray, and a sealer seldom molests the breeding amphibians if he can obtain any others. They followed the broad seal-road instead which led away inland, until the watery moonlight fell on a legion, perhaps a thousand strong, of curious, flopping objects dragging themselves over the ground. These were the *holluschakie*, or bachelor seals, too young as yet to enter the lists and fight with the older bulls for a place in the rookery. For three months they would flounder about the ledges and dive in the spouting surf, and then depart to scour the wide Pacific from Kamchatka to Cape Horn, never touching dry land again until such as escaped thresher-whale and basking shark should return next year, full-grown, breeding-seals. Meanwhile they must herd apart, and avoid the rookeries on peril of their lives.

At a signal from the Mate the men spread out, and a few moments later with a muffled roar the legion turned round and headed back towards the sea, dragging themselves along with heads three feet in the air at a curious, lumbering lope, until at the end of a hundred yards or so many fell panting to the earth. With practised eyes the Siwash picked out the most promising victims and hemmed them in, letting the rest wobble painfully away; and it is curious that, while the fur-seal will tear an unarmed man to pieces in a rookery, anywhere else it may be driven like a sheep. Then the butchery began. Hand-spike and rifle-butt fell like flails on the rounded heads, crushing in the thin skulls as though they were cardboard, and soon the hollow beneath the rocks echoed with the sound of thudding blows, the piping of half-killed seals, and the hoarse shouts of the Siwash as they drove the stragglers in. The men's breath hung like steam about them in the nipping air, and the rank odour of the jelly-blubber, which lies beneath the *holluschak's* skin, was almost too much at times even for the Mate's accustomed nostrils.

In a few hours' time a winrow of limp and furry bodies stretched away into the darkness, and the panting men flung themselves down upon the stones, aching in every joint. The Mate's right arm felt heavy as lead, and his sleeve was soaked with blood to the shoulder, while the perspiration dripped down into his eyes. But his share of the work was done, for now there remained only the task of skinning the seals before the daylight came, and this was the Indians' business. So he curled up under the lee of a boulder, watching the wild blood-stained figures ply the glinting knives, and sucking at his pipe, until the sea-fog closed down again and blotted out the moonlight. The Mate shivered as the dank wreathes drove past him before a bitter breeze, but later he found cause to bless both fog and wind.

At last the work was done, and thrice the crew went backwards and forwards to the beach bearing bundles of reeking skins. As their feet clattered upon the shingle for the last time a hoarse murmur ran from man to man, and the Mate involuntarily clenched his hands, as the strident roar of chain-cable grinding through a hawse-pipe struck on his ears, warning him that a Russian cruiser, or

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sealer, had let go her anchor in the bay. "Down with the boats! For heaven's sake be handy!" he cried, and the men obeyed readily; they well understood the need for haste. The keels ground down the shingle, and a sea broke with a thunderous roar along the beach, spouting aloft across a jutting fang of rock, and swirling far up the strand. "Launch!" cried the Mate again and sinewy hands tightened their grip along the gunwale, as thrusting with might and main Indian and white man waded into the hissing backwash. The water rose from knee to waist, cold with the chill of the northern ice, and the shingle slipped and rattled beneath their feet with the suction of the outgoing sea. "Stand by the oars,—away you go!" and wild figures dripping with water and blood and grease swung themselves on board. The oars splashed madly, and when the Mate and a line of panting men scrambled to dry land again, the boat leaped half her length out of water as she met the incoming roller, and slid out of sight into the hollow beyond.

The second was dispatched in a similar way, and then the Mate leaned against a boulder to recover breath, straining his ears to catch some sign of what might be happening in the fog that rolled down thicker and thicker across the bay. But only the uproar from the rookery and the booming of the surf rang in his throbbing ears, and an icy breeze blew the sea-smoke in his face. The two boats had vanished into the mist and he could not even hear their oars.

"There's ticklish work before you now, men," he said; "and unless you launch that boat handy, daylight will see us all on our way to a log-house prison at Peter and Paul." The crew, both brown and white, drew a long breath as they ran down the boat. The difficulty lay in the fact that, while the previously launched craft had two whole crews to hold them up and thrust them off end-on, the men of the last had to do all the work themselves. Only those who have launched, or tried to launch a deeply-laden boat, short-handed through the surf, can quite appreciate the situation; but part of the risk may be apparent.

Again a sea foamed in, and as it swept frothing about their knees, the Mate said sharply, "Now!" Down the beach they went, rattling shingle, whirling backwash, and struggling men. The bows were soon afloat, swinging round sideways towards the land, but her heel ground and hammered into the pebbles. "Off with her—for your lives—shove!" bawled the Mate, and he clutched desperately at the stern-post as the water rose to his shoulders and the boat slid off. Dripping men flung themselves head over heels across waist and stern, and the oars dropped into the crutches with a rattle. There was no need for orders now; the crew were well used to the way of the surf, and the sight of a great black ridge rolling down upon them spoke for itself. Their boat was then heading diagonally away from the beach, and unless they could pull her round, head-on and well afloat, before that comber burst, they knew she would be flung back upside down upon them.

So the oars bent like whips, the crew strained muscle and sinew, and the Mate felt the veins tighten upon his forehead as he wrenched at the sculling oar. Round came the bows, and the boat slid away from the threatening shore. She was barely in time, for as her head swung aloft the sea curled over, and for a moment they hung, as it were poised vertically amid a boiling chaos of white. "Row—can't you row!" cried the Mate,

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but his throat was cracked and dry, and the hoarse sound that issued from his lips was lost in the thunder of the sea. But skill and muscle conquered at last, and half-full of water the boat rolled down into the hollow beyond, ready to meet the next. On a steep-to beach, however, the last comber is the one to be dreaded, and, the water deepening rapidly, the ridges grew smoother and smoother, until she rose and fell on the long-backed heave of the bay. There was no sign of the other boats, but when they had drawn well out from the shore and the boom of the surf had sunk to a deep, bass roar, a musical clank of windlass-pawls came through the fog. At this each man felt his heart grow lighter, for he knew that the cautious skipper was heaving his anchor short, and only waited their coming to slip away to sea.

Suddenly there was a splash of oars, and the men ceased rowing as a boat slid out of the haze. They ceased too late, however, for the strangers came down almost on top of them, and a deep voice asked in Russian, "Have the seals arrived?" An Indian answered, "Yes," for the tongue of the Muscovite is known through all the northern seas, and, at a signal from the Mate, the blades dipped together and the boat forged ahead. But the Russian is shrewd and suspicious, as he has need to be, and the carpenters of Vladivostock build to a model which differs from that of the craftsmen of Victoria and Portland Ore. Something in the sweep of waist and sheer-line caught the watchful eyes, and a voice called sharply, "Round with her! They are stealers of the seals."

The Mate understood, and felt his nerves tingle as he wondered if the Russians carried arms; but next moment with a hasty rattle of oar-looms upon wooden tholes the boat swept away into the haze. "They're not from a cruiser anyway, but I can't quite understand," he said. "The Russ is never easily scared; the sooner we get on board the better."

On they went, all hands pulling with might and main, until a succession of hoarse shouts fell upon their ears. The Mate wondered what they might mean. He was soon to learn, for, as he listened with anxious impatience, there was a rattle of blocks in the haze ahead, and a mass of shadowy sail-cloth stole out of the vapour.

"A second Russian! There's two of them in the bay," gasped a white seaman; the men dared scarcely breathe as they heard rather than saw the grey sea wrinkling and frothing beneath an indistinct wedge of black bows. But a hard and adventurous life had taught the Mate to grasp a situation promptly. The stranger could not reach them on that tack, he knew, and a light breeze was blowing in from the mouth of the bay where the Caribou rode towards the boats,—he could hear the grinding of her cable now and then. It would also be difficult for any sailing vessel to beat zig-zag to windward as fast as boats pulled straight by men who realised how much depended on their speed. The Russians could understand that, too, for after a summons to stop rowing had been answered by a derisive yell, a bright flash blazed across the rail, and before the ringing report died away the schooner had vanished into the fog. A clatter of blocks told that her crew were hardening in the sheets, hoping, no doubt, to reach the poachers next tack. "Unless you can make the Caribou before that fellow comes about," said the Mate grimly, "it means Vladivostock hulks or Siberia; so you had better row."

Then there ensued a desperate race.

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Though they could not see their pursuers, every man knew that the Russian vessel would be very near, or sufficiently to windward to have them at her mercy, when she passed next tack. Panting and breathless, they swept the boat through the water, their short gasps joining with the rattle and jar of the rowlocks as the long blades swung to and fro, while the sea boiled up beneath the bows and gurgled away astern. "Keep it up," cried the Mate, "only keep it up!" until at last the shadowy outline of the schooner loomed dimly through the haze ahead.

The boat drove crashing alongside and the skins were flung on board. "I'm uncommonly glad you've come," said Sayward; "there's a Russian schooner let go somewhere at hand, and we got scared you had come to grief in the surf. The rest have been off ten——"

"Never mind that," broke in the Mate; "another Russian will be alongside of us in a minute or two. It's a wonder she isn't now."

"Break the anchor out,—in with the boat,—stand by headsail halliards!" cried the Skipper, and the Caribou's deck became alive with hurrying figures. With a clatter of tackle the boat ran in through the gangway; shadowy objects rose and fell about the clanking windlass, and the anchor came up to the bows amid a grinding of iron chain; the damp folds of jibs and staysail fluttered aloft, and there was a wild clatter of swinging sheet-blocks, while loose ends of ropes and lines seemed to be flying everywhere about the crowded deck. A few sharp commands followed, and order came forth out of chaos. Sayward steadied the jarring spokes of the wheel, hauling them a-weather; the thundering canvas hardened out into swelling curves before the drag of the sheets, and swaying gently down to the chilly breeze the Caribou gathered way.

She was only just in time, for a sharp rustle of loosened sail-cloth came out of the fog as the invisible pursuer went about under her stern. Clinton Sayward laughed, as he lifted his eyes from the lighted disc of the binnacle and glanced contemptuously over the rail. "We've come out well ahead to-night," he said, "and the Caribou can sail three feet for any Russian's two." Events proved he was right, for soon the drowsy gurgle of foam, as the other schooner shouldered off the seas somewhere to leeward on a parallel course, died away, and a mocking yell of triumph rose up from the crew as the Caribou stood out alone into a misty sea.

Then, with the flickering glow of lanterns falling upon their swarthy faces, the Indians spread the skins upon the deck, carefully scraping off the adherent blubber, and rubbing them with salt. A seal-skin in its natural state, it may be said, bears no resemblance whatever to the finished article of the London shops, being covered with long and greasy coarse hair which must all be plucked out by hand before the glossy under-coat is laid bare. But at last the work was done, and when the final bundle of pelts was flung into the hold, the Mate chuckled as he said: "There'll be a waste of high-grade language when the Russians find the skinned seals in the morning." Probably there was; but by that time the Caribou was flying southwards wing and wing into the wide Pacific, and only a row of shapeless blubber-heaps remained behind for a memento of Sayward's Raid.

H. B.

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THE FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND.

I.

THE interest in the Centenary of the Rebellion of 1798, now being shown in Ireland, has naturally drawn attention to the history of that remarkable outbreak and to the causes which produced it. That history has in comparatively recent years been written with picturesque effect and much wealth of detail by Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky, and to the essential facts collected by the industry of those historians even the most patient investigation can hope to add little. But the story of the French invasion of Mayo, which lies outside the general history of the Rebellion, has been written with rather less elaboration than the rest of the narrative, and perhaps it may be worth while to tell once more the tale of the landing at Killala. The account here given does not pretend to supersede the versions of the invasion already before the public, but it is based on a careful and independent study of the documentary authorities in the Irish State Paper Office; and the writer has had the advantage of visiting the scene of the invasion, as well as of access to unpublished diaries and letters descriptive of its incidents.

While the Rebellion which had been prepared and promoted in entire reliance on the promise of foreign assistance, in the form either of an actual invasion of England or of a descent upon Ireland on the scale of the abortive expedition to Bantry Bay, was running its brief and sanguinary course, the agents of the United Irishmen in Paris had been vainly seeking to induce the Directory to hasten the fulfilment of its pledges. But the Directory of 1798 was not the Directory of 1796, or even of 1797. The men who had befriended Tone, and by whom the expeditions from Brest and the Texel had been undertaken and captained, were gone. Carnot, the Organiser of Victory, had been obliged to seek safety in consequence of the *coup d'état* of September 4th, 1797, which changed the composition of the Directorate, and which was the first visible sign that a power greater than the power of the Republic had arisen in the person of the commander of the Army of Italy. On the 28th of the same month Hoche, the most distinguished general, with the single exception of Buonaparte, whom the wars of the Republic had produced, had died at the head of the Army of the Rhine. With him died the one steady friend to the Irish cause, the friend whose enthusiasm was such that, as Tone mournfully notes in almost the last page of his journal, written while the Rebellion was in progress, "he would be in Ireland in a month, if he only went with his Etat-Major in a fishing-boat." But above all the influence of Buonaparte had become paramount; and the influence of Buonaparte was unfavourable to Ireland. "He listened but said very little," writes Tone after an interview in which Lewins, as Irish Ambassador, had represented the situation and the desires of the United Irishmen. After three interviews it remained impossible to augur anything good or bad as to his real intentions. In truth he does not seem at this time to have seriously believed in the policy of an invasion either of England or

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Ireland, though he allowed the preparations to go forward. Already he was looking not to the West but to the East, and growing dazzled by the golden visions of Egypt and India. On February 23rd, 1798, after some months of seeming indecision, he addressed a letter to the Directory, pointing out that the inefficiency of the French navy must render the project inexpedient, and that, since the fleets at Brest and the Texel had failed to slip through the British blockade in the dark nights of winter, it was idle to hope for better fortune during the months of spring or summer. And thereupon he seems to have definitely abandoned all thoughts of an invasion.

Ten days later, on March 5th, in another letter he formulated his scheme for the capture of Malta and the conquest of Egypt; and on April 12th it was formally announced that it was through India and not through Ireland that the French armada, so laboriously collected at such enormous cost, was to attack England. The Army of the East was constituted; and on May 20th, the very month for which the rising in Ireland had been arranged and only three days before it actually broke out, Buonaparte left Paris for the Mediterranean.

With their treasury exhausted and their arsenals depleted by this expedition, designed for England but appropriated to Egypt, it was scarcely possible for the Directors, even had they desired it, to organise assistance for Ireland on a scale commensurate either with the hopes of the Irish leaders or with the actual requirements of such an enterprise. Yet they did not wholly repudiate their promises; they professed still to cherish the notion of an invasion, and they still appeared to lend a ready ear to the representations of Lewens and Tone. It is unfortunate that just at this period we lose the vivid commentary of Tone, who had spent May and June at Rouen and Havre with the Army of England, as it was called, and whose journal ends with his arrival on June 30th in Paris, whither he had moved from Havre to consult with the Minister of Marine. But there is little difficulty in following the course of the negotiations. On the outbreak of the Rebellion Lewens had written to the Directory reminding them that the Irish Committee had raised the standard of rebellion in reliance on the formal promise which he had conveyed, on the part of the citizen Merlin, that France would make the independence of Ireland the condition of any peace with England, describing the progress of the insurrection, and the strength of the English garrison, and indicating five thousand troops of all arms with thirty thousand muskets, artillery and munitions of war in proportion, as the force necessary to support the movement. As a result of this demand, and in recognition of their engagement to the United Irishmen, the Directory determined to equip rapidly an expedition designed on the plan of that of 1796. Three squadrons were to be fitted out at Dunkirk, Brest, and Rochefort, the first, under Kilmaine, to convey the munitions of war for the whole army, the second and third to carry the soldiers and to be commanded respectively by Generals Chérin and Humbert. Chérin declined the command, which was subsequently conferred on General Hardy.

Want of money, a feeble organisation, and possibly a lack of sincerity in their preparations, caused unexpected delay in the equipment of the fleet; but at length, on July 30th, Bruix, the Minister of Marine, addressed the following despatch to General Hardy, to whom the supreme

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command of the expedition had been allotted in preference to Humbert.

The executive Directory is busily engaged in arranging to send help to the Irish who have taken up arms to sever the yoke of British rule. It is for the French Government to second the efforts of a brave people who have too long suffered under oppression. It is the intention of the Directory to send troops, arms, and ammunition to Ireland, by different routes but simultaneously. Twelve small ships are to leave the ports of Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, carrying artillery, muskets, and powder, and having on board also a few Irishmen who are anxious to rejoin their countrymen. At Rochefort a squadron of three frigates is ready to set sail; and at Brest the Directory has fitted out a squadron, composed of one line-of-battle ship and six frigates, commanded by Admiral Bompard, which will carry the staff of the army of Ireland.

Full of confidence in your valour, your talents, and your enthusiasm for liberty, the Executive Directory, while awaiting the arrival of General Chérin, has charged you with the provisional command of the army of Ireland. Admiral Bompard will receive detailed instructions as to the route he is to follow. He has orders to disembark at Killala, Sligo, or Donegal.

In addition to these instructions Hardy was provided with proclamations addressed to the Irish peasantry, which had already been drawn up in English, and some of which, bearing the signature of Kilmaine, were subsequently distributed pretty generally in Mayo, notwithstanding that Kilmaine never set foot in Ireland. Hardy's orders concluded with the following statement of the political objects of the expedition and of the means by which they were to be effected.

It is most important to take every possible means to arouse the public spirit of the country, and particularly to foster sedulously its hatred of the English name. You will neglect no opportunity of making known the crimes which an odious Government has committed or may seek to commit in Ireland. It is needful too that you should maintain the most stringent discipline among your troops, who should serve as a model for the Irish levies, and impress upon your comrades that they should look on the Irish as their brothers, as citizens persecuted by a tyrannical Government, the enemy of every free man, and that, fighting for the same cause, they should be united by the same ties and the same sentiments. The Executive Government, citizen General, is persuaded that you will justify its confidence by your conduct of the important mission with which you are charged. There has never been an expedition whose result might more powerfully affect the political situation in Europe, or could more advantageously assist the Republic. May your success be commensurate with my good wishes in your behalf, and bring to a people too long the victims of despotism the blessings of liberty and equality.

Despite this imposing language it is difficult to believe that the Directory were really in earnest. It is certain at least that, while they issued orders, they withheld the means of complying with them. Neither Hardy nor Humbert was supplied with funds to pay his soldiers, nor, although it was intended that the two fleets should start simultaneously, had any date been fixed for their departure. In these circumstances Hardy remained in the roadstead of Brest patiently awaiting an order from the Treasury (which never came) for 135,000 francs. But his second in command, less patient and more resourceful, was not to be hindered by the parsimony or poverty of his Government. He succeeded in obtaining an advance of 47,000 francs from the paymaster at Rochefort, who was accommodating enough to supply him without awaiting a formal order from the Treasury at Paris; and having thus supplied himself he set sail from Aix on August 6th. The expedition consisted of three frigates, the Concorde (44 guns), the Franchise (44 guns), and the Médée (38 guns). Distributed on board these vessels were an army of one thousand and thirty-eight men with sixty-two officers.

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The General himself was on board the Concorde.

Humbert was not only, as was shown by his conduct in thus taking the initiative, a man of vigorous and self-reliant will, but a soldier of experience and proved ability. He was indeed a characteristic product of the Revolution, his career being in many respects typical of that of the many soldiers to whom the Revolution and its opportunities brought fame and fortune. If his knapsack did not chance to hold a Marshal's bâton that was the fault, less of his ability or his services than of the chance which, as he approached that summit of a French soldier's ambition, threw him across the path of Buonaparte. The son of a small farmer in Lorraine, Jean Joseph Amable Humbert was born in 1767 at Rouvrey. At the age of seventeen certain youthful indiscretions had obliged him to leave the employment of a cloth-merchant to whom he was apprenticed. After wandering from one town to another in various capacities, he had set up as a dealer in rabbit and goat skins, to supply the glove-factories of Lyons. At the outbreak of the Revolution he had been the first to join one of the volunteer regiments raised in the Vosges, to the command of which he quickly raised himself by a combination of republican zeal and military efficiency. Thenceforward his progress was rapid. He received a command under Hoche in the army which was sent to effect the pacification of La Vendée, and which did so after one of the most sanguinary and merciless campaigns of even that sanguinary era. By 1794 he had reached the rank of General of Brigade. In Hoche's expedition he had been placed in command of the Legion of France and, sailing on board the battleship Les Droits des Hommes, had distinguished himself by his personal valour in an engagement with two English vessels which intercepted his retreat. So badly did the vessel fare between storm and shell that of fourteen hundred men only four hundred escaped with their lives. His experience in La Vendée had taught him how formidable a sturdy and disaffected peasantry might make itself to a civil Government, and he seems to have believed that nothing but the leadership of a disciplined army was necessary to the success of an insurrectionary movement in Great Britain. Under this persuasion he had in 1797 suggested to Carnot and his colleagues the desirability of organising an expedition to Scotland or Cornwall, which, taking advantage of the disaffection in the English navy might, he thought, achieve great successes. Thus, when an expedition was decided on by the Directory, Humbert, particularly as Hoche was no more, seemed marked out for its control. But his fierce and violent passions had earned him many enemies, and in official circles had inspired some distrust; and he was in consequence designated only for the post of second in command. Of his appearance and manners a graphic description has been left us by Bishop Stock, to whose admirable narrative of the expedition constant reference will be made in these pages.

> Of good height and shape, in the full vigour of life, prompt to decide, quick in execution, apparently master of his art, you could not refuse him the praise of a good officer, while his physiognomy forbade you to like him as a man. His eye, which was small and sleepy (the effect probably of much watching), cast a sidelong glance of insidiousness and even of cruelty; it was the eye of a cat, preparing to spring on her prey. His education and manners were indicative of a person sprung from the lowest orders of society, though he knew how (as most of his countrymen can do) to assume, where it was convenient, the deportment of a gentleman. For learning he had scarcely enough to enable him

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to write his name. His passions were furious, and all his behaviour seemed marked with the characters of roughness and violence. A narrower observation of him however served to discover that much of this roughness was the result of art, being assumed with the object of exhorting by terror a ready compliance with his commands.

The army of which this hardy soldier was the leader was of like quality with its general. One half of the troops had served under Buonaparte in the Italian campaign; the remainder were from the army of the Rhine, and had served under Jourdan, Moreau, and Hoche. They were for the most part young men and, except the grenadiers, not of very striking physique; yet men who, from their grim experience of five years' incessant war, might already be counted veterans. At the siege of Metz, in the winter of 1797, they had slept on the ground in holes dug four feet deep through the snow, and throughout the campaign the toil had been so incessant that one of their officers averred that he had not once removed his leathern garments for a whole twelvemonth. In this hard school they had been trained to habits of the most perfect discipline, temperance, and simplicity, and could live contentedly on the plainest fare.

Of Humbert's officers none had reached, or were destined to reach remarkable eminence, but all of them were efficient subordinates, and Sarazin, the second in command, a brilliant one. Among them were three or four Irishmen, who included Matthew Tone, brother of the more celebrated Theobald, and Sullivan, nephew of Madgett, Tone's friend at the French Foreign Office, the latter being the only one of the Irish refugees accompanying the expedition who made good his escape when all was over.

Two other Irishmen, holding command in the French army and attached to Humbert's immediate staff, deserve to be specially noticed. Bartholomew Teeling was the son of a Roman Catholic linen-merchant of Lisburn, near Belfast, who having taken an active part in the proceedings of the Catholic Convention of 1793 had, four years later, been arrested and thrown into prison for treason. Teeling, then a very young man of prepossessing manners and appearance who had received a good education, had in 1796 proceeded to France as one of the emissaries to solicit French assistance for the United Irish movement. His mission having become known to the authorities at home he had deemed it unsafe to return, and had then accepted a commission in the French army. He had served in La Vendée under Hoche, where he had become acquainted with Humbert. Had the expedition succeeded in reaching Donegal and pushed forward into Ulster as was intended, Teeling would have been particularly useful to his commander from his knowledge of the province. As it was, though he had no special local knowledge, he was active as an interpreter, displayed conspicuous gallantry both at Collooney and Ballinamuck, and, according to the testimony of his chief, was unsparing throughout the campaign in his endeavours to protect the lives and property of Protestants. A witness for the prosecution at the court-martial before which he was tried deposed to his conspicuous humanity, and said that, when some rebels at Castlebar had endeavoured to excuse their outrages by saying they had only injured Protestants, Teeling had warmly exclaimed that he knew no distinction between Protestant and Catholic, and would permit none.

Accompanying the expedition in

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the capacity of interpreter, and as such attached by a special commission to the General's staff, was Henry O'Keon, son of a cowherd of Lord Tyrawly and a native of the district in which the invaders ultimately landed. O'Keon had left Ireland at a very early age with such smattering of education as a hedge-school could afford. Making his way to Nantes he had, after studying divinity there for some years, taken orders as a priest, and in 1789 had already passed some years as a French *curé*. The Revolution had of course stripped him of his preferment; but accommodating himself to circumstances he exchanged his cassock for a sword. Entering the army of the Republic as a private, he had by 1798 reached the rank of captain. He was a fat, jolly, good-humoured man, with ruddy countenance and thick black eyebrows running into one another. Of indifferent morals and accommodating conscience, he yet displayed, like Teeling, a humane and tolerant disposition, exerting himself on every occasion to restrain the violence of patriotic, and still more of religious, fervour against the loyalists, a humanity which stood him in good stead when, taken prisoner by the British troops at the re-capture of Killala, he found his assumed French nationality an unavailing plea before the court-martial. The selection of O'Keon as interpreter helps to explain Humbert's choice of Killala as a landing-place, in preference to either Sligo or Donegal. O'Keon was almost ignorant of English, retaining only just enough of the language to make himself intelligible; but his father lived near Ballina, and he was himself well acquainted with the whole district and a proficient in its vernacular. It was therefore natural that Humbert, whose instructions allowed him a latitude of choice, should select as the scene of his first effort a country in which he could rely on the assistance of O'Keon's local knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the dialect and habits of the people.

In other respects, indeed, the county of Mayo was a district little favourable to the success of such an enterprise as that in which Humbert had so readily embarked. The United Irish movement had at first progressed but slowly in the West, and it had given the leaders no little trouble to develope it. Of the four provinces Connaught had, throughout the whole period of the agitation, been the least disturbed and had given the least concern to the Government. The extent to which the progress of the conspiracy was impeded by the jealousy and rivalries of the local Roman Catholic gentry, some of whom, influenced by the Hon. Denis Browne, brother to Lord Altamount and Member for the County, were desirous of acting independently of their brethren in the east of Ireland and of forming a separate Catholic petition, had obliged Wolfe Tone to undertake in October, 1792, what he describes in his journal as a "peregrination to convert the natives of Connaught, and more especially of Galway and Mayo, to the true political faith." Tone had then attended meetings in Ballinrobe and Castlebar, but had met with little encouragement, finding the local leaders very suspicious of each other. On the Catholic Committee the western delegates acted uniformly with the more moderate section of that body, and displayed little sympathy with the violent measures recommended by its vehement secretary.

The province seems to have remained outside the United Irish organisation down to 1796, though Defenderism was rife among the peasantry. But by 1797 many recruits had been en-

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rolled among the lower orders, and these were drawn exclusively from the ranks of the Roman Catholics. At the meeting of the Ulster Provincial Committee of the United Irishmen on September 14th, 1797, it was reported that Connaught was in a fair state of organisation. This change in the disposition of the Mayo peasantry, and the exclusively Catholic complexion of the movement which then began to spread, was mainly due to the immigration of large numbers of the Roman Catholic population of Armagh and Tyrone, many of whom had been forced into exile by the outrages of the Peep of Day Boys which followed the defeat of the Defenders at the Battle of the Diamond. As many as four thousand of these people are said to have immigrated to Sligo and Mayo. By the admission even of those who were not likely to exaggerate facts in their favour, they were for the most part decent and industrious and, from their skill in the linen industry and their general superiority in intelligence to the peasantry of Connaught, their arrival was welcomed by the proprietors. The majority of these immigrants appeared to be free from active disloyalty and readily took the oath of allegiance; but their presence, and the tales of oppression which they brought with them naturally inflamed their Roman Catholic neighbours, while those among them who had been actively engaged in Defenderism in their old homes as naturally became centres of sedition in their new surroundings. They brought with them too the habits of organisation with which they had become familiar in Ulster; and political clubs and meetings soon became frequent in the district. But above all they brought with them a terror of Orangeism, spreading the most absurd rumours as to the malignant and murderous intentions of the Protestants, who, they averred, had entered into a conspiracy to massacre the entire Roman Catholic population.

So far as regarded Connaught, at any rate, these assertions were without the slightest foundation, and it is certain that down to the actual outbreak of the rebellion Orangeism itself had gained little if any hold in Mayo. The Bishop of Killala had denounced the institution, and on the very day of the invasion was entering a protest in his primary visitation-charge against the first sentence of the Orange oath, "I am not a Roman Catholic," which appeared to him intolerant and unconciliatory. The vehemence of the exiled Catholics, who attributed the persecution they had suffered mainly to Presbyterians, had, however, by a not unnatural process, led to the growth of the institution among the Presbyterian community of Multifarragh, which had been brought from Ulster to Connaught earlier in the century by the Earl of Arran.

Though these statements of the exiles were accepted and propagated by disaffected priests, it certainly appears that these slanders upon Protestantism, and especially the confusion of the terms Protestant and Orange as though they were synonymous, were due less to the priests than to these refugees themselves, who perhaps were hardly to be blamed for imputing to the Protestants of Mayo the treatment which had been meted out to them by the Protestants of Armagh. It is worth noting that these Ulster Roman Catholics, better educated and with a higher standard of comfort than the Catholics of the same class in the West, while they were among the most energetic supporters of the French, declined to serve with the Connaught peasantry and insisted on forming a separate corps.

But, these religious disturbances notwithstanding, the general condi-

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tion of the country continued down to a late period to be, at least to all outward appearance, orderly and loyal. Denis Browne, writing on December 30th, 1796, from Westport, informed the Government that the country was quiet and loyal beyond expectation, and that the emigrant Northerners were quiet and inoffensive. The reports of the Orange terrorism spread by the latter had indeed, according to Browne, produced in some parts of the country a curious and incongruous effect. "The inhabitants," he wrote, "of this part of Mayo have connected the French and the Presbyterians of the North, who, they hear, invited the French over; consequently they have transferred a portion of their hatred to the enemy, who they are persuaded are coming with their Northern allies to drive them from their habitations and properties; and so strongly does this operate, that I am persuaded they would beat the French out of this country with stones."

Another circumstance which continued to sustain the impression that the West remained loyal was the success of the yeomanry movement in Connaught. As many as eight corps of cavalry, and a substantial number of infantry had been raised. These, no doubt, were recruited mainly from the Protestant farming-class which was then much more numerous in Mayo than it is to-day, but they also contained a far from inconsiderable number of Roman Catholics; and there is no warrant for believing, as alleged by Musgrave, that, down to 1797 at all events, these people were otherwise than cordial in their allegiance. The general confidence that was felt in the loyalty of the district, in its ability to resist external attack, and in its immunity from internal disturbance, is plainly indicated by the language held as late as January 6th, 1798, by the Protestant clergy whose duty it was to preach at the services held in all the churches on the occasion of a general thanksgiving for the victories of Cape St. Vincent and Camperdown. On that occasion Dr. Neligan, a well-known clergyman and an active magistrate in the neighbourhood of Ballina, preaching before the Ardnaree Infantry delivered himself thus: "It is a pleasing source of consolation that, while some parts of the kingdom are secretly employed in private machinations against the State and in preparing to assist a foreign enemy with the means for our destruction, the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, actuated by the purest motives of patriotism and loyalty, have boldly and openly come forward under the banners of Government and arrayed themselves in arms under respectable leaders determined to support their King, their constitution, their laws, and their properties against the foreign invaders of their rights and liberties."

It is evident, however, that the confidence of the Government and its friends in the loyalty of the Mayo peasantry was imprudently exaggerated, and that throughout the early part of 1798 a spirit of active sedition had made itself felt among the people. It is pretty plain, too, that the local leaders had been instructed to expect and prepare for the arrival of the French in their district. Meetings began to be frequent in the neighbourhood of Ballina, and rumours of midnight drilling reached the ears of the authorities. Dr. Neligan, having in the summer procured the arrest, in consequence of information secretly conveyed to him, of a pedlar named Reynolds, had obtained a confession of a widely extended plot, together with the names of the leading persons immediately concerned. But the country was so denuded of military

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that it was felt unsafe to attempt any very vigorous measures to explode the conspiracy. A few of the leaders were arrested and sent to Sligo for examination before General Taylor; but they were discharged at the instance of the local magistrate who seemed satisfied of the groundlessness of the charges, though one of the prisoners at once developed into an active insurgent so soon as the Rebellion broke out.

The magistrates were still further thrown off their guard by the eagerness with which the oath of allegiance was taken; and so anxious did the people appear to give this guarantee of loyalty that in June a committee was formed by the Magistracy under the presidency of the Bishop of Killala for the taking of the oaths by the Roman Catholic priests and their flocks; and the country being divided into districts, the oath was administered on Sunday after mass in all the parishes, and was taken almost universally. It seems certain, however, that in more than one instance this eagerness of priest and people to testify to their loyalty originated in their anxiety to prevent, by an appearance of devotion to the constitution, the quartering of any large garrison in their county; and many of them not only encouraged their flocks to join the insurrection when it broke out, but were active in assisting the invaders. But to this conduct there were some notable exceptions. The elder clergy shared as a rule the abhorrence of the French Revolution which characterised their bishops. Father Conway of Ardagh and Father Grady of Rotterea not only exhorted their flocks to continue in their allegiance, but braved the insult and assaults of their parishioners in defence of their principles.

If the organisation of disaffection in Mayo had thus assumed a religious complexion, the fires of religious intolerance were unchecked by the presence of any considerable body of Protestants among either the leaders or the rank and file of the movement. The United Irish Organisation, as the testimony of Wolfe Tone proves, proceeded in Connaught almost entirely on a basis of Defenderism, and was thus exclusively Catholic. And whatever might have been the disposition of a few among the local Protestant gentry prior to 1798, the burning of Scullabogue and the massacre on Wexford Bridge effectually deterred any of them from actively embracing the insurgent cause, while they inevitably inflamed the ardour, and no doubt also the vengeful intolerance, of the Protestant yeomanry. So marked was the sectarian character of the disturbance in Connaught that in Mayo only two Protestants joined the movement during the whole progress of the invasion, and these were men of bad character who signalised their defection from their loyalty to their sovereign by abjuring their Church. Not only did the Protestant gentry of Connaught hold resolutely aloof from the agitation, but the number of Roman Catholics of position and respectability who came forward was singularly small. Indeed no feature of the insurrection in Connaught is more remarkable than the distrust of the invasion and its consequences which was shown by the better sort of the Roman Catholics of Mayo, Galway, and Sligo. Of the few who did come forward only two or three were men of any substance or of much personal worth.

Such was the situation and disposition of the province of Connaught, and especially of the county of Mayo which was to be the immediate scene of the invasion, when, on the morning of August 22nd, 1798, Humbert and his fleet after a voyage of fifteen days,

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during which they had been beating almost continually against contrary winds, reached the coast of Ireland, and abandoning the alternatives of Sligo and Donegal, dropped anchor in the Bay of Killala.

On the northern shore of Mayo, but twenty miles from the north-western extremity of Ireland, and pleasantly situated at the head of the wide bay to which it has given its name, lies the little town of Killala. Never an imposing place, it has dwindled within the present century, and more particularly since the famine, to little more than a village. Yet small and poor as it is to-day, Killala, a century ago, was a town of some importance, the port for the not inconsiderable grain-trade of the neighbouring district, and, from the circumstance of its being the seat of a bishopric, serving as an outpost of civilisation on the frontiers of the wild West. Few places in that part of Ireland are more rich in traditions and memorials of the past. The conversion of Aladth, or Aulay, the chief of a clan inhabiting part of what is now the barony of Tyrawley, and the founding of a church near the cell to which he retired, are among the best authenticated traditions of St. Patrick's missionary work; and the Cathedral Church of Killala (*Cill Aladth*) has for thirteen centuries commemorated this conversion of the pagan warrior into the Christian anchorite.

The diocese embraces the wild baronies of Erris and Tyrawley, the former of which still remains perhaps the most primitive district in the three kingdoms. Secure in its wild fastnesses of rock, torrent, and bog, guarded on its outer borders by a stormy and inhospitable coast, and to the south and east by a chain of wild mountains and wilder lakes, it has remained almost to our own day remote and unvisited, untravelled and trackless as the wilds of Lyonnesse,

> —— A waste land, where no one comes,
> Or hath come, since the making of the world.

The reports of such adventurers as penetrated these solitudes from time to time were not likely to encourage travellers. When Bishop Pococke, in 1752, made his tour through the island, he found Erris but little changed from the days of the first bishop of the Irish Church. A few ruins of ancient fortifications seemed to attest the incursions of Danish invaders, and the remains of a small Protestant colony planted by the Cromwellian owners of the barony, which has since been absorbed in its surroundings, were still to be met with. Arthur Young describes the astonishment with which the people of Erris, in their rare visits to more civilised districts, viewed the unknown marvels of trees and shrubs; and it was not until 1820 that the country was rendered accessible to even a two-wheeled vehicle. Killala, however, situated at the eastern side of the less primitive barony of the two, and the seat since shortly after the Reformation of the united dioceses of Killala and Achonry, stood on a more fertile spot. Its pleasant fields and pastures had ministered in old days to communities of monks of whom the abbeys of Moyne and Rosserk are still the venerable memorials, and in more modern times had furnished the endowment of a bishopric which, though one of the poorest in the Irish Church, was still a desirable piece of preferment, forming the first rung in the ladder of episcopal promotion, though its comparatively slender income and remote situation caused the occupants of the see to ascend as rapidly as they could. In the eighteenth century alone there were no fewer than thirteen bishops of Killala, of whom only three died in the see; and an old lady, living in

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1805, is said to have been able to count as many as eleven prelates who had ruled the diocese within her memory. Nevertheless the bishops of Killala, despite these rapid translations, did their work, the later prelates at all events, in a manner which compares favourably with the record of many of their richer brethren of the Irish Establishment in the last century; and they have left pleasant memories behind them. They resided in the town, to which their presence lent importance and their incomes prosperity. Since the amalgamation of the see in 1834 with the Archdiocese of Tuam it has become a saying among the inhabitants of the decaying town, where the old palace is now the workhouse, that "the luck went out of Killala with the bishops."

In August, 1798, Killala Castle, the see-house of the diocese, was tenanted by the penultimate bishop of Killala, Dr. Joseph Stock, to whose presence in the town at the period of the invasion we are indebted for the fullest, most interesting, and most authentic description of the character of the French army and of the episodes which marked its occupation of Killala and the adjacent country.

Dr. Stock was a man not only of learning and piety, but, as his narrative shows, of tolerant and humane disposition, as well as of shrewd observation. Unlike the majority of his contemporaries on the Irish episcopal bench, he had been born, bred, and educated in Ireland, and his preferment had been earned by solid performances. Far from ranking among Swift's "highwaymen-bishops" he belonged rather to the type of "Greek play bishops," so common in the Anglican Church in the early part of the nineteenth century and so rare at the end of it. The son of a hosier in Dublin, whose family had been settled in the Irish metropolis for more than one generation, Stock had achieved a distinguished career in Trinity College, Dublin, of which he became a Fellow. While in residence at the University he produced editions of the classics which long remained in vogue; and having retired upon a college living he became head-master of Enniskillen, then, as now, one of the most important schools in Ireland. Even these distinctions, however, might have failed to win him a bishopric, had he remained without advantageous family connections; but a wife who bore him eleven children brought him also the means of supporting them. This lady was a sister-in-law of Archbishop Newcome, and during Dr. Newcome's brief tenure of the Primacy, Stock was appointed to the see of Killala. Unlike some of his episcopal brethren before and since, the Bishop's activity of mind was not exhausted by his promotion. He only exchanged the literary labours of a school-master for those appropriate to a divine; and while awaiting his own translation to some richer see, he occupied his leisure with a metrical translation of Job. It was as well perhaps that he should thus have preached to himself the virtue of patience, for he had to wait twelve years for his advancement to Waterford. Lord Holland in his MEMOIRS OF THE WHIG PARTY ascribes this delay in recognising the Bishop's undoubted merit to the dissatisfaction which his kindly testimony to the moderation and humanity of the French troops inspired in official circles at a time when Nelson's advice to his midshipmen to "hate the Frenchman as you do the devil" conveyed the popular view of our enemies.

On the morning of August 22nd Dr. Stock and his guests at Killala Castle, where several of the clergy of the diocese were assembled for the Bishop's first visitation, intended to be held on the day following, descried

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three large vessels in the bay carrying English colours. Eager to see a British man-of-war the Bishop's sons, Edwin and Arthur Stock, lads of nineteen and sixteen, threw themselves into a fishing-boat along with the port-surveyor, and pulling to the largest of the ships speedily found themselves prisoners on board the French frigate Concorde. The fleet was in the act of anchoring, and the army preparing to disembark. The elder of the brothers, happening to be a proficient in the French language, was quickly brought ashore to act as an interpreter to the invaders, who at four o'clock received orders to disembark. Sarazin, the Adjutant-General, with the grenadiers was the first to reach the shore, and was at once sent forward to attack Killala. The rest of the troops quickly followed, and leaving only a small force at Kilcummin to land the stores from the ships and to distribute among the peasants, who flocked to the shore, a supply of arms and uniforms for such as might be found willing to join the Army of Ireland, Humbert hurried to the support of his subordinate. Marching by Palmerstown, some three miles from Killala, and crossing a considerable stream, the Owenmore, at that place, they advanced quickly towards Killala in the dusk of a fine August evening.

The Bishop of Killala, with the Dean and others of the clergy, and a couple of officers belonging to the regiment of Carabiniers quartered at Ballina, were just rising to join the ladies after dinner, when a mounted messenger dashed breathlessly up to the castle gates with the alarming intelligence that the French were upon them. Captain Kirkwood of the local yeomanry, the Tyrawley Cavalry, had been apprised a little earlier by a fisherman of the enemy's landing; and, aided by a small party of regulars belonging to the Prince of Wales's Fencibles, a regiment lately stationed in the district, he hastily took up a position, with not more than fifty men, at the top of the street leading to the castle. From the centre of Killala, near what is called the Steeple Hill, on which stands a very perfect example of the ancient Round Towers of Ireland, three roads diverge to the south, west, and north-east. The last of these wound by the cathedral and the church-yard wall past the castle towards Ballina; by the second the French advanced. On reaching the outskirts of the town, Humbert detached a party across the meadows under the guidance of an Irish recruit named Kerrigan, who was subsequently given a commission in the Irish army, to occupy the southern road, and then ordered Sarazin to charge with his grenadiers. The position taken up by Kirkwood was a strong one; but the yeomanry, unaccustomed to actual fighting, were unable to withstand the onset of the French bayonets. After firing a volley which wounded some of the enemy, but failed to check their progress, they fled precipitately down the road towards Ballina, leaving their commander, with Lieutenant Sills of the Fencibles, and Dr. Ellison the Rector of Castlebar, a *ci-devant* cavalry officer of the British army, to make with a few others a brief and ineffectual resistance. These officers were quickly forced back to the castle gates, where they were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners. Thus, after little more than a few minutes' skirmishing, Killala, with its castle and bishop, was in the hands of the enemy. There was no loss of life on the French side, but of the yeomanry two were killed; one of them, the elderly and gouty apothecary of the town, receiving a bullet in his head as he attempted to gain the shelter of his own house. Among the wounded were the valiant Dr. Ellison, slightly injured by a shot

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in the heel, and two French officers. Nineteen yeomen were taken prisoners and ordered into confinement in the castle, which was at once occupied; but the Fencibles, with the exception of Lieutenant Sills, their commander, made good their retreat to Ballina, some seven miles distant.

Most of the clergy assembled for the visitation had meantime escaped as best they could, some of them only doing so with very considerable difficulty. Charles Seymour, afterwards the well-known Protestant Evangelist of Connemara, has told how, finding himself in the midst of the French troops in the streets of Killala, and knowing not how otherwise to avoid being taken prisoner, he made the best use of the one word of French he was acquainted with by shouting as he waved his arms *Français, Français*, with pretended enthusiasm.

The fighting over, General Humbert, accompanied by Edwin Stock, quickly appeared at the castle gates. The French commander had taken no active part in the struggle in the town, but arriving immediately after he, with somewhat magnificent exaggeration of the achievement of his lieutenant, promoted Sarazin to be a General of Brigade upon the spot. This done he demanded to see M. l'Évêque. The Bishop had been urged to fly in the company of the Carabinier officers, who, on hearing the news of the French advance, had ridden back to their quarters at full speed; but he had determined, wisely as the event proved, to stand his ground. He had quietly awaited in his garden the issue of the French attack, and promptly appearing in response to Humbert's summons he soon, as he puts it in his narrative, "found full employment as an interpreter, and still more as a contributor to the wants of a brave nation." A green flag, bearing the motto *Erin go bragh*, was hoisted over the castle, which was speedily inundated by the invaders. In a few minutes the dining-room, so lately the scene of the Bishop's hospitality, was filled with French officers and their baggage, with the wounded and their surgical assistants, and with the prisoners who were ordered in for immediate examination. But, despite the confusion and disorder inevitable in such circumstances, the utmost consideration was shown to Dr. Stock. The French took possession of the ground floor, court-yard, and offices; but the Bishop and his family, with the Dean and his wife, and Dr. Ellison, were allowed to occupy unmolested the upper portion of the house, including the library.

The courtesy thus exhibited, from which, throughout the four weeks of the French occupation of the castle, there was scarcely a moment's departure, was doubtless dictated in the first instance by the expectation that the Bishop and the Protestant population of Killala generally might be induced to espouse the French cause. Humbert appears to have been possessed with the delusion which Wolfe Tone had found so difficult to dissipate in the minds of the Directory, and which had doubtless been fostered in French minds by less clear-sighted and more bombastic intriguers such as Napper Tandy, that the propertied classes in Ireland would be found willing to join the insurrectionary movement. In pursuance of this idea while Lieutenant Sills, as an officer of the British army, was ordered aboard the ships as a prisoner, Captain Kirkwood of the yeomanry was at once placed on his *parole;* and the French General, in his first conversation with the Bishop, actually intimated that there was room in the Directory of the Province of Connaught, which it was his intention to establish forthwith,

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for a person of the ability and consequence of the Bishop of Killala. He evinced evident astonishment at the refusal of this overture, and indeed it was some time before the French officers could be got to understand how widely different was the episcopal standpoint.

Thus, though naturally a good deal perturbed by this martial visitation of his diocese, the Bishop had no reason to be apprehensive for the safety of his own person or that of his family and friends; though for a day or two the conduct of the General, a man of violent and uncertain temper, occasionally inspired alarm. It was at first arranged that the Bishop should accompany the French army, when they should set out for Castlebar, as a hostage for the safety of the garrison left at Killala; but when the time came his son Edwin was accepted in his stead. On the day after the landing, however, he was threatened with a more serious inconvenience. Being unable to comply with a requisition of the General to procure, or cause to be procured, from the country people horses and wagons to draw the artillery and convey the stores, he was ordered on board ship for deportation to France, and was even given in charge of a corporal's guard for that purpose. The Bishop, however, was not suffered to proceed more than half a mile from the castle ere he was recalled by a messenger on horseback to receive from the General, standing on the staircase, apologies for an indignity which was offered, according to Humbert, only with the object of impressing and terrifying the populace.

Meantime, the disembarkation of the stores and artillery had been quickly completed, and on the morning of the 24th the French ships sailed out of the bay, anxious doubtless to elude the vigilance of the English squadron which was on the look-out for them.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.

I PREFER to forget the hours that elapsed after the Stella del Mare sailed for Ancona. It is only about one hundred and twenty miles distant from Soloporto, but the onion-boat carried little sail and its master was never disposed to hurry himself; moreover in the calm summer and early autumn there was small chance of anything extraordinary in the way of a breeze to expedite matters. After much discussion and argument I induced Thomas to believe it best to presume that the Stella would not reach Ancona under fifty-six hours. My own private opinion was that she might gain that place twelve hours earlier, in which case the promised letter would reach its destination sooner than Willoughby could possibly hope; but for fear of disappointment I held vigorously to the fifty-six hours' theory when talking over the matter. Toni Capello had left Soloporto on the night of Friday; on Monday morning therefore he would be in Ancona, and if he bestirred himself might post the eagerly expected missive on Tuesday, which would bring it to the *campagna* on Wednesday. Under the happier circumstances that were just possible we might hear on Tuesday, but personally I did not think this likely.

Thomas stuck valiantly to his canvas in the meantime, and imbued Andromeda's dragon with much loathsomeness for, the creature being purely imaginary art, he could give himself a free hand in monstrosity. At one time he was contemplating a spirited emission of fire and smoke from the hideous open jaws; but I suggested that in a reptile at home in the water this seemed hardly consistent, and he subsequently abandoned the idea in favour of a forked tongue and any number of glittering white teeth.

I was rather late in returning on Tuesday afternoon, having had to work longer than usual to finish a set of wedding garments for Bina Kovachich's brother. The day had been exceptionally hot and the town exceptionally noisy and disagreeable; it was therefore with a keen sense of enjoyment that I breathed the fresher air on the outskirts as I walked to the *campagna*. I was thinking of a good many things in general, and in particular was wondering for the thousandth time whether I should ever have the luck to set eyes on Moses Lazarich; I had for the moment quite forgotten about Ancona, and Toni Capello, and Signorina Iridé, and all the rest of it. As I turned in at the gate and followed the rising path to the left, I met Peter hurrying along with an unmistakeable look of injury and astonishment; he slipped past me as I turned round that bend in the road which

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brought me on to the terrace in front of the house, just in time to receive a boot against my kneecap. The missile, evidently destined for the agile Peter, struck me with some force, and I spoke rather explosively as I hopped for a moment on one leg.

"A thousand pardons!" cried my friend hastening forward with much sympathy; "but that confounded dog has done no end of mischief. Look here!" He held up a sheet of note-paper freshly taken from the envelope and fairly well soaked with wine. "This letter came from Ancona an hour ago and I opened it—the letter itself as you will see is enough to make a saint swear—but after this it will be of no use at all. I laid it down for a moment on the table, and as luck would have it there was a glass of wine on it too; Peter jumped up suddenly and tilted the stuff all over the paper,"—he held out the limp fragment very ruefully.

"Put on your boot at any rate," I said handing it to him, while Peter who had crept back at my heels peered enquiringly at his master, "and give me the letter. A handful of charcoal in the kitchen will at any rate prevent it from being absolutely destroyed."

In a few moments I returned with the crisp, warm, stained paper in my hand, and sat down to decipher it. After some compliments, and a few absolutely futile remarks apparently introduced by the scribe to fill up the sheet, Toni Capello proceeded to the matter in hand. He said that the moment he asked Nina for the surname of Signorina Iridé she remembered it, and the moment she pronounced it he remembered it also; the odd thing was that the name he remembered was not at all the same that had recurred to his wife's memory; there appeared to exist only the trifling difference of a couple of syllables in their respective conceptions, but Nina would spell it with three C's while her husband was equally convinced that three L's were required. Finally it was spelled,—and here ensued a string of confused and half altered letters to which it would have been impossible to attach any pronunciation at all, even before Peter's misfortune with the glass of wine. I regret to say that when he found I could make nothing more out of the letter than himself, Thomas Willoughby swore with great freedom.

"I can quite see how things have fallen out," I said gently, when his expletives had begun to subside a little. "Toni is by way of being obstinate sometimes, but Nina when roused is a mule; and the two have so bewildered the unfortunate scrivener with suggestions and promptings and insistings that he has in despair tried to combine both the names they have been dinning into his ears in one word, so that we can simply read nothing at all. You may depend on it there has been a regular squabble about that name."

"In the meantime I am no wiser than before," said Willoughby with much dejection.

"You see," I observed, with a view to comfort, "Toni says at the end of the letter that he is returning to Soloporto in a week's time, and will immediately wait upon you. So in a week at latest you can satisfy your curiosity."

"Perhaps after all I had better go to Ancona," he mused; "it would save a lot of time and probably some future trouble."

"You had better wait," I urged; "wait at any rate until you have seen Capello again. Remember that Signorina Iridé is not now in Ancona; you cannot see her even if you do go."

He said nothing in answer, and I hoped for the best; still I had already

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learned that where his affections were concerned he was particularly headstrong. I was not therefore greatly surprised when he told me next morning that he intended starting for Ancona on the following day. I did not think him very fit for travelling, but felt that it would probably do less harm than enforced rest. I obtained, however, one concession; he consented to take Wakefield with him.

The man looked up from his packing-operations as I came into Thomas's room the night before the journey to Ancona. His master was whistling to Peter in the garden below. "I suppose, Mr. Romanner," he said lugubriously, "that we're not agoin' to begin and hend at Ancony. You mark my words, we shall soon be a runnin' all over Europe," and with this prophetic utterance the servant stooped again over the portmanteau with a muttered word or two spoken only to himself, among which I fancied I could distinguish *petticoat*.

And now again I was left without Thomas Willoughby's society, and though I knew myself to be greatly attached to him yet I confess I had never precisely realised what a blank his ultimate departure for England would leave in my life. I watched for the Stella del Mare as eagerly as Thomas himself would have done, hoping for news of him from Toni. One morning, the fourth since I had been alone, I found the onion-boat at her usual moorings and jumped on board, where Tomasao, Nina's brother, presented himself.

"Where is Toni?" I enquired.

"Toni has gone to Bari and Palermo, and perhaps Leghorn also, with his father-in-law's big sailing-vessel. They needed more hands, and Toni is used to the coasting work, so he has gone and will be away perhaps a month,—I don't know,—it depends if they get good freight."

"And the English Signor, who came to see Toni the other day, how and where is he?"

Alas! the Stella del Mare had left Ancona before Thomas's arrival, having called at several small places before bringing up at Soloporto. Tomasao could tell me nothing about him.

I was therefore obliged to recur to my old resource, philosophy, whom it appeared to me upon reflection I had somewhat neglected of late. But like a faithful spouse, rather than a changeful mistress, she promptly responded to my call, and by her aid I eased my mind of much vain perplexity about matters which, after all, concerned me personally very little. I was easy about Willoughby, whose health was practically re-established, who would be well looked after by his servant, and who was quite capable of managing his own affairs. True, I had promised to assist him in the matter of Signorina Iridé to the best of my ability; but I did not consider myself bound by that agreement to engage in a chase after the lady, which might include a tour through all Europe, and, for anything one knew to the contrary, through other continents also.

For the first time, therefore, since I had met Willoughby my life began to settle back into its old grooves; and though in some ways this was perhaps beneficial, since it checked a natural human leaning towards a companionship which I could not hope to be more than temporary, still, deprived of Thomas's society, I had more time for private and personal reflections, which sooner or later always ended with Moses Lazarich.

From a letter written to me by Willoughby from Ancona some ten days after his arrival he seemed really in a fair way towards meeting his Iridé at last, though how he intended to introduce and maintain himself as

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an acquaintance of that young lady and her chaperon I was at a loss to imagine. However, I was quite sure that in some way he would ultimately accomplish his purpose, in the pursuit of which I must confess he had displayed considerable ingenuity. It appeared that upon reaching Ancona he had made instant enquiries after Toni Capello, only to discover what I already knew, that he was to be absent for at least a month. However, he had introduced himself to Nina, who proved a warm and effectual ally, though he had been too discreet to trust her with the real reasons for his sojourn in Ancona and his desire to get into the *campagna* over whose wall Iridé used to watch the fishermen when she was at home. The peasant family in charge of the house and garden were distant connections of Toni's wife, and by means of a little current coin were easily induced to allow the English artist to sketch in the garden. He was soon on sufficiently confidential terms to be one day asked to read a letter received from Iridé's aunt, which could not be at once deciphered owing to the absence of the one member of the family who could read. It contained various directions about airing rooms and so forth, but the sole details interesting to Thomas were the lady's signature, which gave her name as Bianca Bartholi, and the hotel in Switzerland whence she dated the letter. Needless to say he had made instant arrangements for repairing forthwith to the tourist-haunted little country, which he must have reached long before I read of his intention of going there. He warned me not to expect letters for some time, as he might be obliged to move rapidly from place to place and would have little leisure for writing.

So far, so good. I was glad that my friend seemed within sight of his desire; but his success set me thinking on the bitter injustice of fate which had given him the clue he had only sought for a few weeks, and had denied to my eyes the sight for which they had yearned for nearly twenty years. These thoughts gathered weight with their recurrence, and mingled themselves naturally enough with my ever-present scheme of vengeance against the Jew. One day, when I was more mentally tormented than usual, I was resting on a seat in the small public garden laid out in the Piazza Grande in Soloporto which faces the sea. It was *siesta* time, and most of the benches were occupied by men trying to sleep with their heads bowed forward, or perhaps supported upon the arm which they extended along the back of the seat. One or two were reading the small daily paper which chronicles the sayings and doings, businesses and pleasures of the town. My own mind was far too much disturbed for any thought of a *siesta*, and I sat sullenly brooding and clenching my right hand which I had hidden in the pocket of my coat. Some street children who had been playing near had moved off, one of them flinging away a bit of red rag from her tattered pinafore as she ran, and my eyes fixed themselves greedily on that little spot of vivid colour on the gravel. It was crimson, I said to myself, like blood, and close to it the cloudless sunshine struck upon a piece of waste tin and made it glitter like steel. Ah! they were well together there, the blade and the blood; my fingers dug into my palm till my veins throbbed and my whole self, mental and bodily, panted with desire, when hastening along, her shabby black skirts trailing in the dust, her fierce eyes gleaming strangely, came the woman whom I could hardly believe was flesh and blood. I had known in some inscrutable way that she was near,—I had felt her drawing towards me—and as

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I noted her moving lips I shut my eyes and strained my ears to hear her terrible formula: "One thrust and it would be over—we will do it together, you and I!"

But it did not come,—I heard nothing, and I do not know if seconds or minutes had elapsed when I again looked up. She was gone, passed absolutely from my sight, and again the thought that this was some familiar spirit smote me with redoubled force. A cherished sin like mine resembles the rank growth of some poisonous fungus; it grows and grows without any visible means of nourishing itself, thrusting its myriad spores into every coign of vantage, and fashioning itself into a hideous intimacy which ceases to repel because it is ever present. Even so the idea of this criminal shadow, projected as it were from my own soul, no longer seemed alarming and repulsive; it was mine, part of me, like my hand or my eye, and only the fool spurns his own members!

I stared again at those two worthless trifles on the ground which had such a world of meaning for me, stared dully and stupidly, and watched the shadow of a man coming by grow over them. As he advanced he set his foot on the rag, and the action made me raise my eyes for some reason. He never looked at me, but my glance was swift, my recognition instantaneous,—it was Moses Lazarich! My heart gave a great bound; it leaped to my throat with a suffocating jerk; I grew suddenly blind and dizzy, but I rose and stalked my prey. The knife was where it had lain hidden for him for years,—in my direst straits of poverty I had never parted with it—and my hand stole towards it, my fingers curved round the haft. Lazarich had crossed the garden diagonally and, with myself but a couple of yards behind, had reached the open iron gate giving on to the road where was a cabstand. He paused for a second, as though in hesitation; I gathered myself together for my spring,—the very muscles of my feet were contracted with the purchase I sought,—another second and my enemy would have died, when a hand caught my arm and my familiar began to whisper once more the well remembered words. I tore myself away fiercely, but the second's diversion had done its work. I saw the woman reel against the gatepost from the force with which I had cast her off,—then I lost sight of her, of the garden, of Soloporto, of all things in the heavens and the earth, except the hooded carriage in which Moses Lazarich had seated himself, and which was driving rapidly away.

Ah me! that long weary chase,—where did I go, what did I do? I hurried on till I seemed to stand still and to see the sea and the clouds and the houses flying past me. A great weight oppressed my brain, a fever parched my throat, my lips seemed cracking. I dared not run for fear of attracting attention and perhaps being checked in my pursuit; I dared not pause for an instant; I dared not try to clamber into the carriage to do the deed, because I might thus fail in its due accomplishing. I resolved to track my quarry to his destination, and act as he paid his coachman, at which moment his attention would have been diverted. The next moment all my schemes were at an end, my foot slipped upon a bunch of rotten grapes lying on the pavement and I came to the ground with stunning force, while the carriage drove quickly out of sight. Fate had foiled me again!

Some passers-by helped me to my feet and commiserated me, but my excitement, all the more trying because I was obliged to a certain extent to repress it, prevented me from feeling the slight hurt I had sustained.

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The street in which I had fallen was about equally distant from both railway-stations, and as soon as I had gathered myself together a little I set off for the Sudbahn whence passengers start for Italy, as it struck me that the Jew was more likely to go in that direction. But again my search was fruitless!

I will spare the reader a detailed description of the following week, during the course of which I forgot all about philosophy, and only invoked her aid again when I clearly realised that unless I did so my reputation for sanity, to say nothing of discretion or knowledge, would be gone for ever. I had just begun to consider the advisability of employing myself in some more settled manner than was consistent with my multifarious professions, when fate, propitious for once, threw into my hands the very chance I was half inclined to seek.

I went into the garlic-haunted shop of Luigi Fascinato one afternoon to return a pair of mended boots, and when Luigi had paid me we smoked a cigarette together.

"By the way, Signor Pepe," he said suddenly, "would you be disposed to assist my cousin in a little difficulty? He must go almost at once into the hospital with an abscess in his interior, and only six months ago he got a good situation as *portinaio* in a big house in the Corsia Giulietta. He does not wish to lose this, and he fancies that, if he can please the landlord with a substitute who will replace him while he is being cured, he can take his situation again when he has recovered. The landlord, or rather the lawyer who is acting for him, will require of course a person of the highest respectability, speaking German and Italian, and of proved discretion. There are two little rooms, one above the other in the entry, where the *portinaio* lodges, and you might easily do your tailoring work, and perhaps the cobbling and letter-writing too. What do you say?"

"I will certainly think about it," I said. "When does your cousin require an answer?"

"Oh, some time to-morrow if possible," answered Luigi. "But pray endeavour to make up your mind, Signor Pepe. You are precisely the person for the post; in all Soloporto I can think of no one more fitted."

As I was by this time again in a philosophical frame it did not take me long to make up my mind. The next afternoon I returned an answer in the affirmative, and within a week I had been accepted as substitute for the invalided cousin of Luigi Fascinato, and installed myself in my new quarters.

The house was large but old, and the entry, narrow and rather insufficient, had been constructed in the days when utility rather than appearance had to be studied. The stairs rose so close to the window of my one-storied box that anyone passing might shake hands with the *portinaio* in bed if the passer paused on a particular stair; at the back of the ground-floor room was a ladder leading through a trap-door to the loft. The accommodation was meagre but sufficient, and as the situation of *portinaio* offers huge opportunities to the student of human nature (in which, in spite of my words to Thomas, I was still interested) I anticipated my month's service with rather pleasurable feelings. I felt that I had protected myself to a certain extent from those restless habits which had begun to grow upon me: I could no longer wander here and there in Soloporto in quest of my enemy at any and every time I chose; I could not hang about *cafés* and haunt the public squares and thoroughfares as heretofore; I was now a *portinaio*,

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a responsible functionary in charge of a private entry and staircase, bound also to live up to the magnificent recommendations with which Luigi Fascinato and his cousin had introduced me to the lawyer. I therefore, being at the moment zealously philosophical, settled down to extract as much enjoyment and experience as was possible from my present situation.

The house was two stories high, but the ground-floor, with the exception of the narrow entry and staircase, was occupied by a large chemist's shop with a door much further down. Each storey contained two good sized flats, but one of those on the first floor was empty, and the tenants occupying the other were to leave in a few days. The other two flats on the upper floor were occupied respectively by a naval officer with his family, and by a very wealthy retired merchant. The latter was a regular *gourmet* and kept an excellent cook; she was a stout elderly woman and did not care to mount the stairs without taking a rest after returning from her daily excursion to the market in quest of dainties. She liked a gossip too, and had such a remarkable faculty for collecting private information about everybody that I warned myself to be unusually discreet in my own confidences, for gossip is apt to beget gossip. From this woman then, who, together with her master, had lived many years in the house, I learned that, its former owner having been ruined by injudicious speculations, it had been sold to a wealthy baron from a distance, who had lately visited the place for purposes of inspection and to complete his purchase. He had given orders for throwing the two flats on the first floor into one, which would make a really magnificent dwelling, where it was currently reported he would entertain profusely; he was a widower with one daughter and had come to Soloporto from the Austrian town of Ohnewasser. Signor Mancini (that was his name) had been so much concerned at the insanitary condition of Ohnewasser, and the constant epidemics which perpetually visited that town, that he had, at the expense of many thousands of florins, built a reservoir at a considerable distance where an untainted water-supply might be secured, and had thus enabled the municipality of the little place to lay pure water to the town. The Government had been so sensible of Signor Mancini's liberality and public spirit that it had bestowed on him the title of baron, while the grateful city of Ohnewasser had erected his statue in the centre of a square to be henceforth known as the Piazza Mancini.

So much therefore for my master, whom, however, it seemed doubtful if I should see, as he did not propose to take possession of his quarters until all the alterations and refurnishing had been completed, an undertaking which, though the work was being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, hardly seemed likely to be finished within four weeks. It also appeared that Luigi Fascinato's cousin was not to be cured quite so rapidly as he had hoped, for at the end of a month, when I went to visit him, he had the prospect of two similar months before him. However, I was not ill pleased with my post, and readily agreed for the present to retain it, greatly to the invalid's relief, who would thus be able to step at once into his excellent berth upon recovery, when I was to vacate it.

I heard once or twice from Thomas Willoughby during this time. His first letter said that he was still in Switzerland, and that he hoped in a very short time to procure an introduction to Zia Bianca and her

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lovely niece, to whom he alluded as Iridé. His second letter told me that the introduction had been accomplished, and that now his path lay clear before him,—a state of things which it appeared to me had prevailed ever since he had first seen his *inammorata*. He said that he was certain that he had favourably impressed the aunt, and hinted that it seemed not impossible to hope that the niece's state of mind coincided.

I was therefore quite easy about Thomas's affairs, and also about such of my own as I dared to think of, and by keeping myself well occupied continued to retain philosophy as my guest. I had a bed-room and a sitting-room, a fair wage with the chance of adding thereto by my private business; I had plenty to do and fresh interests every day in one way or another. The alterations in Baron Mancini's rooms were approaching completion, and as I one day had to take up a message to the foreman upholsterer, who with a band of skilled workers was busy there from morning to night, I took the opportunity of examining what had been done.

I have said that Soloporto is on the threshold of the East, and in many respects more oriental than occidental, and this is nowhere more apparent than in the reception-rooms in the houses of the wealthier inhabitants. They are furnished and arranged with a costly profusion and magnificence which makes you anticipate the *fez* and the *salaam* rather than the silk hat and bow, the *divan* and *nargilyeh* rather than the European sofa and continental cigarette. Baron Mancini's rooms showed me that he had by no means expended all his spare florins upon the reservoir at Ohnewasser. In the huge room formed by throwing the two drawing-rooms of the two flats together, the ceiling, where the wall had been taken down, was supported by carved wooden pillars gilded from top to bottom; there were crimson and gold embroidered curtains, a mass of costly oriental needlework, jade ornaments from China, splendid Japanese bronzes, wonderful pictures, luxurious furniture, and carpets in which the foot sunk as in moss. Truly an expensive hobby this of Baron Mancini for furniture and decoration!

At last, just as everything was completed, the lawyer one day informed me that, although Baron Mancini was himself still detained upon various business affairs, his daughter, with an elderly lady as chaperon, would arrive in three days; it therefore behoved me to have everything in readiness, not a difficult task as I had only myself to reckon with. On the evening notified therefore, having on the previous day installed the two or three servants who had been engaged by the lawyer, I stood ready to open the door the moment the carriage I heard approaching should draw up. I had been so busy that I had postponed reading a letter from Willoughby, addressed to the *campagna* and brought to me by Teresa, which lay unopened on the table in my lodge. The hour was late and the streets quiet; the sound therefore of the carriage-wheels was singularly loud, and could be heard from a considerable distance. At length they stopped, and flinging open the house-door, I held it for Signorina Mancini to enter. In the dim light outside even by the aid of the carriage-lamps I could make out only a tall and graceful figure that descended, then one shorter and stouter, and finally a maid. The two ladies crossed the pavement together and came in; and then I saw again the

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splendid beauty I had seen a few months before in a hot theatre, the beauty that had stirred even my admiration though I was no longer an enthusiast, the beauty that had captivated Thomas Willoughby,—I saw Iridé Mancini.

CHAPTER XI.

"I SEND a hasty line," thus ran Thomas's letter, "to tell you that, in answer to an unexpected letter from her father, Iridé and her aunt are at once to come (of all places in the world!) to Soloporto, where it appears the old gentleman has house-property which he wishes to inhabit. The address is No. 20 in the Corsia Giulietta, on which house I beg you to keep an eye till my own return two days hence. I forget if I have ever told you that Iridé's name is Mancini, and not Bartholi as I was told at Ancona. There, it seems, she was rather confounded with her aunt in the way of surname, and was generally known as Bartholi, having been brought up by Zia Bianca and always lived with her."

This was the most important part of Willoughby's letter, and I read the extract for the twentieth time before meeting him at the station, two days after his lady-love's arrival. He was very much sunburned by his Swiss sojourn, and looked in every way re-established so far as health was concerned. Happiness also is a powerful factor in the improvement of looks. I have said that Thomas was an exceptionally handsome man, but his recent success had added an indescribable air of assuredness to his expression which became him well. I had taken a couple of hours' leave of absence and had left a substitute in my lodge, so I had time to drive to the *campagna* with my friend and hear something of his adventures.

"Mind you obtain all particulars of the house in the Corsia Giulietta," he said as the cab rattled over the hot stones; "I should like to know all the ins and outs of the place."

"Are we going to have a modern edition of Romeo and Juliet?" I said laughing; "are you to carry off the lady and wed her secretly?"

"It might possibly be needful," he said with his usual tacit acceptance of any possibility, however wildly improbable. "But I must ask your help in finding out something of this country's marriage-laws. I'm sorry to say I am in complete ignorance on the subject; in the meantime don't forget about the house."

"I know all about the house," I said; "I live there."

"What!" he said, giving quite a visible jump of astonishment.

"Really it is a fact," I said, "and a very lucky one for you. I am for the time being *portinaio* to the Baron Mancini."

"So you have turned *portinaio*, have you?" he said. "Surely you had enough professions for one man before."

"I combine them all with the additional dignity of being a *portinaio*," I said; "I have undertaken the job for a few weeks to oblige a friend. In the meantime rest assured that your interests will be studied in every way; but tell me something of the real state of affairs."

"Oh, they're all right," he said, a little shamefacedly. "Iridé and I have settled it all between ourselves, and I'm only waiting for her father's return to ask him for her. I'm not very wealthy, but I have at any rate a proper home in England to take her to, so I can't be rejected on the score of not having enough to live on."

"I suppose the Signorina's fortune will be very large, will it not?" I asked.

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"Very likely; I don't know anything about that part of the matter," answered Thomas with careless disdain. "Probably she will have something, since she is an only child. I shall hear, I suppose, when I talk to her father."

"And when is that to be?" I enquired.

"Well, I was anxious either to go and see him or write to him at once," replied the happy suitor; "but, oddly enough, Signora Bartholi did not seem to think it would be the best way of doing things. The matter appears to me so very simple; but Iridé agreed with her aunt that it would be better to break the news of my acquaintance with his daughter gradually to the Baron. Perhaps he has a nasty temper; not that that would make any difference to me. To tell you the truth, I don't like all this beating about the bush; it seems to me hardly fair on the old man; but after all I suppose his sister and his daughter understand him best. Of course I've never set eyes on him yet."

"And Signora Bartholi, is she disposed to favour you?" I enquired.

"Oh altogether," he said heartily; "she really isn't at all a bad old soul, though she is so terribly ugly. She is a little hard of hearing too, and exceedingly short-sighted without her spectacles, which she hates wearing in hot weather,—altogether an ideal chaperon," he concluded with a chuckle of such gusto that I instantly knew he was recalling some previous occasion when Zia Bianca's blindness and deafness had proved of the highest convenience.

"You think she is sure to back up your proposal?" I asked.

"Quite sure," he answered promptly. "After all why shouldn't she, if Iridé is fond enough of me to be willing to marry me?"

I did not make any immediate answer to that last question, and shortly afterwards was obliged to take leave of Thomas, and of Wakefield, who was, it appeared, weary of wandering in Swiss hotels and not ill-pleased to be once more stationary, for a time at any rate. He managed, however, to confide to me his private opinion that a bird in the 'and was worth two in the bush, and that 'e didn't 'old with foreign marriages. I suggested that after all his master had a perfect right to please himself in his choice of a wife, and if such choice fell on a foreigner,—well, that was his business. To all which Wakefield only responded with a dubious shake of his grizzled head.

I confess that the aspect of affairs did not entirely please me, and I felt instinctively that poor Willoughby, with his English notions of going straight to Baron Mancini to ask for his daughter's hand, did not in the least realise the situation. I was quite sure that the Baron would act orientally in more ways than the furnishing of a drawing-room, and I could hardly persuade myself that Iridé, with her beauty and her doubtless splendid dowry, was not destined to further some social or financial scheme which her father had projected. Under these only too probable circumstances I foresaw trouble ahead in more ways than one. An English girl in such conditions would, I was well aware, make some sort of protest against being looked upon as a chattel, if indeed she did not absolutely refuse to be treated as such; but with Iridé I knew things would turn out very differently. Such marriages are common enough among people of her class in these latitudes, so common that a really disinterested union would make relatives and friends shake their heads and wonder what was going to happen next. A few tears, which in similar circumstances she had doubtless seen

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many of her girl-friends shed, a few protestations, which she had also known to be equally unavailing, and the thing was done. The marriage once celebrated, the husband, when tired of his new toy, sought the excitement of pursuit elsewhere, and varied it by spying upon the subsequent intrigues in which his wife would probably be only too ready to indulge.

Somehow or other I could not reassure myself about this matter, in which I saw plainly enough that both Zia Bianca and her niece were apprehensive of the worst, but perfectly willing the one to gather her roses while they bloomed, the other to look on at the picking and do what she could to prolong the fragrant task.

In the meantime I was personally in rather an unenviable position; I was the looker on who saw most of the game. I could not give Thomas an idea of the real state of things without to a certain extent betraying Iridé, who was evidently determined to keep him under the delusion that there was every chance of his being allowed to marry her. If I said anything to the contrary he would think me prejudiced. After a good deal of thought I came to the conclusion that it was best to let things take their course, and in the meantime to keep as close a watch as possible upon Thomas's interests.

About this juncture also arose another difficulty which, though it appears ridiculous enough from a retrospective point of view, yet caused me no little trouble at this time. The stout cook on the second floor began to conceive matrimonial designs upon me; at first I could hardly credit my own idea, but subsequently I found it unfortunately to be only too correct. I was, I have reason to believe, a very personable man, and the cook, I presume, was of the same opinion. She used to pause on her return from market longer and longer every morning, till at last, declaring herself worn out by her walk, she one day invited herself to take a seat in my little lodge, a ceremony to which she subsequently adhered. She used to drop hints about the lonely state of a woman in a position like hers, of her unprotected condition, of the designs which unprincipled people might have upon her savings, which I was delicately given to understand were considerable. Anyone more fitted than this female to take excellent care both of herself and her money I may here observe that I have never met. I did not, for many reasons, wish to quarrel with her; an avowed enemy in the house might have done me much harm; but at the same time I was firmly resolved not to be drawn into the matrimonial net by this old person; my devotion to Thomas stopped short of the altar of Hymen.

I tried at first to evade the cook's blandishments by being invariably in my upper chamber when she returned; but she always waited till I chose to descend, which I was perforce obliged to do or else submit to a monologue squeaked in the shrillest of trebles from below. Then in my desperation I resolved to be out when the market hour was over; but though I persevered in this for several mornings she devised a new method of propitiating me. I used to find, upon cautiously returning, that some dainty in the way of fruit or vegetable had been deposited in a conspicuous position on my table. Wooing by means of grapes, carrots, peaches, onions and so forth may sound absurd, but it is exceedingly tiresome, and not after all so inappropriate in a cook. The vegetables and fruits multiplied, and if by chance the woman came down again during the day she treated me to such languishing and amorous looks that I absolutely shook with apprehension.

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At last I conceived and executed a scheme, which, though it rid me of this nuisance, yet brought me much trouble in other directions. I treated the cook as a person whom one might safely intrust with matter of a private and personal nature, and told her that I was a man who might have married many times (which was true enough) but whose terrible jealousy of disposition had led him to abandon all thoughts of matrimony for the sake of the needful feminine party thereto, whom I should be quite capable of slaughtering in cold blood upon the very slightest provocation. This of course accounted for my present celibate condition, &c. She took the hint, and her offerings from the kitchen-garden grew daily less and finally culminated in a single onion, bestowed, I fancy, in mockery. She would scarcely vouchsafe me a civil good-day as she went upstairs with her daily basket, panting and puffing in a protest which could hardly be called mute, although she spoke not a single word.

It had been agreed that Thomas should not call upon Signora Bartholi and her niece until after his interview with the father; but when the ladies went out it was extraordinary how frequently, one might almost say invariably, they met Thomas Willoughby. I went to see him as often as my duties would permit, and I thus learned that he felt himself, being in a fool's paradise, exceedingly happy.

Matters were in this condition when I was one evening informed by Signora Bartholi that she had heard by telegram of her brother's return by the late train from Vienna, reaching Soloporto about eleven o'clock. I must therefore sit up to open the door, and see that proper lights were kept in the entry. From her manner of speaking to me I gathered that she knew nothing of my intimacy with Thomas, while from Iridé's exceedingly friendly glance I felt sure that he had fully confided in her,—which was indeed the wisest thing to be done in the circumstances.

As the hour of the Baron's arrival approached I raised the gas-jets all the way up the staircase, and opening the big door on to the street ascertained that there was no litter upon the pavement outside; I also gave an extra sweep to the entry, for it has always (even before I bowed to philosophy) been my rule to do thoroughly whatever I undertook. This last task was hardly concluded before I heard the distant rumble of the carriage, and it shortly after drew up with that tremendous clatter with which a certain class of servant always endeavours to gratify a certain class of master. I flung wide the door and bowed, not as a servant but as one gentleman salutes another, to the tall round-shouldered ungainly person who entered, and ere my movement of greeting was accomplished I knew that there was only one gentleman present, and he was not the master of the house. The gas-light streamed full upon his broad flabby face, with its cunning eyes deep set under bushy brows, upon the coarse nose, the sensual mouth with loose hanging lips, upon the grizzled whiskers that grew from the lobes of his large pointed ears round and under his chin. I knew him well; I had seen him cringe and fawn, and I had seen him admirably fill the position of an arrogant bully; either part suited him equally well. It was Moses Lazarich, and instinctively my hand drew towards my knife; I felt that at last he was delivered into my hand.

The Baron rolled forward and lumbered up the stairs, followed by a footman carrying his bag and umbrella, without vouchsafing a single

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glance in my direction. And that was right; what has the millionaire son of the street to do with a penniless gentleman? But when, a few moments later, I turned out the lights and locked and double-barred the door before stretching myself upon my pallet-bed, I began to wonder how many days, or hours, I should be able to remain in Baron Mancini's service before finding myself within the four walls of a prison upon a true charge of murder. I did not sleep at all, needless to say, and during the long hours that remained for reflection I gradually calmed myself to consider things from a practical standpoint. Moses Lazarich was in my power so long as I knew where he was; I should henceforth in one way or another be able to keep him in view; I should know where he went and he could neither leave nor return to his house without my knowledge. I could fancy myself a cat with a mouse, sure of the prey, yet able to allow the victim time and space to run hither and thither a little while before the end In this way I gradually threw off those feelings of excited anger which the first sight of my life-long enemy had produced.

The next morning at eleven o'clock, when I went out upon some commission, the Baron had not been downstairs, and as I opened the door at midday on my return I nearly ran into the arms of Thomas Willoughby who was hurrying out.

"You here!" I cried, "Why how did you——" I stopped short in consternation; for the first time since I had known him I saw my friend in a rage, and the sight was an ugly one. He was white to his trembling lips, and I fairly started when he turned his eyes full of fury upon me and swore a great oath. "——" he cried, "let me go, let me get out of the house!" He was gone before I could have prevented it, even had I been minded to do so, which was by no means the case. I had scarcely closed the door after him when my bell pealed loudly from the first floor and I hastened up. I knew what had happened.

Baron Mancini's butler was standing at the open door waiting for me, and as soon as I entered showed me into his master's private sitting-room. It was very much the sort of place one would have expected; there was a wonderful Turkey carpet, some heavy bronzes, a magnificent polished writing-table with a gold inkstand, easy chairs of every description, and many pictures which said little for the morality of those who had painted them, less for those who had dealt in them, and nothing at all for those who had bought them. The only decent painting in the room (I really use the epithet in its absolute sense) was a very fine portrait of Iridé. Amid these surroundings I found Baron Mancini, in pretty nearly as terrible a passion as had afflicted Thomas. He seemed gasping for breath, and could merely sign to the servant to withdraw; then ensued two or three moments of silence only disturbed by the old man's heavy breathing. Presently he rose and took a couple of turns up and down the room, then he spat violently into a corner, and finally spoke.

"You are my *portinaio?*"

I bowed.

"You would know the man who went out just now if you saw him again?"

I bowed a second time.

"Remember that under no pretext whatever is that man to enter these doors."

Once more I bowed; he looked sharply at me. "Have I ever seen you before?" he asked.

"The Herr Baron's carriage must

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pass many a man in the street," I answered with another bow and my eyes on the ground, for I literally dared not raise them.

"What is your name?"

"Guiseppe Romagno, Herr Baron."

"You are well recommended?"

"The Herr Baron's lawyer has still the excellent testimonials upon which he engaged me," I said.

"You can be discreet upon occasion?"

"Upon every occasion, Herr Baron." I felt that my discretion upon this occasion at any rate was unparalleled.

"Listen, then! I want you to watch that man to whom I have forbidden my house. I want information about him." I bowed again and prepared to leave the room, for I felt stifled by the presence of this coarse-grained personality. "By the way, extra work deserves extra wages!" he jingled some coin in his pocket and parted his lips in a smile of intense cunning.

"My wages suffice," I said curtly, taking in the strange scene before me, the leering satyr in his chair, the fleshly forms round the walls, the scent of perfumed soap that emanated from the man's hands. "The Herr Baron's orders will be obeyed; but I must request his authority for such absences from my post as I may find needful."

He drew out a gold card-case with a monogram and coronet in diamonds, and gave me a dozen cards, having previously signed his name in ink at the back of each. "Fill these up as you require them, for half a day, a whole day, twenty-four hours, and so forth. If I am absent, or there is any complaint, these will authorise you."

Another moment, and I was free to breathe the purer air outside the room. I had disciplined myself to some purpose, and felt surer of my own self-control in the future, without having abated one jot of my vengeance upon the Jew. But I knew myself now, and felt that I could bide my time until all chance of serving Thomas in this matter was past and over.

That afternoon I went up to the *campagna*, where I found my friend still perturbed though comparatively calm. He was painting busily when I arrived, and I could not persuade myself that the great likeness to Baron Mancini which Andromeda's monster had suddenly assumed was purely accidental.

"You have come I suppose to know what happened this morning," remarked Willoughly in a surly sort of tone. "Well, I will anticipate all your questions by a single answer; I decline to speak on the subject."

"I am not usually given to gratifying indiscreet curiosity," I said hotly, for really his manner nettled me.

"I can't congratulate you upon your master's manners," he went on.

"Baron Mancini is just as much my master as you would be if you paid me for mending your boots," I answered, feeling very angry. "I can leave his service when I please. It is only your interests which keep me in it, and since you don't seem at all to appreciate my self-sacrifice I see no reason to continue it;" and I got up and went towards the door, much ruffled. Before I could reach it however he was after me.

"Come back," he said, taking hold of my arm, "come back. I'm not quite myself this afternoon, or I should never have spoken as I did. Believe me I am grateful, more so than I can say; and as for the future, well [with a gesture of despair], if you can't help us, no one can!"

"Can't you give me any idea of things?" I asked, allowing myself to be mollified, as he sat down gloomily in one armchair while I took another.

"I'd rather not enter into par-

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ticulars," he said disgustedly. "I forgot myself during my interview this morning, and Baron Mancini went through the opposite process; the results were terribly similar. The upshot of the thing is that he absolutely refuses to consent to my marrying Iridé."

"I quite expected that," I said calmly.

"Then why on earth didn't you warn me?" he asked with some irritation.

"You would not have believed me if I had. You would have naturally asked why."

"I ask that now," he answered.

"Well, then here is the plain truth for you, if you want it," I said. "People like Baron Mancini use people like Signorina Iridé for the furtherance of their own special aims and objects."

"What do you mean?" he asked blankly.

"I mean that your sweetheart and her dowry are destined as bait for financial schemers." Still Thomas only stared at me. "I mean," I said rather roughly, in order to rouse him, "that the Signorina will in all probability be given in marriage to some capitalist, most probably of her father's type, and very likely of the same age."

"It's impossible!" he gasped.

"It is often done," I said; "it has occurred many times in the course of my experience of this part of the world and its ways."

"But Iridé won't marry any one else," he cried. "She can't be married against her will."

I did not waste time in pointing out that a coarse bully of Baron Mancini's type might be able to terrify his daughter into submission even if she resisted his commands, which I doubted. "I am quite sure that, whether she marries any one else or not, she will never be allowed to marry you," I said. "In the meantime the Baron has requested me to keep an eye upon you, which I intend to do," I added chuckling. "Also he wants information about you."

"What does Iridé say? What am I to do?" said poor Thomas distractedly; the peculiarities incidental to the wooing were only just beginning to dawn upon him. "I must see her. Can't you arrange to let me in?"

"My orders are strictly to the contrary," I answered; "and remember, if I am caught conniving at anything of the kind I shall be dismissed, and then I cannot be of nearly so much use to you as at present. Wait as patiently as you can till you see or hear from me again, and keep up your courage. Faint heart, you know, never won fair lady; perhaps you may only be in suspense for a few hours; I will do my best, but nothing must be hurried. We must move softly and surely," and with that I left him.

(To be continued.)

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MACAULAY AND LUCIAN.

A COPY of Lucian's Works which had belonged to Lord Macaulay came into my possession a few years ago. It is the well-known Amsterdam edition of 1743, with the Latin version of Hemsterhuis and Gesner accompanied by their notes on the text together with those of Moses du Soul and other scholars, completed under the direction and with the commentary of Reitz. It is not, however, with the joint labours of these learned Grecians, or the merits of their copious and extensive disquisitions that I am now concerned. The interest belonging to this particular copy is due only to the accident of its possession by the great writer whose name, in spite of intermittent efforts to cloud its reputation, must ever retain its peculiar fascination. As in all, or nearly all, Macaulay's books, the passages which took his fancy are heavily scored with pencil-marks, and often accompanied by brief and singularly instructive comments. The dates on which he began and ended the whole work, and the number of times he had read particular portions, are carefully recorded. Sir George Trevelyan, in his delightful biography of his uncle, has given frequent instances of this practice in the well-thumbed copies of the Classics which were Macaulay's constant companions; and the opinion of so great a master of style on compositions which are the immortal types of literary excellence, lends its chief value to the record of his immense reading. Though the great masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature are independent of the approval of any individual authority, however high, it must always be interesting to learn the thoughts which they have inspired in the minds of eminent men who have themselves earned the rank of classics. In this belief I offer these few illustrations of Macaulay's estimate of Lucian, and of the influence which the wit, the eloquence, and the judgment of this accomplished Syrian may have had in forming or confirming his opinion on some important subjects of literature, and in suggesting any of the lighter productions of his pen. Space will not permit the consideration of more than one or two of the subjects of which Lucian treats, but these will, I think, be sufficient to exemplify the suggestive effects of this original writer on Macaulay's receptive and fruitful mind.

"I began Lucian," writes Macaulay on the first page of this edition, "at Calcutta, November 17th, 1835. I began with the Θεῶν διάλογοι." His last entry at the conclusion of the third volume is: "Finished Lucian, March 3rd, 1836, the day on which we left our house in order to have it repaired for the rains."[1] It may not be out of place to quote here a passage from his letter to Ellis, dated May 30th, 1836, printed in the first volume of the biography, in which he amusingly records his satisfaction at his return to his house after the repairs, and which is as expressive in every particular of common experience today as it was then.

[1] The present Bengal Club.

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One execrable effect the climate produces. It destroys all the works of man with scarcely one exception. Steel rusts; razors lose their edge; thread decays; clothes fall to pieces; books moulder away, and drop out of their bindings; plaster cracks; timber rots; matting is in shreds. The sun, the steam of this vast alluvial tract, and the infinite armies of white ants, make such havoc with buildings that the house requires a complete repair every three years. Ours was in this situation about three months ago; and if we had determined to brave the rains without any precautions, we should, in all probability, have had the roof down on our heads. Accordingly, we were forced to migrate for six weeks from our stately apartments and our flower-beds, to a dungeon where we were stifled with the stench of native cookery, and deafened by the noise of native music. At last we have returned to our house. We found it all snow-white and pea-green; and we rejoice to think that we shall not again be under the necessity of quitting it, till we quit it for a ship bound on a voyage to London.

It was in this house, then, that he began Lucian with THE DIALOGUES OF THE GODS, the first and last of which were evidently read on the same day. On the 18th he read THE MARINE DIALOGUES, following on the 19th with THE DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, concluded also on the same day. He then turned to the beginning of the volume and read THE DREAM and PROMETHEUS on the 21st. Though all these are heavily scored in pencil, showing the care, as well as the rapidity, with which he had read them, and though their marginal annotations severally deserve to be noticed, I must for the present pass them by to remark on an instructive coincidence connected with THE DREAM.

Lucian, despite his great literary and historical value, both from Pagan and Christian aspects, has been so long ignored in the schools of England, and even of Germany, that distinguished scholars and prize-men may pass through the Universities with the reputation of considerable reading and yet know little or nothing about him. Macaulay himself, until he was five-and-thirty, had, as he says, but a schoolboy's acquaintance (perhaps the familiar omniscient schoolboy of his Essays), with some of the DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. No doubt there are a few of his writings, genuine or supposititious, which should not be put into the hands of youth; but, at the same time, there is much valuable material for a true understanding and interpretation of that critical period which marks the gradual scepticism in regard to the established mythology, and the transference of belief to that despised creed which Tacitus had branded as an execrable superstition. Perhaps no single writer, certainly none on the Pagan side, has contributed to the overthrow of idolatry with the peculiar force which Lucian brought to bear upon it. Tertullian, a contemporary, who, before his conversion to Christianity, had pointed his keenest satire against it, after his adoption of that faith, employed his rugged dialectics against the heretics who corrupted it on the one side, and the Jews and Pagans who attacked it on the other. He ridiculed the lusty deities of the Empire somewhat in the vein of Lucian, and asked why Lucullus should not be deified for bringing cherry-trees from Pontus to Rome, since Bacchus had received the same honour for introducing the vine, and claimed that Aristides, Socrates, and other imperishable names were at least as worthy of divine honours as Jupiter and Venus. A century later the celebrated Arnobius and his greater disciple Lactantius, both converts from idolatry, and the latter a father of the Church, learned in the schools of Paganism the arts by which they overthrew it; rallying the impotence and

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immoralities of Olympus, they pursued the sophistries of heathen philosophy with relentless sarcasm, and confronted them with weapons of divine temper. But they, like Tertullian, were pleading for a cause which they had made their own, and their attack on the incredible absurdities of the old mythology, however forcible, lacked the destructive effect of a betrayal of the fortress from within. Lucian's merciless wit sapped the walls of the battered citadel, and made their gaping rents a subject of merriment to its half-hearted defenders. It is this great service of Lucian, unconsciously rendered to the new faith, with which he had but a very superficial acquaintance and, therefore, no sympathy, that, according to Sommerbrodt, made Melancthon insist upon a study of his writings in conjunction with those of Homer, Herodotus, and Demosthenes, as an indispensable armoury in defence of the Gospel. It is for their literary qualities, their wit, their delicate irony, their mixture of pathos and humour, their profound knowledge of character and of the motives of human action, their love of truth, their exposure of falsehood and hypocrisy, their Attic grace of style, that Erasmus praises these incomparable dialogues, whether regarded as an intellectual treat or for profitable reflection. It is on all these accounts that they are now strongly encouraged in Germany as a necessary, or at least an important, subject in the curriculum of the higher schools.

That they have hitherto been so strangely neglected in England must be my reason for reminding the reader of some particulars regarding the composition of THE DREAM which are necessary antecedents to the comparison I shall subsequently draw. The materials for a life of Lucian are extremely scanty, and chiefly furnished from scattered references in his own writings. Among these THE DREAM occupies the foremost place as determining his choice of the profession of letters, and its connection with an incident in the life of Macaulay gives it the special interest which I venture to claim for it.

Lucian was born at Samosata, the metropolis of Commagene, a district of Syria lying between the Taurus and the Euphrates. The date of his birth, as of his death, is uncertain; but the interval approximately ranges from A.D. 120 to 200, or between the reigns of Hadrian and Severus. His father's condition he does not state, but his mother belonged to a family of statuaries, or image-makers, her father and two brothers following this, perhaps, traditional profession, to which he himself was first apprenticed, but soon abandoned. Where he first prosecuted his studies is unknown; but apparently it was in one of the Ionian cities, Ephesus and Smyrna being at that time among the chief seats of learning. It was in Ionia that Rhetoric, in her address to him in the BIS ACCUSATUS, says that she found him, while still a youth, speaking with a foreign accent and dressed in the Syrian fashion; and here, doubtless, and later at Athens, his great natural abilities, improved by severe study, gave him that knowledge of the Greek poets, dramatists, and historians which is evident throughout his writings, and that mastery of style which renders some of his compositions, as Macaulay observes of that on SALARIED DEPENDENTS, worthy of the best age of Attic literature. At Antioch he took up the profession of a pleader, but the rude atmosphere of the courts was as little to his taste as polishing blocks of marble, and he soon left them to win fame and profit as a rhetorician. With this object he

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began his travels from Greece into Italy, Gaul, and Macedonia. The public lectures, which were then in vogue among the Sophists, gave him the opportunity of reciting his pieces before appreciative audiences, and his success at Athens led to considerable emolument in other cities as a professor of an accomplishment so highly regarded. His versatility ranges through history, politics, philosophy, poetry, ethics, and philology. Some of these dissertations are trifles, no longer than a paper of THE SPECTATOR, thrown off without effort, but always ingenious and entertaining; others show the accomplished writer in full control of the resources of his wit, and with a sure judgment on all questions of literary taste. One of these, ON THE MANNER OF WRITING HISTORY, read by Macaulay six times over, well deserves his comment, *most excellent criticism.* Philosophy for a time absorbed his attention, but he was soon disgusted with the pretensions of those who usurped the name and belied the precepts of the founders of the great schools; and these impostors, equally with the impotent and profligate divinities of Olympus, came under the lash of his most unsparing ridicule. But it is as a moralist that he is conspicuously eminent; and, in the form of dialogue with the dramatic effect of the ancient comedies, his destructive criticism of the ethical theories and creeds of his day, for its exquisite banter and incisive wit, rich with invention and often full of the profoundest pathos, recalls the greatest masters of satire yet with a character peculiarly his own. He eventually obtained from the Emperor Marcus Aurelius the post of Procurator in Egypt, which included the superintendence of the courts of justice and the care of the records, a position of great official distinction. How it came to pass that a writer in the decline of literature should rise to an eminence worthy of its best days, and how, in the revival of Paganism which characterised the age of the Antonines, without any definite belief of his own and a reputation for none at all, he should become its most bitter assailant, are questions of great interest, but outside my present purpose, and I must now turn to that phase of his life which is represented in THE DREAM.

He says, in this "droll parody of Prodicus's allegory," as Macaulay describes it in a marginal note, that, when he had given up going daily to school, being then of an age to earn his livelihood, his father consulted with some friends on the choice of a career for him. Most of these were of opinion that the study of literature would be long and costly, and the means at his disposal were small; a mechanical profession, on the other hand, might be relied upon as an immediate saving of expense for meals and a probable help to the paternal income in the near future. It was, therefore, settled that he should be placed with his mother's brother, a sculptor of some repute, under whose tutelage he began his studies. They were speedily interrupted and closed. He carelessly broke a slab of marble which he had been ordered to polish, and promptly received such a castigation that he went crying home. There he related his misfortune and showed the marks of the whip, imputing the treatment to his uncle's jealousy of being surpassed by his pupil. His mother's condolence soothed his spirit but could not relieve physical pain, and the boy went sobbing to bed. During the night the following vision appeared to him, as clearly, he says, as if it had been real, so that in describing it, as he does, long after the occurrence, the scene is as vivid

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and the words as distinct to him as when he first witnessed it. Two women seemed to grasp him by either hand and to drag him each to herself, with such violent rivalry that he was nearly torn asunder between them. One of them appeared to be an artisan, mannish in look, with squalid hair and horny hands, having her garments tucked up, and, like his uncle, covered with chalk. The other was beautiful, of stately mien and becomingly apparelled, advantages somewhat diminished, from a romantic point of view, by no less power of arm and unladylike strength of lung than her coarser rival. After a doubtful contest for his person, and noisy claims to its rightful possession, they finally suffered him to make his choice between them, addressing him each in turn in an appeal which I shall freely condense. The less picturesque combatant thus began.

I, my dear son, am the Art of Statuary, but yesterday the object of your devotion and already known to you by domestic circumstances and connections. If you regard trifles and senseless babble, avoid them in *her* [pointing to her rival]. By following me, you will enjoy wholesome food and become lusty and broad of shoulder. You will live remote from envy and suffer not the distress of leaving your fatherland and relatives, and will be praised by all men, not for idle declamation but for your works. Heed not the meanness of my appearance and lack of cleanliness in dress, for such in the beginning were Phidias and Polycletus and Myron and Praxiteles, who were nevertheless worshipped as gods; and if you but do as they have done, why should you not equal their fame? You will thus be an honour to your father, and render your country illustrious.

Then the other took up the tale.

I am Education, already familiar to you, although not yet fully made conversant by trial. The extent of your advantages as a statuary you have now learned from *her*. You can be nothing but a mechanic, placing your hopes of livelihood in continuous bodily toil, obscure, receiving a small and mean wage, humiliated in spirit, showing discreditably in public, neither of advantage to your friends, nor feared by your enemies, nor admired by your fellow-citizens. You will remain a common workman, one of the vulgar mob, crouching before your superiors, and, like a hare, the prey of the powerful. Grant that you become a Phidias and execute many wonderful works; the art only will be praised, and no sensible man will care to be such as you. Whatever you become, you will be regarded only as a mechanic, a handicraftsman, living by manual labour. But if you will be persuaded by me, I will discover to you the works of the great ones of old and their mighty deeds while unfolding their writings before you, in all of which you shall be deeply versed. Your mind, which is your lordliest part, I will bedeck with many and excellent ornaments, with temperance and justice, with piety, tenderness, and equity, with prudence and steadfastness, with the love of beauty and thirst of what is noble. For all these things are the undefiled and true distinctions of the soul. Nothing of the past, the present, or the future shall be hidden from you; in all things, divine and human, will I ere long instruct you. And thus you, who are now poor, and of obscure origin, and contemplating an ignoble profession, will shortly become the envy and admiration of all men, renowned and praised, distinguished in all that is excellent, and honourably noticed by the pre-eminent in birth and fortune. Moreover you will be clothed in raiment such as this [showing the rich vesture she wore], and be held worthy of the magistracy and of priority of place, and when you travel in foreign countries you will be neither unknown nor inglorious. I will invest you with such signal marks of distinction that every one, touching his neighbour, shall point you out with his finger saying, "That is he."

I may mention that the whole of this passage is scored in double lines by Macaulay with the marginal note, *This is really very eloquent.* The scoring is continued throughout the remainder of the speech which runs as follows:

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Your counsel will be solicited in all matters of importance by your friends, indeed by the entire city. Should you have occasion to make a public address, crowds will listen to you open-mouthed in wonderment, now cheering the power of your eloquence, now congratulating the father on such a son. As to what is said of mortals being raised to immortality, this, too, shall I obtain for you, for after death you will not cease to consort with the learned and to dwell among the noblest. Behold Demosthenes sprung from an ignoble sire, to what have I not raised him? Behold Æschines, the son of a tambourine girl, yet through me courted by Philip! Even Socrates himself, nurtured under this very Art of Statuary, but soon perceiving better things, deserting her for me, hear how he is extolled by all! If you renounce, then, the example and companionship of such and so great men, turning away from splendid deeds and stately eloquence, from delicate apparel, from honour, glory, praise, pre-eminence, power, oratorical fame, and the public acknowledgment of wisdom, you must elect to be clothed in squalid attire and to assume the garb of a slave, to carry a mallet and chisel, grovelling and abject, and on every side humiliated, never erect in bearing nor meditating thoughts manly and worthy of a freeman, but designing only works of grace and elegance, little heeding personal and moral embellishment, and making yourself viler than your marble.

It is needless to add that Lucian's choice was readily made, and the rejected Art of Statuary, beating her hands together and gnashing her teeth with rage, like Niobe became rigid and turned to stone. "If this seems incredible," adds Lucian, "believe it not; but dreams are workers of the marvellous." His goddess now took him up in her chariot of winged steeds to show him the wonders that would have been hidden from him had his choice been otherwise. He was borne on high from the uttermost east to the setting sun, and beheld cities and nations and peoples, like Triptolemus in his dragon-chariot scattering the seed of Demeter, and was welcomed wherever he passed in his course by the acclamations of gazing crowds.

Such was the vision of Lucian, happily adapting to his own purpose the fable of the Sophist Prodicus of Ceos, in which Virtue and Pleasure similarly appealed to the youthful Hercules, an allegory applied some four hundred years later by Silius Italicus, in the fifteenth book of the PUNICA, to Scipio. It is but a coincidence that Scipio too, is feigned by Cicero, at the close of the sixth book of THE REPUBLIC, to have been favoured, after his conference with Masinissa, with a vision in which Africanus Major appears to him and, foretelling his future honours and their fatal decline, encourages him in the service and defence of the Republic, and tells him that for those who labour in that great cause, there is an appointed place in heaven and an eternity of bliss. By this beautiful artifice, under the name of THE DREAM OF SCIPIO, Cicero designs to express his belief in the immortality of the soul, which in its manner reads like a paper of Addison's in THE SPECTATOR, and in invention and language is one of the most exquisite apologues of antiquity. This, of course, is altogether different, both in subject and treatment, from the allegory of Silius, the form of which the Roman poet copied without change from the Greek. There are the same two women, personifying the same two moral dispositions. Pleasure, in both, appeals with the same arguments to the lusts of the flesh and of the eye; in both, Virtue is robed in white, though Silius has given her a more masterful, yet becoming and attractive exterior. The characteristics of their addresses are those of the two countries. Roman virtue lays greater stress on martial glory and the conquest of external foes, while the Greek urges the higher ethical grounds of choice on

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which the preponderance of happiness is finally and unfailingly assured.

Lucian, again, takes up the parable after his original fashion, continuing the identity in form but with humorous variety of application, satirising half seriously, half in jest, the exterior roughness attaching to manual execution in one of the fine arts, and comparing it, without its compensating achievements, with the refined operations of the intellect. Had it suited his purpose, he might have argued as plausibly in favour of his rejected profession. The power of highly cultivated minds and the animating effects of oratory, which he illustrated by examples from the past and which he might have instanced by others nearer to his own time, were to be equalled, if not surpassed, by erudition as great and eloquence as lofty in the generations to come; but the art which he decried had then reached a height of perfection that has never since been attained. The Cnidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles drew crowds from all parts of the civilised world, and excited greater wonder than any mere literary creation could ever inspire; and not seven cities, as in the case of Homer, but seventy times seven would have contested the honour of its possession. It is not, then, necessary to suppose, with Wieland, that the decadence of this art in public estimation must account for the depreciatory terms in which Lucian speaks of it. On the contrary, the art is disparaged though associated with its greatest masters. As well might the supremacy of literature in its highest efforts be challenged, or denied, during periods of its apparent decline. Rhetoric may have been more lucrative, but no orator or writer in the very front rank, even with all the encouragement of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself, lived in Lucian's day to point the moral of his allegory. THE DREAM belongs to the period of his mature years, and was most probably written on his return to Samosata after his foreign travels, as an eloquent description of his experiences, and, as he himself says at its close, to stimulate the rising youth to fame by his example. The opportunity was not lost of ridiculing a toilsome, mechanical, and base profession as represented in the character of his obscure relative, and of showing, at the same time, the possibilities of advancement through a great literary reputation.

Anyone perusing this narrative in Macaulay's copy of Lucian, with the pencil-marks on every page attesting his appreciation of this clever parody, could not fail to be struck by the remarkable similarity of this vision to that feigned by Macaulay himself to have appeared to him on the night of his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847. Macaulay in his turn appropriates the leading idea in the allegory of his predecessors, but transmutes the dross of a spent imagery into the gold of an original and beautiful conception. It is not for a moment to be supposed that there is here any theory of literary misappropriation, or even an over-stepping of the slender bounds that divide memory from imagination, which, in the case of a writer of Macaulay's creative power, would be absurd. The association of ideas, intimately connected as it is with memory, operates in a variety of untraceable modes, and its mysterious laws combine with the senses to supply materials for the imagination. Every work of art, or inspiration of fancy, must have for its concomitant some idea of the past which has been, at least, a link in the chain of inspiration, and the effect of such suggestion may be witnessed in every department of

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artistic production. In a general way it may be said that there was something analogous in the circumstances of these two writers, and in their rejection of the law for the career of literature, that might have prompted the same thoughts on a kindred theme.

In THE FISHERMAN, one of the wittiest of Lucian's attacks on the false philosophers of his day, in which he defends himself in the presence of Philosophy against the indictment of Socrates, Plato, Diogenes and Chrysippus, he alludes in a pregnant sentence to the reasons which had induced him to abandon the profession of the law. Its craft and deceit, its audacity, noise, and contentions, and a thousand other abuses, he says, disgusted him and drove him into the arms of Philosophy as to a haven of refuge, to pass the rest of his days under her protection. Macaulay's marginal annotation, "*καλλίστη, νὴ Δία, ἡ προαίρεσις* (*an admirable choice, by Jove*)" shows the remembrance of his own want of sympathy for a career which he never seriously prosecuted till he was summoned to the weighty responsibilities of a lawgiver. Continuing his address to Philosophy, Lucian proceeds: "No sooner had I learned to know you than I necessarily admired you and these guides to a nobler life, stretching out their hands to those who strive to reach it, counselling the most salutary precepts to such as do not depart from them, but, with unfaltering step, keep their eyes fixed on the rules prescribed by you and direct their lives in accordance with them, which, indeed, few of your followers are able to perform. Yet, when I beheld so many, not smitten with the love of Philosophy, but occupied alone with the glory to be obtained from her possession and the external appearances which are so easily imitated, I could not regard them without indignation."

The latter part of this passage is so similar in thought and expression to a verse, as I shall presently show, in Macaulay's vision, that the coincidence is extraordinary. There is, therefore, much intrinsic reason to suppose that the broad outline of Lucian's allegory was present to his mind in the composition of his poem, and the grateful consolations of Philosophy and Learning amid the stress and turbulence of a life of literary warfare in the one instance, reflected a similar experience during rarely adverse fortune in the other. It may, perhaps, be objected that as Lucian had borrowed from Prodicus, it is more likely that Macaulay also drew his inspiration direct from the original rather than from any intermediate source. To anyone who reads the fable in Xenophon the answer is evident and conclusive. In the first place, the choice is between Virtue and Pleasure, or Vice, and the appeal is made to the hero of thews and brawn, the fighting, crazy son of Zeus and Alcmene, whose sole delights lay in slaughter, and whose chiefest treasures were his fists, his club, and his bow. His head was of service, not for thought, but only as a battering-ram. His solitary humane accomplishment was the lyre, with which he speedily broke his master's head for an untimely correction. Virtue, therefore, in her address, prudently refrains from wasting her breath in any arguments drawn from the satisfactions of the mind, and tells him that, of all that is good and noble, the gods have given nothing to man without his antecedent labour and exertion; that if he desires that the earth should give him of her abundance, that he should be wealthy in cattle and pre-eminent for valour in war, bestowing freedom on his friends and

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destroying his enemies, he must cultivate his skill in all these arts by assiduous practice, and strengthen his body, making it subservient to reason and exercising it with toil and sweat. The idea of solace, during any respite from his perspiring labours, in philosophical reflection or in the most elementary forms of literature, could never have occurred even to a visionary, and would have been more incredible than any of his feats. Again, in Silius Italicus, the persuasions of Virtue are addressed to a more promising subject; the inspired contemplative who communed with the gods in the solitude of the Capitol, the conqueror of Hannibal, who might well have needed the calm enjoyments of a cultured intellect in his voluntary banishment at Liternum. But she offers him none of these; she animates him with the examples of Hercules himself and of Quirinus. She tells him how Rome, once an unequal match for Fidenæ, rose to greatness by the valour of her sons; that her own imperishable rewards are Honour, Praise, Glory with joyful visage, and Victory white as her wings; chaste is her dwelling place, and her household deities are throned upon a lofty hill, but arduous is the path that leads to it, and he who hopes to reach it must endure sleepless nights and be the unconquered lord of cold and hunger, bearing a heart indomitable by steel or gold. He must be ever ready at his country's call, and the foremost in the assault against hostile walls. Her gifts are not Tyrian dyes and perfumed unguents, but to defeat the foes of the Empire and, by the destruction of Carthage, to lay his proud laurels in the lap of Jove.

It may be fairly held, therefore, that if Macaulay is indebted to any one of the three for the suggestion of his poem the parallel approaches far nearer to Lucian than to the other two. He, however, has so transformed the whole scenic and dramatic effect of the piece as to claim and deserve a distinct originality. In place of the two women, he pictures the noiseless march of "the fairy queens who rule our birth" by the cradle of a sleeping child. The Queens of Gain, of Fashion, of Power, of Pleasure, pass it by with scorn or indifference, with frown or sneer, as unmeriting the blessing of their gifts; and so the long disdainful procession moves past and vanishes into gloom, until at its close

> Came one, the last, the mightiest and the best.
>
> Oh glorious lady with the eyes of light
> And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
> Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
> Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

Lucian calls her Education, and represents the beautiful visitant of stately mien as the apotheosis of culture, the celestial embodiment of its highest expression, the nature of whose appeal to the dreamer is, in both cases, precisely similar in material argument and strikingly approximate in language. "Nothing of the past," she says to him, "of the present, or the future shall be hidden from you; in all things, divine or human, will I instruct you."

> Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
> The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
> Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
> Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

"Your mind," Education continues, "I will bedeck with many and excellent ornaments, with piety, tenderness, prudence, steadfastness, with the love of beauty and the thirst of what is noble."

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Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.

"I will discover to you the works of the great ones of old and their mighty deeds while unfolding their writings before you, in all of which you shall be deeply versed."

Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"Yet I behold so many not smitten with the love of Philosophy, but occupied alone with the glory to be obtained from her possession and those external appearances so easily imitated."

There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"I will invest you with such signal marks of distinction that everyone, touching his neighbour, shall point you out with his finger saying, *That is he.* If you should have occasion to make a public address, crowds will listen to you open-mouthed in wonderment, now cheering the power of your eloquence, now congratulating the father on such a son."

Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;
Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

"Behold Demosthenes, sprung from an ignoble sire, to what have I not raised him?"

In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand
Amid the frowning peers at Bacon's side;
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

"Behold Æschines, the son of a tambourine girl, yet through me, courted by Philip! Even Socrates himself, nurtured under the very Art of Statuary, but deserting her for me, hear how he is extolled by all!"

I brought the wise and great of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone;
I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

Here Macaulay's spirit soars beyond the reach of Lucian's and, in the following verses, leaves the lower plane of worldly fame, of purple and fine linen, honour and power, for the nobler satisfactions of the soul under the burden of physical pain and mental distress, solaced by Wisdom and upheld by Virtue, not in the full career of success, but truest and most constant,

—When friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

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Yes: they will pass away; nor deem it strange:
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea:
And let them come and go: thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.

This beautiful appeal, the true revenge of genius on ignoble slight, finding within itself consolatory rewards independent of popular favour, is unquestionably superior to the thrice-worn imagery of preceding allegorists, and its poetical framework adds another charm to its eloquence. The metrical rivalry of the contesting personalities in Silius Italicus may invite, but does not challenge a comparison; and though his smooth and nerveless hexameters rise here into unusual fire, they are far beneath the exquisite stanzas in which Macaulay has embodied his vision. The idea of plagiarism is, of course, as idle as it would be to accuse Shakespeare of plagiarising his Timon from Lucian's or his Coriolanus from Plutarch's, whence, as Pope observes, he has exactly copied the speeches. The reproduction, whether conscious or otherwise, is in cases of great artistic merit, essentially a new and real creation. As Lord Lytton has happily observed: "From that which time has made classical we cannot plagiarise. Molière cannot plagiarise from Terence and Plautus, nor Racine from Euripides, nor Pope from Horace, nor Walter Scott from the old Border Ministrels; where they imitate they reproduce." And thus the same conception, like similar seeds in different soils, may germinate in several minds, but on their varying character and fertility will depend the vigour of the plants, the lustre and beauty of foliage, flower, and fruit, till they may seem to be of almost totally separate species.

Exiit ad cœlum, ramis felicibus arbos,
Miratarque novas frondes et non sua poma.

H. S. Jarrett.

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SOME MEMORIES OF A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

PROBABLY few of us have passed middle life without some affection of that disease of self-consciousness of which autobiography is the acutest symptom. There are exceptional experiences, persons we have known, thoughts we have conceived, which we are unwilling, and we are inclined to think our fellows may be unwilling, to let die. A literary expert might embody such scenes and thoughts in story or verse or formal essay. It may be precisely because the present writer can no longer count upon either time or energy for any such effort that he claims to write without standing on the order of his writing. It is but fair, I think, that facts should have precedence over mere thoughts, since the latter may be thought again, while the former can never exactly repeat themselves.

For seven years I was Roman Catholic chaplain to an important gaol. It was not then, some twenty-five years ago, what it has subsequently become, one of Her Majesty's Prisons, but was under Borough control. Several years before my connection with it this gaol had been immortalised in Mr. Charles Reade's novel, IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, as a type of brutal tyranny. It is hardly necessary to say that the facts lost nothing in the hands of the novelist; but they were in sober truth sufficiently unpleasant, and reflected seriously on the conduct of the governor and one or two of his subordinates, who were tried and dismissed, having been found guilty of persistent, unintelligent harshness resulting in the suicide of one of the prisoners.

Service in the prison chapel was sufficiently trying for a young preacher, or for an old one either if not familiar with it. The effect was as though you were addressing a congregation in coffins set on end, with a foot or so of the front sawn off so as to disclose the head and shoulders. Afterwards a sense that you were more or less responsible for keeping order, the *grâce d'état* of the schoolmaster, tended to keep you steady; a sense too that an effort was necessary to avoid being mesmerised by the convergence of glaring eyes.

I only once had to complain of misbehaviour, and this was not on the part of the prisoners, but of the officers. These last occupied lofty pulpits almost on a level with the platform on which my altar stood, which was built up each Sunday on the edge of the tribune containing the organ and reading-desk of my Anglican colleague. It appears that these officers were curious as to what I was doing when my back was turned to the congregation, and peeped and smiled and whispered, to the keen indignation of the prisoners. I received several complaints during the week, and next Sunday (it was about Christmas time) I preached on the Nativity and referred to an ignorance, as complete, and perhaps as innocent, as that of the ox and ass in the stable of Bethlehem, manifesting itself in the presence of another mystery. The prisoners were vastly delighted, and on the following Sunday the governor himself, a man not less than six foot four, took his place beside me and joined emphatically in the hymn. I could not help

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smiling when he gave out in stentorian tones, "Break the captives' fetters (*solve vincla reis*)." The subject was never referred to between us, and the unpleasantness never occurred again.

My involuntary congregation consisted largely of Irish. I think I never fully realised before what so many persons have noticed, the wonderfully good manners of the Irish lower class. Of course, where the system of solitary confinement prevails, every visitor is sure to be at a premium and his welcome of the best. But what astonished me was not so much the kindliness, which might have been expected, but the dignity, nay, the courtliness of my reception. I remember once asking the stereotyped question of a middle-aged woman, "Is this the first time you have been in trouble?" She looked me full in the face and answered, "It's the lavings of trouble I am, your Reverence." A splendid evasion, but the subject was at once lifted on to a higher plane where one might drink the larger air of humanity; and I thought of *Reliquiæ Danaum*, or closer still, the proud claim of Constance,

> Here I and sorrows sit,
> Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

A young Irishman, but little more than twenty years old, was in for garotting. I forget the length of his sentence, but it was some weeks and included a flogging with the cat. I saw him once or twice before the flogging; he manifested neither fear nor resentment; it would be a lesson for him, he said. It was a somewhat hard case; the assault had taken place in a public-house where the whole party had been drinking. The victim was not seriously hurt, but a handkerchief had been thrown over his face, and his pockets turned out so that the half-crowns and shillings were rolling about the floor. Beyond knowing in a general way that mischief was afoot, and picking up one of the half-crowns as he sat by the fire, my friend had no part whatever in the business. Four were flogged together, and the warder who was present said to me afterwards, "The three others yelled and struggled, but your man was quite still and never opened his mouth." The punishment was severe enough to send them all to bed for three days.

Some newspapers are fond of dwelling upon the degradation involved in corporal punishment. I wish to register my conviction here that, where the punishment is neither excessive nor unjust, this is absolutely untrue. The notion arises from a confusion between the infliction of pain and the exploitation of pain. Direct compulsion through the infliction of physical pain necessarily tends, so far as it succeeds, to degrade the victim; whereas the infliction of physical pain as a penalty for past offence has no such tendency. Just so far as the man is not degraded already it will act as a tonic; for once the victim will have at least tried to play the man; when no such effect ensues further degradation will be impossible. I saw my friend repeatedly after he had recovered, and he had no quarrel with the situation. Though not above middle size he was wonderfully good-looking; a brilliant complexion, large violet eyes, and dark hair with just a glint of fire in it. He was earning plenty of money at making sofa-springs, an average, he told me, of £4 a week. He had an excellent young wife, who had a comfortable home ready for him when he came out. I never could discover anything amiss with him except the drink. It was this that brought him to gaol, and it was this that ultimately frustrated all that I could do

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until he disappeared from my neighbourhood.

There are no people more delightful than the Irish, but none to such an extent victims of circumstance, and of the circumstance of the moment, and therefore upon whom less reliance can be placed for the fulfilment of any engagement,—except that which nature undertakes for them, of persistent pleasantness.

I had made the acquaintance of various brothers and cousins rejoicing in the same Irish patronymic; and I asked one of them, whom I had often met in gaol, whether he had any but scamps in his family. He laughed at first, and then looked grave as he answered, "One, your Reverence, and she is a saint." He then proceeded to tell me a story I knew before, but had never associated with that family. It was of his cousin who had been early left a widow with a large family, including three girls, the eldest about thirteen. On her husband's death she was penniless, and her brother, a well-to-do but hard and selfish man, offered to install her as landlady of a public-house belonging to him, which brought in a large income. She took a day or two to think it over, knowing that a refusal meant the workhouse for herself and her family. Finally she made up her mind that to accept such a post in such a neighbourhood would involve the probable ruin of her girls, and then quietly entered the workhouse with her children. There I knew her well, and was able to defend her from the reproaches of those who did not understand the motive of what she had done. Her wild cousin had understood the situation perfectly and cherished the memory of it as something the family might well be proud of, the more so that it was not on the family lines:

Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

A bricklayer, a short tawny man nearly as broad as he was long, with a frame of knit steel, coal-black hair and eyes, and a strong but not unkind face, was in for beating his wife for the second or third time when I first saw him. The general opinion among the officials was that he was more sinned against than sinning, and this was amply confirmed by my experience of him. I found him constantly returning for the same offence, and I came to wonder how it was he did not kill her instead of merely slapping her across the face with his open palm. Here is a specimen of the life she led him. On returning home after a hard day's work he finds the three children naked, their clothes in pawn, a fireless grate, and his wife dead-drunk on the sofa. He proceeds to light the fire and make himself some tea; the teapot is just filled when the wife staggers off the sofa, seizes the teapot and empties it on his head. Then follow the slap and the bleeding mouth and nose. The woman bawls murder until the policeman, who is not far off, and to whom she has given many a retainer in the shape of beer, comes in, and the husband gets another six weeks. So convinced was I that the man was in proximate occasion of murder that I told him he was justified in putting the Atlantic between him and his wife and children.

He was by no means faultless himself, would occasionally drink badly, and had a keen sense of his own shortcomings. He had been employed in the prison, breaking down some useless courtyard walls, the tops of which were armed with long cross spikes of iron. While he was standing above them, straining heavily on his crowbar, the bar slipped and he fell face foremost among the spikes, some four of which entered his chest and stomach. The doctor afterwards said this was

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lucky, for had it been only one it must have killed him. He managed to get his strong arms down through the spikes to the brickwork, and heaving himself off fell senseless to the ground. When I saw him he was sensible but in great pain, and kept repeating, "He was bound to do it." I was startled at first by the notion that some one else had a hand in it, and that it was not a pure accident; but his meaning was to put in a word for Almighty God whom his demerits had obliged to a course of such severity. He never fled from his wife as I advised, and ended, I verily believe, by dying of her.

As may be supposed, there was no lack of comic incident in the gaol, though the comedy in the case I am about to relate was altogether unconscious. In visiting I was in the habit of distributing books, religious and secular, and for this purpose carried a carpenter's rush-basket. On offering a choice to a new arrival to whom I had just been introduced, a wizened little man of forty, he declined unless I might happen to have a volume of the works of Seneca. This was beyond the resources of my library, and seeing my surprise, he went on: "I have taken a consate against religion ever since his Reverence hit me over the head with the spurs." "With the spurs!" I exclaimed, with a wild vision of his Reverence leaping in the air like a game-cock. "I was at Tim Doolan's funeral, and we were packed as close as herrings, and when I could not get out of his road, he up with his spurs [*sperse*, a brush, with rather formidable corners, for dispensing holy water] and hit me on the top of my head; and I went out and sat down on a tombstone, and I took a strong consate against religion, and I just read Tom Paine's works through from cover to cover, and now I am of the opinion of Pythagoras that man was made to fill a vacuum." His case was dismissed within the week and I saw him no more; but I learned afterwards that the works of Seneca had been actually translated by an Irish priest, I believe in the last century, so that Pat's demand was after all not so extravagant as it sounded, and in Seneca he might possibly have found a road back to orthodoxy, at least a safer guide than Tom Paine. There was not a touch of fun in his narrative; the man was in deadly earnest.

A very different example was a tall man, crippled in one leg, middle-aged, with sandy hair and merry twinkling eyes that looked along a length of nose like a fox. The account he gave of himself was as follows. "You see I had to do something for a living, so I got some twenty shallow cardboard boxes such as drapers use, that would all go nicely under my arm. In the outside one I put an elegant silk handkerchief that no woman could set her eyes to, still less take between finger and thumb, without knowing it was worth four shillings at the least; in the other boxes there was a nate piece of silver paper folded up. Well, your Reverence, when the first woman I met in the strate handled the silk, and found I was only asking a shilling for it, out came the shilling, and away went the woman with one of the other boxes in her hand. I had got rid of nineteen, I think, and was nearly at the bottom of the street when one of them opened her box to make a boast of her bargain, and then,—why just the whole street took fire, and, your Reverence, you see [here his voice dropped] my lameness was agin me." If he had then and there mounted a swift horse he might have managed it, but, as it was, it was a mercy for him that the police came up in time or he would have been pulled to pieces. He was by no means penitent. "You see, your Reverence, it served 'em

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right; they thought, sure enough, they were doing the poor man." I could make nothing of him. The scamp could see I was amused, and I am afraid the cleverness of the ruse that was so nearly successful was one of the consolations of his captivity.

During the time of my chaplaincy a fierce anti-popery riot broke out in the adjoining town, inspired by a certain lecturer named Murphy, and an ultra-Protestant mob invaded and sacked the Irish quarter. The Irish fought well, but they had to contend against superior numbers. The police were quite inadequate to keep the peace, and after a vast destruction of property and considerable bloodshed the military were brought on the scene, though I believe they were never actually used. The Irish, though overmatched, were irrepressible, and in consequence my congregation was about doubled for several weeks. I encountered many old friends, whom I had known well under less creditable circumstances, and I shall not easily forget the air of triumph with which they greeted me. For no breach of the commandments were they now in bonds, but for standing up like men for their religion; and they bore themselves like veritable crusaders. This was perhaps fair enough and not more than one was willing to accept; but in after times it became necessary to insist that the proud boast, "I was in for Murphy, your Reverence," did not give them *carte blanche* to wander at their own sweet will across the lines of the commandments, nor even justify the importation into subsequent imprisonments, however incurred, of the corrective flavour of political offence.

They were too well bred to boast of their own exploits, but they could praise one another. "It would have done your heart good, your Reverence, to see lame Ted,"—a cripple with a chest like a steam-roller and arms to match, but with one leg quite powerless so that he required two crutches. "He limped twice up the whole length of the street on one crutch, and cleared it with the other." This hero, having "drunk delight of battle with his peers" during a long summer's day, was well nigh sated and determined to make an end. Hitching himself up against a wall he began bawling lustily, "Perlice, perlice!" Thinking him severely injured persons near him exerted themselves, and a policeman was procured from the outskirts of the crowd, a stout personable man fresh and clean, untarnished as yet with the dust of combat. With a supreme effort, for the strong right arm was weary, Ted smote him between the eyes, and stretched him on the ground, a last *bonne bouche*. He then at once resigned his sword, I should say his crutch, to the nearest upright official, and was taken in charge.

Solitary confinement is doubtless a magnificent reforming engine, a ploughshare which, when properly used, will break up the most stony natures. But, although there must be a great advance in prison economics since my acquaintance with them twenty-five years ago, I doubt whether even now men fully realise what a tremendous instrument it is, how dangerous, how easily cruel. Neither the framers nor the administrators of the discipline of solitude seem to have paid sufficient attention to anything but its negative side, its separation, I mean, from external corrupting influence. No doubt this is efficacious, and of course most important, but it is not all; for solitude means more than separation from others; it means the enforced companionship of self. Men are horrified, and rightly so, at the application of so vast and

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imperfectly gauged a force as electricity to the execution of justice; but they have no scruple at loosing a man at once and altogether upon himself, when forces understood still less come into play. In many cases imprisonment arrests for the first time the turbid, impure current of a life which has been too rapid hitherto and confused for more than semi-consciousness. The wretched filth that, as part of a whole, suggested a largely divided responsibility, now clots, as it were, and concentrates round the isolated one. The less depraved nature is confronted with the adversary who is ever in the way with us, God's vicegerent, the remorseful conscience; and a wild irregular justice is dealt out in language only partially understood. With the wholly corrupt, on the other hand, instead of remorse there is the sick weariness of despair. It is difficult to exaggerate the dreariness of a mind which is a mere one-room tenement, quite unfurnished, and without the slightest faculty either of abstraction or distraction. Such an one will simply spin round and round, impaled upon his trouble like an insect on a pin. Even with such alleviations as manual labour and books, solitary confinement often involves severer punishment than any legislator contemplates. For it must be remembered that not all can read, and of those, few can gather much lasting entertainment from books.

All that I would contend for is that those who are responsible for the infliction of solitary confinement should know it for what it is, and should see that it is not abused, qualifying it with a modicum of good company other than the prisoner's own. How, precisely I cannot say; I have no practical suggestion to make, unless it be a multiplication of selected visitors.

That the torture is often overpoweringly severe is proved by the terrible expedients to which prisoners not unfrequently resort for relief. I remember that a prisoner, not of my congregation, had been in association, as they called it, in the infirmary. After a few weeks the doctor declared him well enough to resume his solitude. He had not long been conveyed to his cell when his bell rang. When the warder came to see what was the matter, the prisoner lifted up a mutilated hand, and it was found that he had cut off a finger with the large blunt scissors used in mat-making, in order that he might be taken back to the infirmary.

Some of the most pathetic figures in the gaol were big boys of fourteen and fifteen who were undergoing their first experience of exile from their parents' roof. It was a horrid exaggeration of the familiar schoolboy experience. Sometimes they would neither eat nor sleep, but wept continuously for three or four days till the gaolers were at their wits' end. I have often sat with one of these big fellows on my knee, trying to coax him to be less wretched, and to take some food for his mother's sake, whom I would promise to visit, &c. Dr. Johnson, I think, could have done no less. Their miserable faces and unsteady gait would have moved anyone.

In those days, too, children of tender years found their way into gaol. In the case of two little boys of not more than eight, the governor, a retired military man of large proportions and kindly heart, excused himself to me for breaking the law. He had put them together in the same cell, and they had been refreshing themselves with a regular set-to before breakfast. As the governor put it, he had children of his own of the same age, and he would be d——d

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if little fellows like that should go into solitary confinement. When I went in and asked them what they had been doing, they answered with great *empressement*, "Stealing dimonds, Father." They had been put through the window of a glazier's shop to steal his working-diamonds, and had been caught and sent to gaol. This sort of absurdity does not happen now, I am told.

I paid a visit the other day to an old warder who had been on active duty in my time. He had retired, but had chosen a cottage in the neighbourhood from which he could still see the old shop, as he called it. I asked him what in his opinion had been the effect of education upon the criminal classes. He thought that they had learned to be more civil and less desperate. As contrasted with those he had known in his youth the rising generation of criminals were more ready to recognise when they were beat, and took defeat less nastily. They were altogether pleasanter to deal with.

There is no better charity in my opinion than that of the Prisoners' Aid, branches of which are established in connection with all our principal gaols. Many persons demur at giving, as they say, the children's bread to dogs. By all means cherish the few individuals about you whose merits you can answer for. But if classes are to be benefited, remember that the inmates of a prison are distinguished from the corresponding company outside in only one way that we can be sure of,—they have been found out. Then, on the whole, they have, to use the scriptural phrase, given glory to God by confession directly or indirectly, and are thus reduced to their lowest denomination. Moreover the State has undertaken, in separating them from their past, to make a decent future at least possible for them, and it is not possible, unless we assist them, to make a fresh start elsewhere. This is what the Prisoners' Aid Society undertakes, and its success in the way of sustained reformation has been phenomenal, while individual effort (I speak from bitter experience) has few triumphs to record.

I had meant to confine myself to giving scenes from a phase of life which interested me. I must apologise for deviating into the practical sphere, in which I cannot pretend to the latest knowledge. An acquaintance with prison-life will always, I suppose, tend to bring home to us that we are all brethren and all sick, and that our advantage the one over the other is in a very large degree circumstantial. I have often been reminded of a saying of Cardinal Newman: "Remember we are all living in a hospital."

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WHAT THE ARMY DOES NOT WANT.

THE question of reform in the Army has at last, after infinite jostling and pushing, thrust itself into a foremost place in the public mind; and there can be no doubt that it will keep that place in the business to be submitted to Parliament in the coming Session. What shape the reforms will assume remains to be seen. There is no lack of schemes; there are in fact so many as to increase, rather than diminish, the general bewilderment in civilian brains about the Army. Everyone has his own favourite design, from the Commander-in-Chief to the sub-lieutenant of two years' service, from the member of Parliament who wishes to make a name to the able editor who wishes to fill a column. Long service, short service, home service, foreign service, territorial systems, first-class reserves, deferred pay, technical terms, some of them English, some of them foreign, some of them neither English nor foreign, are heaped together in speeches, letters, and pamphlets, until the unhappy reader wishes, like Macaulay over his mathematical studies, that it were rather his fate to pore over Thomas Aquinas and adjust the relation of Entity with the two Predicaments, than to attempt to extract from them some definite notion of the state and the needs of the Queen's land-forces.

One useful work, however, this deluge of printing-ink has accomplished. It has swept away the coat of whitewash with which the War Office has so long concealed its imperfections, and revealed it for the abode of jobs, frauds, and shams, which it has been, unfortunately, from the very beginning of its existence. Officers, with practical knowledge of their own service, have impugned the statements and statistics of the Office for years; yet until two months ago they were always accepted. Now, however, suddenly and for no particular reason, the nation has decided that from henceforth the War Office is not to be believed. Official figures and statements, which are no whit more false nor more patently false to-day than they were ten or more years ago, are now rejected with an alertness and superiority of contempt that is positively startling. The War Office would not be believed to-day even if it happened to tell the truth, and we cannot say that it is to be pitied. The only matter for regret is that this wave of incredulity did not overtake the country earlier; but better late than never. We confess to a hope that the public will ask, as did Mr. Samuel Weller on a memorable occasion, "Ain't no one to be whopped for this here?"

But as the title of this paper has foreshadowed, our business is not with the re-organisation of the War Office, nor with the multifarious plans for re-establishing the Army. We leave that task to others, and wish them joy of it. We would rather enquire, amid all the changes that are put forward in every project of reform, what there is which should not be changed, what traditions and sentiments, what peculiarities and, if the reader will, anomalies, should not only not be changed, but should at any cost be cherished and preserved. To ascertain these it is necessary to look back a little.

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The original British Army, as we have written before in these pages, was born in 1645 and killed in 1870. Whether it was killed by accident or design remains to this day uncertain; but the reason for the reforms which induced the calamity seems to have been a realisation of the fact that Britain possessed no such thing as an army in the modern sense of the term, but only a collection of regiments. To the mind uneducated in the ways of English military reform a collection of regiments appears to be an important, if not indeed an indispensable part of an army; but as the work of the reformers progressed they seem to have become more and more firmly imbued with the notion that the Army could not be made unless the regiments were first destroyed. What they proposed to put in their place is once more obscure, but, so far as can be gathered, the substitute of their choice was an untrained reserve. At any rate, whatever they hoped for, an untrained reserve is all that they have produced, and now that it is to hand it is declared by most military authorities to be of little or no value. Still the fashion has been set that military reform is impossible without pulling regiments about, and from a word let fall by Lord Lansdowne it seems likely that, in the plan to be laid before Parliament this year, they are to be pulled about a little more.

And, it may be asked, why not? After all, what is a regiment? Surely new regiments are made every day? Certainly they are. So also new churches and colleges are built every day, but we do not on that account destroy Westminster Abbey, or Trinity, or Magdalen. We might possibly conceive of new buildings as beautiful in design and more perfect in construction; but who would care for them? The association of great events and historic scenes, the shades and memorials of the mighty dead, the unpurchasable gifts of time and the undefilable consecration of age,—these cannot be taken from the old and added to the new.

Let us look for a moment at the origin of our regiments. A regiment is an aggregation of companies, and a company bears that name for precisely the same reason as the guilds of the city. The first companies were military societies, framed very much on the model of those guilds. A certain number of adventurers invested so much money in the creation of a body of trained fighting men, and took a higher or lower station of command therein, together with a larger or smaller share of the profits, according to the proportion of their venture. The shares in these ventures were of course vendible. If any man wished to realise, he sold out, provided that he could find a buyer; and if any one partner seemed to the rest to be undesirable they would buy him out and dispose of his place to another. Thus grew up what was known as the purchase-system. The abuse of their monopoly by these companies drove the sovereigns of Europe to issue commissions to their subjects to raise companies for their own service only; but even so the old commercial basis of the company remained unchanged, though the profits arising from ransoms and other sources were now taxed for the royal benefit. Every company was practically independent, and the private property of its captain.

The inconvenience of such a multiplicity of incoherent units soon made itself felt; and an indefinite number of companies, regulated, so far as it was regulated at all, by local circumstances, was grouped together under the command, or *regiment*, of a superior officer called (no one to this day knows why) the Colonel. At first the

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companies were shifted from one command to another, but as time went on they were attached definitely and permanently to one colonel, and so the companies under the regiment of Colonel A. became simply Colonel A.'s regiment. Thus regiments took the place of independent companies, but like them retained their old commercial foundation. Every colonel was proprietor of his regiment and was jealous of his proprietary rights, while his captains were, under him, equally proprietors of their companies.

It is an instinct deeply rooted in human nature that a man shall always stamp what is his own with some mark of his ownership. The first means of marking such ownership was the flag of the colonel's colours; but as each captain was a shareholder and part-proprietor, each company had its own flag, differenced by some special badge or design. And this flag, as the symbol of unity, was so much revered that the ensign who bore it was generally one of the oldest and most experienced soldiers of the company. In early days the men of the free-companies dressed themselves each as he would, though always as gorgeously as possible, so gorgeously indeed that the courtiers of the Emperor Maximilian at first protested against their display as an encroachment on their own importance. "Bah," said Maximilian, who was a shrewd, sensible man, "fine clothes are the cheese with which we must bait our trap to catch these mice." So fine clothes became the rule for the soldier, and have been the rule ever since. But the instinct of ownership, and the need for distinguishing friend from enemy, soon brought sovereigns to institute some crude sort of uniformity in dress, or some peculiar badge, for the men in their service. For the English the red cross of St. George was the badge, which being sewn on to a white frock gave the English soldiers in the earlier part of the sixteenth century the name of White Coats.

But individual ownership, and the lingering traditions of feudal customs, made the assertion of ownership common among lower leaders than the sovereign. Rich colonels and captains, in raising their regiments or companies, would choose a smart livery to attract smart men, and select a distinctive colour in virtue of some custom or sentiment, new or old. Thus in the Civil War we see Newcastle's White Coats arrayed in garments of undyed wool, that they might know no colour but the blood of the enemy. Byron's Blacks seem to symbolise something even more sinister; Cromwell's Tawnies were ostentatiously homely, in contrast to the showy raiment of the Cavaliers. But with the creation of the New Model Army of 1645 these broad distinctions were swept away. Scarlet was made the uniform colour for the coats of the entire force, and the fancy of the colonel was limited to the facings, and other minor adornments only.

This however was amply sufficient, and though some few corps raised in William the Third's time began their life in blue, the scarlet soon reasserted itself; and as the number of regiments grew, the variety of facings and of other embellishments grew likewise. Every colonel clothed his regiment himself, and was at liberty to indulge in such little extravagances as he would. One, Colonel Cosby of the Eighteenth Royal Irish, even ordained in 1718 that every private of his regiment should wear ruffles at the sleeves and bosom of his shirt. Nor was it until the accession of George the Second that the clothing and ornaments of each regiment was stereotyped according to a fixed pattern. A copy of his regulations

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lies before us, the different corps of infantry being assorted into groups according to their facings, blue, green, yellow, buff, white, and black. But green includes pale green, deep green, very deep green, dark green, yellowish green, willow green, popinjay green, gosling green, and green pure and simple. Yellow comprehends deep yellow, bright yellow, pale yellow, philemot yellow, and ordinary yellow and orange; the reds are red and purple; the very whites greyish white and ordinary white. In the lace the subtle distinctions of stripes and worms and threads baffle all attempt at description. Every regiment struggled to preserve its individuality outwardly as well as inwardly, and cherished some difference, however minute, between itself and its neighbour.

From very early days, as we have seen, the colour of their uniform stamped itself definitely upon particular corps. The Blues carry on their original dress and name to our own day; but since in the rest of the army the scarlet was uniform, the habit arose of dubbing regiments by the hue of their facings. Formerly every regiment, being its colonel's property, was known by his name; and as colonels exchanged, retired, or died, and new colonels took their places, there arose new names which often gave rise to much confusion. Again, there might be, and often were, two colonels of the same name, and confusion was worse confounded. Then designation by colour was found useful. The Buffs were the Buffs, whosoever might command them, but the Nineteenth Foot, who had a colonel of the same name, became Green Howard's.

At last it was found more practical to call regiments by the number which marked their place of precedence in the list of the Army. This was a ticklish matter, for there had been many furious controversies over questions of precedence, and the seniority assigned to regiments at different periods is not always the same. However, the thing was done somehow, and from 1753 onwards numbers begin to supplant the names of colonels in the records of the War Office. Gradually the sentiment of each regiment bound itself about the number that marked its rank in the Army. The change involved no sacrifice of individuality, but on the contrary tended rather to increase it. There might be other regiments with like facings, but only one Fifty-Second, or Sixtieth, or Ninety-Fifth.

Concurrently the practice had arisen and increased of granting to regiments distinctive badges commemorative of their origin, of some great occasion, some ancient tradition, or some distinguished service, all tending to strengthen in each corps the conviction that it was not as others are, but possessed of a superiority which made admission to its ranks a privilege, and the maintenance of its reputation the most sacred of duties.

The number of all these small units was doubtless large, too large perhaps for the higher ideals of military organisation. The French had early set the example of making each regiment consist of two or three battalions; but in England for years there were but two corps of infantry that possessed more than one, the First Royals, or Royal Scots, and the First Guards. During the Seven Years' War second battalions were added to a number of regiments, but ten of them were afterwards detached and erected into distinct regiments by themselves. The eternal jealousy of the House of Commons is probably to be held accountable for this. Ever since the Peace of Ryswick it had driven the military authorities to maintain, not

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an army, but the skeleton of an army during time of peace, and they therefore adhered to the principle of retaining a good unit, however small, when they had got it, in the hope that its spirit would infuse itself into a second battalion when the time of need should come. In other words, since they were not allowed to keep an army, they kept the largest possible stock of *esprit de corps* on hand against the evil day.

This was the system forced upon the military authorities, we repeat, by the House of Commons. Mr. Arnold-Forster is reported to have said the other day that for three hundred years (evidently misreported for two hundred) the House of Commons had never refused a request of the War Office. We can hardly believe that he can have made so foolish and misleading a statement. Let him read in the records of the War Office, in State-Papers, in the Journals and Debates of the House of Commons, and even in the ordinary histories, the attitude of the House of Commons towards the army from 1697 to 1701, and from 1714 to 1739, and he will see that even if the House gave the War Office all that it asked for, which it did not, it was because the War Office dared not ask for what it wanted.

There, at any rate, the system was, not by any means ideal, but the best that the peculiar institutions and prejudices of our country would admit of. To keep armies in such a state of perfection as Marlborough's or Wellington's at the close of their campaigns was an idea repugnant to the English mind; but to keep a few regiments was another matter, more particularly since regiments did a great deal towards keeping themselves. Civilians who laugh at the jealousy with which old privileges and customs are cherished in certain corps know nothing of their origin, and know still less of the devotion lavished by officers past and present on their beloved regiments. Occasionally the sight of regimental plate on a mess-table opens their eyes somewhat, but as a rule only to make them reflect on the luxury and extravagance of the British officer. If they witnessed a similar display in a college hall they would talk of Alma Mater and her loving children, and melt into sentimental tears over the list of benefactors. They are not aware that many regiments can also show a list of benefactors, that officers from intense attachments to their old corps have endowed them with their worldly goods, to enable them to offer better terms to recruits, special privileges to present and special allowances to past members, and generally to enhance their honour, efficiency, and reputation.

All such funds the War Office glares at with greedy and covetous eyes, longing to sweep them into its own sink of corruption. It is not right, nor prudent, it argues, that isolated corps should enjoy such peculiar advantages over their neighbours, and so forth. There are doubtless disadvantages which accompany even the most unselfish actions; but when men will contribute unasked to improve the efficiency of any portion of a volunteer army, it is for the State, while minimising those disadvantages so far as possible, to thank Heaven that there are such men, and to encourage the application of such gifts to their lawful purpose.

They have done neither of these things. Either through negligence or ignorance the reformers of the army, since 1870, have deliberately set at naught its history and traditions. The material to their hand may not have been the easiest to work with, but it was, at any rate, excellent of its kind and worthy to be treated with delicacy, patience, and care. On the contrary,

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their unceasing effort has been to undermine the foundation on which the army was built. The individuality of the infantry of the line was in great part destroyed; the old numbers, the old facings, and many old badges were swept away. The regiments of one battalion were grouped together in pairs under meaningless titles, with the comfortable assurance that each battalion of this pair must take its turn of temporary extinction for the benefit of the other, or worse still for the repletion of some corps with which it has not even a nominal connection. Yet at all critical moments the authorities are still fain to trust to the old foundation, for they know that, weakened though it be, the army has no other. The Commander-in-Chief, when reviewing a handful of a few hundred men scraped together with infinite difficulty from a dozen different sources, still exhorts each minute fraction to be mindful of the honour and the traditions of its regiment. Its regiment! "Where is my regiment," a man of these fractions might ask, "and what is it? Our first battalion was raised in 1756, and its traditions are of the West Indies and the Peninsula; our second was raised in 1826 as a European regiment in the service of the East India Company. The two battalions have never seen each other; it is part of your system that they should not; and I am not at all clear to which I belong. Even if I was, at any rate at this moment I belong to neither. My comrades are not here, nor my officers. If I knew of any traditions it would be difficult for so few of us to maintain them, particularly with fragments of about a dozen regiments, all in the same predicament, about me." This is where our boasted reforms have landed us. The army used at least to be an aggregate of battalions; it has become an aggregate of corporal's guards.

The whole truth is that no reform of the army can succeed unless it not only respects but encourages regimental *esprit de corps*. Other nations look upon it as a priceless possession and foster it accordingly, while we, though professing to value it, do our best to wipe it out altogether. Fortunately so far it has on the whole been too strong for the reformers; indeed if it were not so, we should not have even that semblance of an army which we now possess. Only the incessant exertions of regimental officers, in circumstances of extreme difficulty and discouragement, have saved it. The tax on their patience has been severe, the tax on their purses far greater than it should have been. They were the victims upon whom first fell the burden of providing for the penniless reservists who were so heedlessly turned adrift on the first institution of short service. They have been the chief sufferers from the miserable system, which, crumbling from the first, is now admitted to be in a state of absolute collapse, and they deserve chief consideration and assistance. They not only deserve it but they must have it, for their patience is worn out and, unless report is more than usually false, they are resigning their commissions in all directions.

What then is to be done for them? First and foremost they must be allowed to enjoy the fruit of their labours. To begin at the beginning, a colonel must be allowed to command his regiment, which at present is forbidden to him in many quarters. Next, when a regiment has received a fine inheritance of fame and reputation from the past, and the officers labour unweariedly to maintain it, they should be allowed to reap their just reward in a harvest of good recruits. At present there is a pernicious rule which prevents recruits from joining the regiment of their choice. In the cavalry,

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for instance, men must enlist for Hussars, Lancers, or Dragoons. Now it is well known that the reputation, and, what is of great consequence in a recruit's eyes, the dress of certain regiments in these three denominations is peculiarly distinguished. Among the six regiments of Lancers, in particular, there is one which enjoys a most famous record, while two more are not only of great reputation but unique in the manner of their clothing. We once saw two recruits present themselves at the barrack-gates of one of these regiments; they were brothers, sons of a farmer, the very best type of recruit that an officer could desire, the very class that the authorities profess themselves so anxious to attract. The orders of the War Office, however, were peremptory, and the officer was obliged to refuse them. He did his best to secure them for one of the sister regiments, but without success. The two lads were resolute that unless they could join the regiment on which they had set their hearts they would not enlist at all, and finally they withdrew deeply disappointed, while the officer watched them with longing eyes, and such feelings as may be guessed. Now comes the sequel. The War Office shortly after intimated that, since the regiment had room for recruits, it was sending one over; the recruit arrived, having been caught up from the wilds of Ireland; he could hardly speak English, he was covered with vermin, and he was afflicted with a foul skin-disease. His sojourn within the barrack-gates was short; but the country was put to the expense of transporting him from Ireland for nothing, while two excellent men, who had paid their own expenses to the headquarters of the regiment, were turned away.

We give this example because it happened to come under our own notice, but beyond all doubt it could be matched in dozens of other regiments both of infantry and cavalry. We have authentic knowledge of men, enlisted for general service and attached to a famous regiment, who have bought their discharge and re-enlisted for that regiment only, rather than be drafted off to another. A corps with a good name can always count upon a steadier flow and a better class of recruits than a corps of no particular eminence. After all for what other object have generations of men given their time, their fortunes, their blood, and their lives towards the making of that good name? All regiments cannot be equally good in an Army, even as all colleges cannot be equally good at a University.

The whole of this foolish and rotten system should be changed, and changed at once. Regimental officers should no longer be discouraged on principle, but rather assisted in every possible way. Every little distinction in the way of badges and the like, which recalls a regiment's history and prowess, should be restored. The sentiment attached to them may not be appreciated by civilians, but they are much valued by all ranks and are inestimable as a support and stimulant to *esprit de corps*, to the regimental spirit. And even civilians might make an effort towards appreciation of the fact. There is not one of them, in spite of the obsoleteness of heraldry, who would not be proud of an honourable augmentation to his own coat of arms, or to the arms of his municipality, or of his college. Let them have some sympathy with other societies, for regiments are such, who have won such distinctions in fighting their country's battles.

Again there is the matter of clothing. Everyone knows, and has known from the time of the Emperor Maximilian, that smart clothes are an attraction to recruits in a volunteer

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army. Yet our intelligent War Office, forgetting that it has to deal with the British Army, has pursued the principle of making the dress of the soldier uglier and uglier. Men do not object to an unbecoming dress if it be unique, as the dreary funereal green of the Rifle Brigade can bear witness; but uniformity of ugliness is more than they can bear. The authorities, however, after first assimilating the facings of the infantry according to nominal divisions of nationality, at one moment reduced them to a patch the size of half-a-crown on each side of the collar, though for what reason it would be difficult to say. It was compelled, as every practical man had predicted, to restore them in a hurry; but what fresh folly it may be contemplating at this moment no man can tell.

It is rumoured that the cavalry is now to be submitted to the same ordeal as the infantry, to be deprived of its distinctions of dress and reduced to the same dull level of uniformity. The bearskins of the Scots Greys and the crimson overalls of the Eleventh Hussars, though long threatened, have hitherto survived, and the Seventeenth Lancers have not yet been stripped of their white facings or their skull and crossbones. But the Sixteenth, the Red Lancers are, it is rumoured, to be for the future dressed in blue. All this fuss about a piece of cloth, sneer the unsympathetic. But are civilians exempt from similar weaknesses? To take a small matter, which would make not the slightest real difference to a soul, would not there be great lamentation if the hood of the Master's degree at Cambridge were changed from white to blue, or at Oxford from red to green? Would not there be wailing and indignation if the blue gown of Trinity were abolished in favour of a black gown? Would not there be an outcry if that fearful combination of the swallow-tailed coat and straw-hat were purged out of Harrow, or if the silk hat and white tie were seen no more at Eton? Yet it may safely be assumed that not an undergraduate or a boy the less would enter those universities and schools for the change. But with regiments the case is different; they have not, like other societies, ancient buildings and historic halls to guard their traditions for them even, if need be, beyond the term of their own life. They have to carry their memorials of the past, so to speak, upon them, in patches of cloth, tags of lace, and fragments of brass, trifles in themselves, but inestimably precious in virtue of association. How regiments will adorn any little Valhalla of their own if they chance to possess it may be seen by a visit to the Guards' Chapel; and it were much to be wished that every regiment had such another. But even this could not speak to them so eloquently as, for instance, that badge on the front and back of the headdress which records how the Twenty-Eighth beat back the enemy when attacked simultaneously in front and rear before Alexandria.

Time would fail us to speak of the innumerable little ceremonies observed by regiments on certain occasions and anniversaries. Some one or other of them sometimes catches the eye at Aldershot on great occasions, as for instance when the Cheshire regiment (the Twenty-Second) marches past, with the colours and every helmet garlanded with oak-leaves, in memory of their conduct at Dettingen, where, as King George told them, they stood firm as their native oak. Or it may be that on the 27th of June a whole regiment is to be found wearing a rose, in remembrance also of Dettingen and the great fight in the rose-gardens. The zeal with which these customs are observed sufficiently

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attests the pride of regiments in their past; too often indeed they form the sole reminder left to them to recall that past.

We could wish indeed that more marked distinctions were permitted in order to set the public enquiring into their meaning, and so into the history of our regiments. The Buffs pass by, and no one reflects that they represent the English who fought the battle of Dutch independence; or the Royal Scots, and no one remembers that they are a relic of the army of Gustavus Adolphus. The Blues relieve the Life Guards, and the descendants of Cromwell's troopers relieve the descendants of Rupert's. The Coldstream Guards relieve the Grenadiers, and once more the Roundhead relieves the Royalist, or they relieve the Scots Guards, and then the victors of Dunbar relieve the vanquished. The Second and the Fourth Foot and the Royal Dragoons represent our first Colonial garrison; the Sixtieth Rifles the first English regiment formed of Colonists in the Colonies. There is hardly a serious internal crisis, hardly a new departure in Colonial policy, hardly a stage in the growth of our Empire, which has not bequeathed to us a regiment as a living memento. If they were ancient buildings, or even landmarks, public opinion would not allow them to be tampered with as they have been; being, as they are, living societies bound up with all that is greatest in the history of the past, and struggling only for fair play in their preparation to do their duty in the future, they should not be made the sport of theorists who study the history of foreign armies but are shamefully ignorant of the history of their own. If reformers wish to be quit of regimental *esprit de corps* as an obstacle to their reforms, let the old regiments be disbanded and become honourable names, and let the British Army start afresh with blank buttons and blank colours. But if they wish to preserve it they must reform their own ways, or they will infallibly destroy it. When it is gone, the nation will discover what it has lost; and considering that the nation, even more than the House of Commons or the War Office, is responsible for steady ill-treatment of the British soldier from the very beginning, it will serve the nation richly right.

STEVINUS.

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THE MAN FROM BOHEMIA.

"Yes," said Grandfather Tamplin, knocking the ashes out of his pipe thoughtfully, "men from foreign parts do turn up here sometimes; and outlandish customers most of them are."

His grand-daughter,—not the red-haired lass with the saucy round little phiz, but the married house-mistress, a lovely young creature with black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes and the fair bright complexion that goes with them — laughed and blushed, and then something too like a tear sparkled in those Irish eyes.

I sat myself down on the stone bench outside the thatched cottage with its latticed windows and heavy masses of ivy clustering about its western gable and a row of milk-pails and a barrel-churn sweetening in front, and waited. I knew that a story would follow the old man's preparatory observations, and I, a stranger interesting myself strangely in the affairs of the little West Irish seaport, enjoyed his stories. Meanwhile the youngest and most confiding calf about the premises bobbed up and snuffed at the milk-pails, and then fixed an eye full of gloom and injury upon me because they were empty. And the young farmer, who had dropped in a few minutes before to light his pipe, looking sharply and hastily skywards, observed it was clouding up for rain and that he had three miles to walk home; but somehow he selected a route which led through the house and out of the back door, where in the little porch a red head flared and a spinning-wheel whirred, the signal of a veritable She-who-must-be-obeyed.

Grandfather Tamplin looked over his shoulder after the young fellow with a twinkle in his eye, but this was followed by a slow shake of the head which seemed to have considerable occult meaning. This ancient of the people had held the not unenviable position of village oracle during the best part of three generations; a distinction, it must be said, conceded to him, with a popular acclaim very surprising in its unanimity and duration, long before the passing of Grandmother Tamplin, who had been what her neighbours with bated breath were wont to describe as the greatest barrister in the three baronies,—a general state of things which caused her husband consistently to prefer the outside of his happy home while she presided therein.

"Yes," he went on, fixing his large grey eyes on me and nodding his handsome old head with the long silver hair floating about it in a picturesque disorder, "but faith an' sure the rummest customer of them all drifted, as you might say, into the town there below off of one of the ships, some three years ago. He was a stout block of a fellow with two little slits of twinkling eyes, of which one was light brown in the colour and one a light blue, and with curly chestnut hair, a pug nose, and the reddest face ever you clapped eyes on as belonging to a young man. Not that he could have been so very young either; but he had just that kind of a smooth rascally face that you often see on a man getting on in years and without a twinge of conscience to trouble him. He wore a threadbare suit of fine tweed, very well made;

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and, common-looking as he was, there was something about the man which made the thought run in my head that he was most likely the heavy cross and disgrace of gentlefolk parents. He was smoking a very good cigar when he sauntered into Joe Leigh's public-house early of a Sunday morning. I happened to be there at the minute, settling with Joe to go along with him in the course of the day to a wake in the neighbourhood.

"'God save all here!' says the stranger, as pat as you please; and I couldn't at all make out his accent, for 'twas neither right English nor right foreign, but something like the talk of an English gentleman I remembered to have been staying east at Captain Maziere's, the best of whose days had been spent knocking about the world.

"'God save you kindly,' we replies, and Joe Leigh up and asked him from what country was he.

"'From Bohemia,' says the stranger, laughing as if the word was a joke.

"'That being so,' I spoke up,—having once heard someone say the people of that country are of the Faith, 'I suppose you'll not neglect going to Mass. I'm going on myself to the early one, but there'll be another in about three hours' time.'

"He gave a great scorth of a laugh at this. 'I haven't seen the inside of a church for the past eighteen years,' says he, 'but twice. Once when I went to hear a fashionable preacher, who really was as good as a play; and on the second occasion I had to go on duty as best man at a poor devil of a chum's wedding. We Bohemians,' he goes on, laughing the kind of laugh that those who are by times weary of the world strive to smother under a power of strong drink, 'are cos-cosmo-cosmopoltroons; free citizens of the world, if you can understand what I mean, and we don't go in overmuch for forms and ceremonies. Among other prejudices walls will not hold us when we are fain to worship'—here he stopped and laughed as if striving in his mind after something he wanted to recollect; 'we take the whole arching width of the uncostly sky.'

"'So I seem to have heard before,' I answers back; 'but too much scope is bad for the best of us. And what's more, young gentleman, I tell you that I am an Irishman myself and I haven't much regard, this way nor that way, for your citizens of the world. By all I can see they're mostly a class that have made nearly every individual country too hot to hold them.' But he was as good-humoured a scamp as ever I came across, and he only laughed and said maybe I wasn't so far wrong, and called for drinks all round. 'Is it cracked you are,' says Joe, 'an' the peelers passing the very door?—but sure I forgot. You're a boney-fidey I suppose? Well, here's to you, sir; health and long life!'

"We saw a good deal of the strange man after that, for he spent weeks in the place, knocking about here and there. He told me he came to break fresh ground; so it impressed me at first 'twas thinking of taking an evicted farm he was, after being boycotted out of another; and of course I thought it only neighbourly to warn him that if he didn't rise out of that notion in our district, he'd soon and sudden have enough and to spare of the ground broken fresh above as well as under him. But he only burst into a roar of laughter when he understood what I was aiming at. That same Bohemian laughed at everything in this world. All the time he was with us he lodged at Leigh's, and never did they see the colour of a brass farthing

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for his support after the first week's pay in advance; but he drew all the idlers of the country-side about the house day in and day out while he was in it, so much so that the publican thought he'd got into the height of himself of luck (and he was a man who stood six feet three) even at the discount of this black stranger (no offence to you, sir, who are, as we may say, a friend by this), seeing that he trebled his custom. The stranger 'ud listen by the hour to all manner of old stories; and mostly every old person you come across has his own long old stories to tell and only too glad of the chance of getting them off to someone that never heard them before. And he'd sing (he had a mortal fine voice too, equally for the comic and for the lovelornsome), and he'd tell the most diverting stories himself; and there he'd be, cracking jokes and drinking hand to fist with all sorts, to all appearance as content with the company he met in the shebeen as if he was born to it. And yet the draggled habits of the gentleman were clinging to him all through, so that there were men who laughed with him and at him that pitied him in their hearts. And this was the most unkindest cut of all, as that electioneering thief Mark Antony knew how to say. Yet with all his ready talk none of us could make out from whence he came, nor what he was really up to; no, nor even what his name was, for he called himself Christopher Sly. To be sure I told the little tinker that that same name wouldn't pass current with me, for I'd seen the rattling pleasant play where the real Sly is mentioned (and many another heartening piece besides) acted in the playhouse in Dublin. Many's the time too I read it afterwards in the book Mr. O'Donovan lent me,—Mr. O'Donovan the old schoolmaster who wanted me to christen my seventh son Æneas, which, so he said, was the classical moral of filial piety and so a specially choice name for a seventh son, not to mention that my next door neighbour Patsy Roche's eldest gorsoon was named Horace after his old bachelor neger of an uncle who left him the farm, and wouldn't it be a droll day when the Tamplins should be behindhand with the Roches in taking classical honours? You see Mr. O'Donovan was always in good parts with me,—and even with my wife, Lord ha' mercy on her, during three days out of a week on an average; but this time I was obliged to tell him I'd as soon christen the child Ampusand seeing, 'as you surely must have forgotten,' says I, 'that he was born on Martimas, and consequently brought his name with him.' But talking of that wonderful book of plays reminds me, for all I hate to give ill words to them that does their best, that the shrew in the piece, as I saw it, didn't play her part so natural to the life as another shrew I've known; and by all the books in Ireland 'tis I'm the good judge of that kind of byplay.

"But again to go back to the stranger. 'Twas his custom to write a great deal during the day, and on into the night after the public company was turned out; there his pen would be going, scratch, scratch, scratch over sheets and sheets of paper, and the floor littered with 'em and the table spattered all over with ink; and the vexatious part of it was no one knew what the writing was all about. Mrs. Leigh and her daughter peeped into those papers over and over again when their lodger was out; but they were all scrawled over in some kind of cipher made up of lines and twists and curly q's that they couldn't make head or

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tail of. And when he wasn't writing, or loitering in the bar, or rambling about asking questions, he'd be drawing out things in colours equal to life. And he soon got into the habit of strolling up here out in the day and every day,—to make pictures of the house, he used to offer excuse at first; and indeed he did paint more than one such, and good ones too. If you go into the room there you'll see one with the real touch about it hanging on the wall. And he wouldn't let us redd up anything inside or outside whilst he was at work; he said it spoiled the picture. Why, sir, he wouldn't let me even finish thatching my house. He said it 'ud be a crime against art,—he talked about that art of his just as my countrymen before St. Patrick might have talked of the sun; and like a fool I left off to oblige him, and the corner of the roof up to the ridge was ripped up clear and clean by the first September gale and blown over the haggard-wall. When his visit fell due he came along double quick and sat down on top of the least sootiest part of the wreck and laughed hearty, I standing by the while and cursing him into the centre of the earth between my teeth. When I asked him how would he like himself to live in a house with the rain and wind coming down through the roof and the smoke going out the door, he only laughed more unconcerned than ever, and said everyone ought to be willing to lay some sacrifice of his best on the altar of art, and a deal more of the like heathenish lingo; and he whips out his damn pencils and brushes as if to grig me. 'You ought to have lived in the time of Nero,' says I, 'for you fiddle just as well as you paint, and he and you 'ud have been a good match in point of delighting in mischief for its own sake.' But my boy only laughed the more. 'I'm afraid, my old friend,' says he, 'there wouldn't have been room enough in Rome for two such mischief-makers in those days, for surely I should have been Imperial Nero's most trusted minister,—for a while.'

"But with all our sparring at one another, somehow I couldn't help feeling lonesome every time I saw him turn to go away, with a laugh and a joke, and a sparkle in his brown eye and a twinkle of his blue eye, and a wave of the hand behind him. To say truth, the fellow was so full of his fun and chaff he'd make you forget you were ever going to die. And 'twas all well and good until one day a thought pierced my brain of a dart and staggered me. It was this: he had given up drawing the house and was making pictures now all the while of my eldest grand-daughter,—not Joaney Jo, the lassie with the poll of hair like the headlight of a train, and a smart clip she is by the same token—but my own darling that has the face of an angel," and the old man jerked back his head to indicate the whereabouts of this favoured offset, who was now busied about her household affairs, sweetly singing *The Fair Hills of Virgin Ireland* in her own native tongue the while.

"He drew her sitting and he drew her standing, front face and side face, milking the cows or at the spinning-wheel, and standing at the door looking out at passers-by with her hand shading her eyes; and when he'd be tired of the drawing he'd produce the fiddle and the bow and play and sing as never I heard man play or sing yet, and I've heard some of the great musicianers of the world. But I had never heard anyone before play for aught but the love of music or money, whereas this man was playing for the love of love. My soul to glory, but 'twas grand! And I was every day more and more vexed and troubled

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in my mind, and yet I had the sense to say nothing, for I myself was once young and in love. And I quietly watched and watched and prayed so that no harm could come of it, and at last when the time was ripe I spake. 'Mary, my heart,' I said, 'when I told George Russell that (you being willing) he had my free consent to win you for his wife, though 'twould be a sore wrench to me to part with you to the best choice that ever broke the world's bread, I knew he was fitted to be the best head to you of any boy in the parish, ay, and in the seven parishes. George is slow and sure, and though poor now as the world goes, he may as well be a poor man as a poor boy; and I hope that a man, Sly by name and Sly by nature, will never be able to put between you. And 'twould be endless misery for all parties if he could. I know what a disappointed life is myself, and I shall stand between you and the like while I live. Our friend the stranger and you could be no match for one another. He loves you, I know; but many things besides love go to the making of the marriages that are made in Heaven. If ever this man could be lifted up to what he fell from (and I'm thinking he's past all hope of that now) 'twould take a woman in his own class to do it, and more than that, only a woman who could be true to herself and to him to the death. Treasure of my soul, you're as good and sweet as any lady in the land; but there's distinctions and allotments, and so it must be to the world's end. As the poor disappointed lady in the play says, "You may wear your rue with a difference"; ay, and your virtues too.'

"But my darling only looked at me and laughed. 'Never fear, grandad,' she said. 'George Russell's little finger is dearer to me than the hearts of all the rest of mankind, but yours. This stranger conceits himself otherwise; and can you blame him that I cannot make him listen to reason,—you, who were once of your days ready to put yourself under the feet of a woman that would make a bridge of your body merely to step across a muddy road to the man she loved?'

"Then my darling flung off in a pet, but I called her back, and she came. And when I looked into the orphan child's honest eyes without a double thought in them, I thanked the heavenly Father that had saved her from harm, and the blessed Mother that had watched over the good and graceful creature when I could do nothing. 'Easy, Mary my girl,' said I; 'I was bound to speak as I did, but now you have taken a load off my heart, and may you have the reward of it. I pray to our heavenly Father that you may never live to see all your children dead before your eyes, as befell me, and may you have grandchildren who take after yourself round your knee in your old age. Eh, child, there is nothing like goodness. And yet I have no wish to bear hard upon a stranger in hospitable Ireland. You will understand 'twould have been but a churlish thing to pass any reflections on the matter to himself, and just as if I begrudged him to be coming about my place at all. We have nothing against him at any rate, you or I; no, nor none of us, except that he's poor and can account for more strong drink without its taking hold of him by the head or by the legs than any other man I can call to mind in a long lifetime,'—and indeed I had seen him to swig away at the raw poteen out of the still and never did it turn a hair on him. 'And as for his poverty,' I went on, 'sure we're all poor and so want nothing of him;

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and as for the drink 'twas often a good man's case.'

"October had begun, and there came rain and rain and rain, and when 'twasn't rain 'twas a heavy mist from the sea, day after day; grey and thick it was, and clinging in to the land like the clothes of a drownded corpse. Those who hadn't been able to get in the hay saw it rotting in the meadows before their eyes in the midst of the rank aftergrass, and the corn heated in the stacks, and the potatoes were rotting in the ground, and there was blight in the very air and foreshadowings of distress through the winter. At last there came a storm, a nor' wester that roared and spat with thunder and lightning and hail, like Hell-opened-to-Christians, for the length of a night and half a day. And when it lulled the one third of the houses in the countryside, but especially those that were slated, were found to have their roofs stripped off to windward; and there were landslips all along the cliffs, for the ground was as sloughy and brittle as a snow-drift in the first of a thaw, and where it sloped low to the sea corrigs of stones had been driven in thick up on it; and the high tide had flooded the fishermen's cabins along the Lower Quay, and knocked down to the foundations two sizeable houses that used be set as lodges in the summer time; and everybody's hay and corn, whether in haggard or field, was blown through other. But for sure 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. There was one man who made well by the general rack, and that was lame Jimmy Duffy who lives across the ferry in Myross. Jimmy is a sour ould crust that nobody likes to make or meddle with; and what happened during the storm, that was second only to the night of the Big Wind, but all Mr. Lysaght of Lysaght's Grove's oats was blown straight ahead into Jimmy's haggard on top of Jimmy's own two stacks which had been blown against the wall first, and there it all lay in one great heap. Well, the very minute the storm was blowing itself out to the points when a man could stand upright in it, over Mr. Lysaght beat his way to Jimmy's, fretting and fuming to claim his oats. 'Tut, tut!' says Jimmy, as bold as brass, 'd'ye think to chisel me out of me substance with a plausible excuse in your mouth, honest man? By the powers then, you've come to the wrong shop this time, for the devil a sheaf or straw of it ever you'll lay your claws on—that much I promise you!' And such a narration of words rose between them as that in the latter end Jimmy levels out with an old blunderbuss that had been used by his great-grandfather to frighten the crows with in the Rebellion of 1798, and told Mr. Lysaght he was no better than a public robber. And the long and short of it was, honest Jimmy had store of oats for three years, besides some he sold; for Mr. Lysaght didn't think it worth while to go to law with such an experienced defendant; but he calls Jimmy nothing but the Devil-on-Two-Sticks to this day,—'twas all the satisfaction he had to get out of him for sure—and all the neighbours have taken it up, so the nickname will stick to the enemy for life. Jimmy fractured the skull of a friend of his own that called him by it, and with one of them same two sticks, during a little argument they had, coming home from the fair of Town of the Cascades."

Here I hasten to explain that the word *friend* in the idiom of the Irish masses is apt to mean merely a relative; just as *boy* denotes any unmarried man over one-and-twenty and under forty. "Did the man recover?" I put in edgewise.

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"Oh yes, sir. Muldoon the Solid Man was the name he was known by; and indeed all them Muldoons are so thick-headed that the Devil himself couldn't smash their sconces any more than could be tinkered up afterwards. But to go back to my story. The morning it cleared at long last broke bright and mild. Surely 'twas too mild it was to be anything but deceiving; and I was sitting on this very bench, smoking my pipe and thinking over what a deal of rack and ruin and cold and hunger and early death I'd seen in my lifetime, when I heard a puffing and panting and the dot-and-go-one of a crutch again the ground, and when I looked round there was the crippled gorsoon Danny O'Rourke, fright in his eyes, and he waving his one free arm and coming towards me as fast as he could drag his poor leg.

"I think I partly guessed what he had come to tell. I know I put my finger on my lips and motioned towards the window of the room where my Mary had just gone in for her shawl, being about to step over to her Aunt Bermingham's for three pounds of wool for to spin; but the lad was full of the bad news and he outs with it all. 'George Russell, that your grand-daughter's match is made with, fell with the cliff. I was watching him walking along by the cliffs before me on his way down here, and he kept very near the edge, and I wondered to see him, knowing the ground was now so yielding. "Surely he's thinking of nothing but his Mary of the curling hair," says I to myself; and on the point of the word the whole edge of the cliff slithered away down out of sight, and George——'

"Again I put up my hand to stop him, for Mary had come out of her room and stood before us. She threw off her shawl from over her head, and put her hand on the jamb of the door, and drew herself up very steady and straight. 'He was always an active boy for all he was stout and heavy,' she said. 'Wasn't he able to get a grip on anything?'

"'Yes, yes!' answers the lad. 'I crep' to the brink as well as I dared, and peeped over, and he had got wan fut on a little projecting shelf of rock half way down, and was clinging with wan hand to some kind of a tough plant,—but oh, Mary, I'm afeared 'twas but a root of ivy, and the other arm was doubled under him as if broke, and the fall is ninety feet.'

"My darling said nothing. She darted into the kitchen where a coil of rope was hanging from a rafter under the loft, and darted out again. 'Why don't you lead on?' says she to the cripple; and then recollecting herself, 'Oh, my poor lad, tell me where he is.'

"'Round the twist in the cliff by Eagle's Nest Rock,' says he, and off she set, running, running. If I had as much presence of mind as she, things wouldn't have turned out as badly as they did; but at any rate I nearly kept up with her, and how I was able to compass that same I'll never know in my time. When I did get alongside of her she was hanging head and breast over the earthen brink of the cliff that was already crumbling beneath her light weight. I put a hand on her arm and dress and drew her back; but she twisted free and jumped up, and she put her foot on the rope she held and strained the knot, and slipped the bight of it over her head and under her arms in a running noose. 'One of us must go down,' she said, 'and I am the lightest. He's disabled and fainting. Let you and Danny hold the rope: he's a plucky good lad and will be up with us surprising soon.'

"'And do you think I'll let you?' says I almost laughing, so monstrous

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it seemed. 'So help me, I thought till this minute that I loved George Russell as a son of my own; but when it comes to the point, the veins of my heart are open to understand that one's true flesh and blood outweighs everything in this world.' And 'twas then she faced me.

"'If you try to prevent me saving the life of my promised husband,' she says, 'I'll dash myself over the cliff; and 'twill be strange flesh and blood you'll find at the bottom.' Her voice screeched out as never was it heard before or since, and her eyes blazed wide and wild and—God save the mark!—there she stood before me, the very moral and image of her grandmother when she was young.

"Even if I could prevent her destroying herself, I knew I couldn't prevent her being possessed with the madness that was hovering over her, if the man her heart was set on perished untimely before her eyes. And better fifty deaths than that! Moreover, I had such faith that I believed her Guardian Angel would uphold her through all. So I don't deny I hesitated.

"But that minute one stepped up very quickly and quietly, and took hold of the rope and slipped it off the girl. She and I faced round and there was the Man from Bohemia.

"'And so you were going to let your orphan grand-daughter commit suicide,' says he.

"I've been cruel sorry for it ever since, but I blazed out upon him; for I never could bear to have anyone put between my darling and me. 'What!' says I, rapping out the roundest oath that ever passed between these lips. 'Who are you, —a wastrel from nowhere, masquerading under a false name, with the very eyes of you cross-swearing at one another—to try to come the high hand over John Tamplin at the end of his days? Who are you to take it on you to instruct me how to deal with my own flesh and blood? What do you know of truth to blood or breeding,—you that I dare swear broke the heart of the mother that bore you, you that fell from your place in the world to stick in the mud round the swine-troughs? Stand back, and if you want to do her a service hold on to the rope with the girl and the cripple while I go over the cliff, I who am eighty-three years old.'

"I was used to think the sound of the crack of doom couldn't make that man turn pale, but he turned pale then, and 'twasn't pale it was but ashy white. 'Let be,' he said, 'let be. I can't fight the like of you, and your tongue is the strongest part of you, old man.' And he drooped his head and stared at the coil of rope at his feet and his hand shook. 'After all, the sting of the thing is its truth,' says he to himself like, in a queer clenched voice. Then he suddenly catches up the rope and lifts up his head and looks into Mary's eyes, girding the rope round his own body the while.

"She made a jump at him. 'Can I trust you?' she cried out. 'Remember my heart and soul are within him, you that will have the better man at a sore disadvantage.'

"'Before God, you can!' he says, taking off his hat at the word; and he pulls a gold ring with a jewel in it off his own finger and slips it on hers. 'If I never come back alive,' he went on, 'keep this in remembrance of me. It is the only thing of value I have in this world, and until now has never left my finger through good and evil report and want and sickness and houseless nights ever since my mother,—whose heart I indeed broke —gave it me as a birthday gift, before she had reason to curse the day and me.' He held off from Mary

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a full minute and looked into her face hard; and then the broken gentleman stooped down and kissed my darling's work-roughened hand, and he turned away with a kind of a low laugh. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,' says he, but not to us. 'Now how goes it when a man lays down his life for his enemy?' The next instant (and bear in mind all this happened in far less time than it takes to tell) he had swung himself over the cliff's edge, holding on by his hands to feel his way at first. Then he called out in a loud, cheerful voice, 'Steady! lower away!'

"My old blood felt turned to water; but we held to the rope tight and true although he was no light weight, and we lowered down and down and down, and the rope was paying out so short in our hands that a new fright gripped my heart, but, thanks be to God, that same moment the jerk ran up the rope that meant, 'Hold hard!'

"I thought the minutes that followed would never end. Of course none of us dared look over the cliff. For something more than a minute by the clock the rope slackened, and there was no weight at the end of it, and my heart stood still listening for the cry and the splash. But instead, the rope strained more than ever with a strange kind of a dead weight, and we pulled and pulled and pulled for dear life, and Mary cried out 'I see his head!' and dropped her grip of the rope and ran to the brink of the precipice and half lifted, half dragged her sweetheart up high and dry; and we didn't know at first whether he was dead or alive, for his head hung down on his shoulder and his left arm was hanging broken by his side; and Mary flung herself down beside him crying and clasping her two hands.

"'Whisht, whisht! *alanna beg deelish!*' I says, looking closer at him. 'He's not dead all out,—I have seen the colour of death too often to be mistaken. God pity us all.'

"Then the crippled gorsoon, who was very strong and skilful with his hands, crept up and cast off the rope from round him. 'We're forgetting the stranger man balancing between life and death down below,' he says. 'And oh my God! the rope has frayed nearly through against the cliff, and 'twill never bear the weight of a man the second time.'

"My darling had been loosening the collar and tie from round the neck of him that was to have been her husband, and sprinkling his face with water she brought in her two joined hands from a drain hard by, but she leaped up at the word. 'God forgive me!' she cried out, and kilted up her dress and ran down the incline towards the town. And with the lie of the ground in her favour she ran as never did I see woman run before or since.

"'If there was only a ship in the bay,' says Danny looking all forlorn about him as if his sight was dazzled; 'the sailors 'ud be the best warrant to help us.' But the both of us knew all the while there was no ship to be looked for that day of the year, having regard to the winter storms and the dangers of our coast in the way of sunken rocks and reefs. I hung over the cliff quite reckless now. I longed to be able to call out a cheering word to the man below, and my excuses for having miscalled him, while forgetting,—as a man who had lived so long in this world had no call to do—that a man is never known till he's proved. But I durstn't give my voice fair play in dread of giving him a start and a stagger, to say nothing of the fear of loosening

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more earth and stones about him. I have never been able to understand where he got a footing during the minute it took him to cast off the rope from himself and fasten it round George Russell. The ledge was no more than a foot wide, and of that stone which scales off in flakes; and there he was crouched against the cliff, holding on to what seemed a bunch of twigs, and his face turned steadily upward but away from me. I could only see his curly red-brown poll with the bald spot on it. And there were streams of water running down the cliff, and the earth loosened again, and what ought to have been solid rock and a flight of stones went rattling down, one big corrig of them glancing by within half a foot of him. And I drew back sickened and groaned out, 'Oh God help us, for the power of man won't bring them in time!' And the cripple was down on his two knees praying with the big tears running down his cheeks. And sorra a one of either of us bestowed a thought on George Russell that was striving to rise out of the faint he'd been in. But at long last we heard cries of encouragement, though not too loud; and we scrambled up, I and the cripple, and there was my darling coming back on the double run and two of the coastguards and a police constable and Willie Edmunds running alongside her for the bare life, with great coils of cable rope slung over their shoulders; and the whole street of Fort Connor,—men, women and little children—striving to keep up behind, all but enough to man the coastguards' life-boat and two of the fishermen's canoes that were already coming round the bend of the cliffs as gallantly as men could pull. The station-officer of the coast-guard, a sturdy little Englishman, had wanted to be the man to go down to the rescue, but he gave in to Willie Edmunds, a good-natured ne'er-do-well belonging to the place, who could tread in and out and up and down among the cliffs like a goat, he having for years been in the habit of being lowered down about them with a rope after the birds' eggs. This boy had actually dropped off the cliff, with a wire-bound cable round him and twenty or thirty men and some fifty women and children beyond count holding on to the slack of it; and he was feeling about to keep a footing for as far down as he could, when suddenly he lets a frightful screech out of himself and bounds back again into the midst of us, for a smothered cry had come from below, — a smothered cry, a rushing noise, and then a wicked little splash!"

The old man dropped his pipe and stooped down and fumbled about a good deal in picking it up. He said the smoke had got into his eyes which were not so strong as they used to be, God be with the youth of him. I said nothing; something dimmed my eyes too.

"The body was already drifting out to sea by the time the boats came up with it, for the rising spring-tide had been licking the base of the cliffs for some short time," went on Grandfather Tamplin at last. "There were no marks on it to speak of, but one little bruise on the right temple that was easily covered up with a curl of his hair. When he was laid out the face was not as we remembered it; 'twas the face of much a younger and a better man. We buried him decent; I tell you he wasn't waked with an inch of a candle and a half-gallon measure. And George Russell got up out of his bed, in spite of my brother-in-law, Isaias Bermingham, the bone-setter, and his sound shoulder was under the coffin, he and I walking abreast at the head of the bearers.

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And the big people hereabouts started a subscription, and everybody gave to it, and we put up a noble Celtic cross over his grave. And the parish priest got carved out at the foot of it in brave big letters the words out of the Book itself that were his last words, and he going down to his death: *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

"Was this man's identity ever established?" I asked very curiously.

"Never; nor ever will be, I'm thinking, after this lapse of time. No letters ever came here directed to him after his death, nor any enquiry nor word nor hint, although the priest had written out an account of it all with a full description, that was printed in the great newspapers all over the three kingdoms. As for that of it, though, Father Barry said to myself afterwards that even if any one of his own kith and kin had lighted on it,—his mother being dead —most likely they felt sorry but relieved, and thought it more to the credit of the family to make no sign.

"But," said Grandfather Tamplin, rising slowly and tossing on to his shoulder his laughing, crowing, chubby little eldest great-grandson, who had just run out of the cottage all flushed with sleep and rubbing his big blue eyes, "whoever he was, and whatsoever nation he came from, and no matter for what reason his own flesh and blood cast him off and forgot him, I and mine will never forget him while there's a drop of blood in our hearts. For, before God and His Saints, we know there is a man the less in the world!"

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A REPUTATION.

I.

It was at a little lonely shooting-box in the Forest of Rhynns that I first met Layden, sometime in the process of a wet August. The place belonged to his cousin, Urquhart, a strange man, well on in years, who divided his time between recondite sport and mild antiquities. We were a small party of men, held together by the shifty acquaintance of those who meet somewhere and somehow each autumn. By day we shot conscientiously over mossy hills, or fished in the many turbid waters; while of an evening there would be much tobacco and sporting talk, interspersed with the sleepy indifferent joking of wearied men. We all knew the life well from long experience, and for the sake of a certain freshness and excitement were content to put up with monotonous fare and the companionship of bleak moorlands. It was a season of brown faces and rude health, when a man's clothes smelt of peat, and he recked not of letters accumulating in the nearest post-town.

To such sombre days Layden came like a phœnix among moorfowl. I had arrived late and my first sight of him was at dinner, where the usual listless talk was spurred almost to brilliance by his presence. He kept all the table laughing at his comical stories and quaint notes on men and things, shrewd, witty, and well timed. But this welcome vivacity was not all, for he cunningly assumed the air of a wise man unbending, and his most random saying had the piquant hint of a great capacity. Nor was his talk without a certain body, for when by any chance one of his hearers touched upon some matter of technical knowledge, he was ready at a word for a well-informed discussion. The meal ended, as it rarely did, in a full flow of conversation, and men rose with the feeling of having returned for the moment to some measure of culture.

The others came out one by one to the lawn above the river, while he went off with his host on some private business. George Winterham sat down beside me and blew solemn wreaths of smoke toward the sky. I asked him who the man was, and it is a sign of the impression made that George gave me his name without a request for further specification.

"That's a deuced clever chap," he said with emphasis, stroking a wearied leg.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Don't know,—cousin of Urquhart's. Rising man, they say, and I don't wonder. I bet that fellow is at the top before he dies."

"Is he keen on shooting?" I asked, for it was the usual question.

Not much, George thought. You could never expect a man like that to be good in the same way as fools like himself; they had better things to think about. After all what were grouse and salmon but vanities and the killing of them futility? said Mr. Winterham by way of blaspheming his idols. "I was writing to my sister, Lady Clanroyden, you know," he went on, "and I mentioned that a chap of the name of Layden was coming. And here she writes to me

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to-day and can speak about nothing but the man. She says that the Cravens have taken him up, and that he is going to marry the rich Miss Clavering, and that the Prime Minister said to somebody that he would be dashed if this chap wasn't the best they had. Where the deuce did I leave Mabel's letter?" And George went indoors upon the quest.

Shortly after Layden came out, and soon we all sat watching the dusk gather over miles of spongy moor and vague tangled birch woods. It is hard for one who is clearly the sole representative of light amid barbarism to escape from a certain seeming of pedantry and a walk aloof and apart. I watched the man carefully, for he fascinated me, and if I had admired his nimble wits at dinner, the more now did I admire his tact. By some cunning art he drove out all trace of superiority from his air; he was the ordinary good fellow, dull, weary like the rest, vastly relishing tobacco, and staring with vacant eyes to the evening.

The last day of my visit to the Forest I have some occasion to remember. It was marked by a display of weather which I, who am something of a connoisseur in the thing, have never seen approached in this land or elsewhere. The morning had been hazy and damp, with mist over the hill-tops and the air lifeless. But about midday a wind came out of the south-west which sent the vapour flying and left the tops bald and distant. We had been shooting over the Cauldshaw Head, and about five in the afternoon landed on a spur of the Little Muneraw above the tarn which they call the Loch o' the Threshes. Thence one sees a great prospect of wild country, with birch woods like smoke and sudden rifts which are the glens of streams. On this afternoon the air was cool and fine, the sky a level grey, the water like ink beneath dull-gleaming crags. But the bare details were but a hundredth part of the scene; for over all hung an air of silence, deep, calm, impenetrable,—the quiet distilled of the endless moors, the grey heavens, the primeval desert. It was the incarnate mystery of life, for in that utter loneliness lay the tale of ages since the world's birth, the song of being and death as uttered by wild living things since the rocks had form. The sight had the glamour of a witch's chant; it cried aloud for recognition, driving from the heart all other loves and fervours and touching the savage elemental springs of desire.

We sat in scattered places on the hillside, all gazing our fill of the wild prospect, even the keepers, to whom it was a matter of daily repetition. None spoke, for none had the gift of words; only in each mind was the same dumb and unattainable longing. Then Layden began to talk and we listened. In another it would have been mere impertinence, for another would have prated and fallen into easy rhetoric; but this man had the art of speech and his words were few and chosen. In a second he was done, but all had heard and were satisfied; for he had told the old tale of the tent by the running water and the twin candle-stars in heaven, of morning and evening under the sky and the whole lust of the gipsy life. Every man there had seen a thousandfold more of the very thing he spoke of, had gone to the heart of savagery, pioneering in the Himalayas, shooting in the Rocky Mountains, or bearing the heat of tropical sport. And yet this slim townsman, who could not shoot straight, to whom Scots hills were a revelation of the immense, and who was in his proper element on a London pavement,—this man could read the sentiment so that

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every hearer's heart went out to answer.

As we went home I saw by his white face that he was overtired, and he questioned me irritably about the forwarding of letters. So there and then I prayed Heaven for the gift of speech, which makes a careless spectator the interpreter of voiceless passion.

II.

Three years later I found myself in England, a bronzed barbarian fresh from wild life in north Finland, and glad of a change to the pleasant domesticity of home. It was early spring, and I drifted to my cousin's house of Heston after the aimless fashion of the returned wanderer. Heston is a pleasant place to stay in at all times, but pleasantest in spring, for it stands on the last ridge of a Devon moor, whence rolls a wide land of wood and meadow to a faint blue line of sea. The hedgerows were already bursting into leaf, and brimming waters slipped through fresh green grasses. All things were fragrant of homeland and the peace of centuries.

At Heston I met my excellent friend Wratislaw, a crabbed, cynical, hard-working, and sore-battered man, whose excursions in high politics had not soothed his temper. His whole life was a perpetual effort to make himself understood, and as he had started with somewhat difficult theories, his recognition had been slow. But it was sure; men respected him sincerely if from afar; in his own line he was pre-eminent, and gradually he was drawing to himself the work in a great office of State where difficulty was equally mated with honour.

"Well, you old madman," he cried, "where have you been lost all these months? We heard marvellous stories about you and there was talk of a search-party. So you chose to kill the fatted calf here of all places. I should have gone elsewhere; it will be too much of a show this week."

"Who are coming?" I groaned resignedly.

"Lawerdale for one," he answered. I nodded; Lawerdale was a very great man in whom I had no manner of interest. "Then there are Rogerson, and Lady Afflint, and Charlie Erskine."

"Is that the lot?"

"Wait a moment. Oh, by Jove, I forgot; there's Layden coming, the great Layden."

"I once met a Layden; I wonder if it's the same man."

"Probably,—cousin of Urquhart's."

"But he wasn't commonly called great then."

"You forget, you barbarian, that you've been in the wilderness for years. Reputations have come and gone in that time. Why, Layden is a name to conjure with among most people,—Layden, the brilliant young thinker, orator, and writer, the teacher of the future!" And Wratislaw laughed in his most sardonic fashion.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Oh, well enough in a way. He was a year below me at Oxford,—used to talk in the Union a lot, and beat my head off for President. He was a harebrained creature then, full of ideals and aboriginal conceit; a sort of shaggy Rousseau, who preached a new heaven and a new earth and was worshipped by a pack of schoolboys. He did well in his way, got his First and some University prizes, but the St. Chad's people wouldn't have him at any price for their fellowship. He told me it was but another sign of the gulf between the real and the ideal. I thought then that he

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was a frothy ass, but he has learned manners since,—and tact. I suppose there is no doubt about his uncommon cleverness."

"Do you like him?"

Wratislaw laughed. "I don't know. You see, he and I belong to different shops and we haven't a sentiment in common. He would call me dull; I might be tempted to call him windy. It is all a matter of taste." And he shrugged his broad shoulders and went in to dress.

At dinner I watched the distinguished visitor with interest. That he was very much of a celebrity was obvious at once. He it was to whom the unaccountable pauses in talk were left, and something in his carefully modulated voice, his neatness, his air of entire impregnability, gave him a fascination felt even by so unemotional a man as I. He differed with Lawerdale on a political question, and his attitude of mingled deference and certainty was as engaging to witness as it must have been irritating to encounter. But the event of the meal was his treatment of Lady Afflint, a lady (it is only too well known) who is the hidden reef on which so many a brilliant talker shipwrecks. Her questions give a fatal chance for an easy and unpleasing smartness; she leads her unhappy companion into a morass of "shop" from which there is no escape, and, worst of all, she has the shrewdness to ask those questions which can only be met by a long explanation and which leave their nervous and short-winded victim the centre of a confusing silence. I have no hesitation in calling Layden's treatment of this estimable woman a miracle of art. Her own devices were returned upon her, until we had the extraordinary experience of seeing Lady Afflint reduced to an aggrieved peace.

But the man's appearance surprised me. There was nothing of the flush of enthusiasm, the ready delight in his own powers, which are supposed to mark the popular idol. His glance seemed wandering and vacant, his face drawn and lined with worry, and his whole figure had the look of a man prematurely ageing. Rogerson, that eminent lawyer, remarked on the fact in his vigorous style. "Layden has chosen a damned hard profession. I never cared much for the fellow, but I admit he can work. Why, add my work to that of a first-rate journalist, and you have an idea of what the man gets through every day of his life. And then think of the amount he does merely for show, the magazine articles, the lecturing, the occasional political speaking. All that has got to be kept up as well as his reputation in society. It would kill me in a week, and, mark my words, he can't live long at that pitch."

I saw him no more that night, but every paper I picked up was full of him. It was "Mr. Layden Interviewed" here, and "Arnold Layden, an Appreciation" there, together with paragraphs innumerable, and the inscrutable allusions in his own particular journal. The thing disgusted me, and yet the remembrance of that worn-out face held me from condemning him. I am one whose interest is very little in the minute problems of human conduct, finding enough to attract me in the breathing, living world. But here was something which demanded recognition, and in my own incapable way I drew his character.

I saw little of him during that week at Heston, for he was eternally in the train of some woman or other, when he was not in the library turning out his tale of bricks. With amazing industry he contrived to pass

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a considerable portion of each day in serious labour, and then turned with weary eyes to the frivolity in which he was currently supposed to delight. We were the barest acquaintances, a brief nod, a chance good-morning, being the limits of our intimacy; indeed it was a common saying that Layden had a vast acquaintance but scarcely a friend.

But on the Sunday I happened to be sitting with Wratislaw on an abrupt furze-clad knoll which looks over the park to meadow and sea. We had fallen to serious talking, or the random moralising which does duty for such among most of us. Wratislaw in his usually jerky fashion was commenting on the bundle of perplexities which made up his life, when to us there entered a third in the person of Layden himself. He had a languid gait, partly assumed no doubt for purposes of distinction, but partly the result of an almost incessant physical weariness. But to-day there seemed to be something more in his manner. His whole face was listless and dreary; his eyes seemed blank as a stone wall.

As I said before, I scarcely knew him, but he and Wratislaw were old acquaintances. At any rate he now ignored me wholly, and flinging himself on the ground by my companion's side, leaned forward, burying his face in his hands.

"Oh Tommy, Tommy, old man, I am a hopeless wreck," he groaned.

"You are overworking, my dear fellow," said Wratislaw; "you should hold back a little."

Layden turned a vacant face towards the speaker. "Do you think that is all?" he said. "Why, work never killed a soul. I could work night and day if I were sure of my standing-ground."

Wratislaw looked at him long and solemnly. Then he took out a pipe and lit it. "You'd better smoke," he said. "I get these fits of the blues sometimes myself, and they go off as suddenly as they come. But I thought you were beyond that sort of thing."

"Beyond it!" Layden cried. "If I had had them years ago it might have saved me. When the Devil has designs on a man, be sure that the first thing he does is to make him contented with himself." I saw Wratislaw's eyebrows go up. This was strange talk to hear from one of Layden's life. "I would give the world to be in your place. You have chosen solid work, and you have left yourself leisure to live. And I—— oh, I am a sort of ineffectual busy person, running about on my little errands and missing everything." Wratislaw winced; he disliked all mention of himself, but he detested praise. "It's many years since I left Oxford, I don't remember how long, and all this time I have been doing nothing. Who is it talks about being 'idly busy'? And people have praised me and fooled me till I believed I was living my life decently. It isn't as if I had been slack. My God, I have worked like a nigger, and my reward is wind and smoke! Did you ever have the feeling, Tommy, as if you were without bearings and had to drift with your eyes aching for solid land?" The other shook his head slowly, and looked like a man in profound discomfort. "No, of course you never did, and why should you? You made up your mind at once what was worth having in the world and went straight for it. That was a man's part. But I thought a little dazzle of fame was the heavenly light. I liked to be talked about; I wanted the reputation of brilliance, so I utilised every scrap of talent I had and turned it all into show. Every little trivial

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thought was stored up and used on paper or in talk. I toiled terribly, if you like, but it was a foolish toil, for it left nothing for myself. And now I am bankrupt of ideas. My mind grows emptier year by year, and what little is left is spoiled by the same cursed need for ostentation. 'Every man should be lonely at heart'; whoever said that said something terribly true, and the words have been driving me mad for days. All the little that I have must be dragged out to the shop-window, and God knows the barrenness of that back-parlour I call my soul." I saw that Wratislaw was looking very solemn, and that his pipe had gone out and had dropped on the ground. "And what is the result of it all?" Layden went on. "Oh, I cannot complain. It is nobody's fault but my own; but Lord, what a pretty mess it is," and he laughed miserably. "I cannot bear to be alone and face the naked ribs of my mind. A beautiful sight has no charms for me save to revive jaded conventional memories. I have lost all capacity for the plain, strong, simple things of life, just as I am beginning to realise their transcendent worth. I am growing wretchedly mediocre, and I shall go down month by month till I find my own degraded level. But thank God, I do not go with my eyes shut; I know myself for a fool, and for the fool there is no salvation."

Then Wratislaw rose and stood above him. I had never seen him look so kindly at anyone, and for a moment his rough cynical face was transfigured into something like tenderness. He put his hand on the other's shoulder. "You are wrong, old man," he said; "you are not a fool. But if you had not come to believe yourself one, I should have had doubts of your wisdom. As it is, you will now go on to try the real thing, and then,—we shall see."

III.

The real thing,—Heaven knows it is what we are all striving after with various degrees of incompetence. I looked forward to the transformation of the jaded man with an interest not purely of curiosity. His undoubted cleverness, and the habitual melancholy of his eyes gave him a certain romantic aloofness from common life. Moreover Wratislaw had come to believe in him, and I trusted his judgment.

I saw no more of the man for weeks, hearing only that his health was wretched and that he had gone for a long holiday to the South. His private income had always been considerable, and his work could very well wait; but his admirers were appalled by the sudden cessation of what had been a marvellous output. I was honestly glad to think of his leisure. I pictured him once more the master of himself, gathering his wits for more worthy toil, and getting rid of the foolish restlessness which had unnerved him. Then came a chance meeting at a railway-station, when he seemed to my hasty eyes more cheerful and well-looking; and then my wanderings began again, and London gossip, reputations, and chatter about letters were left a thousand miles behind.

When I returned I had almost forgotten his name; but the air of one's own land is charged with memories, and the past rises on the mind by degrees till it recovers its former world. I found Wratislaw looking older, grimmer, and more irritable, ready to throw books at me for tantalising him with glimpses of an impossible life. He walked me fiercely through Hyde Park full of abrupt questions as of old, and ever ready with his shrewd humourous comment. Then in my turn I fell to asking him of people and things, of the whole complication of civilised

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life from which I had been shut off for years. Some stray resemblance in a passing face struck me, and I asked about Layden.

Wratislaw grunted savagely. "In a way I am grateful to the man for showing me that I am a fool."

"Then he has gone back to his old life?" I asked, not without anxiety.

"Listen to me," he said gruffly. "His health broke down, as you know, and he went abroad to recover it. He stopped work, dropped out of publicity, and I thought all was well. But the man cannot live without admiration; he must be hovering in its two-penny light like a moth round a candle. So he came back, and, well,—there was a repetition of the parable of the seven devils. Only he has changed his line. Belles-lettres, society small-talk, everything of that kind has gone overboard. He is by way of being earnest now; he talks of having found a mission in life, and he preaches a new gospel about getting down to the truth of things. His trash has enormous influence; when he speaks the place is crowded, and I suppose he is in hopes of becoming a Force. He has transient fits of penitence, for he is clever enough to feel now and then that he is a fool, but I was wrong to think that he could ever change. Well, well, the band-playing for the ruck but the end of the battle for the strong! He is a mere creature of phrases, and he has got hold of the particular word which pleases his generation. Do you remember our last talk with him at Heston? Well, read that bill."

He pointed to a large placard across the street. And there in flaming red and black type I read that on a certain day, under the auspices of a certain distinguished body, Mr. Arnold Layden would lecture on The Real Thing.

J. B.

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THE FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND.

II.

HUMBERT, thus left to himself with his little army in this remote corner of Ireland, lost no time in taking the offensive. The day after his arrival he despatched General Sarazin with a detachment of a hundred men, including forty troopers, to make a reconnaissance of Ballina. Finding the opposition likely to be formidable Sarazin fell back on Killala, taking, however, the precaution of posting a strong ambuscade under an old bridge about two miles out of the latter town. Later in the day the English forces in Ballina, having been reinforced by some yeomanry and by a detachment of the Carabiniers under Major Keir, advanced on Killala; but, being vigorously assailed from the ambuscade, they were forced to retire after a brisk skirmish, and not without loss. Mr. Fortescue, a young clergyman who had volunteered his services, was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterwards. The day following Humbert himself, with the main body of his army, marched against Ballina. On this occasion scarcely any attempt was made to oppose Sarazin and his grenadiers, who again led the advance. Some troops had been collected under Colonel Sir Thomas Chapman, who took up a position near Moyne Abbey on the road from Killala; but these quickly retreated, and scarcely halting in Ballina evacuated that town and retired to Foxford, eight miles further south. The execution of a rebel by the retreating English troops enabled the Frenchmen to signalise their entry into Ballina by a characteristic display of theatrical sympathy. A man named Walsh, who with premature and injudicious assiduity was found recruiting for the invaders, was hanged on a tree in the main street of Ballina. As the French troops advanced Sarazin and many of his followers embraced the still-warm body of their victim, the leader exclaiming as he kissed the face of the corpse: "*Voilà, Messieurs*, thus do we honour the martyrs of your sacred cause!"

Having by these rapid and successful movements obtained control of a very considerable part of north-west Mayo, and having impresssed the populace with a belief alike in the prowess of the French arms and in the weakness of the defence, Humbert's next care was to attract recruits to his standard, and as the representative of the French Republic to establish a form of civil government. On the morning following his arrival he issued a grandiloquent proclamation, setting forth the sympathy of the French for Ireland, the valour and disinterestedness of the invading army, and the glories attendant on popular liberty. This document, the composition probably of Humbert's Irish officers, Teeling and O'Keon, ran as follows:

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, UNION!

IRISHMEN,—You have not forgot Bantry Bay; you know what efforts France has made to assist you. Her affection for you, her desire to avenge your wrongs and insure your independence, can never be impaired. After several unsuccessful attempts, behold Frenchmen arrived amongst you. They come to support

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your courage, to share your dangers, to join their arms, and to mix their blood with yours in the sacred cause of liberty.

Brave Irishmen, our cause is common; like you we abhor the avaricious and blood-thirsty policy of an oppressive Government; like you, we hold as indefeasible the rights of all nations to liberty; like you we are persuaded that the peace of the world must ever be troubled, as long as the British Ministry is suffered to make with impunity a traffic of the industry, labour, and blood of the people.

But exclusive of the interests which unite us we have powerful motives to love and defend you. Have we not been the pretext of the cruelty exercised against you by the cabinet of St. James's? The heartfelt interest you have shown in the grand events of our Revolution, has it not been imputed to you as a crime? Are not tortures and death continually hanging over such of you as are barely suspected of being our friends? Let us unite, then, and march to glory!

We swear the most inviolable respect for your properties, your laws, and all your religious opinions. Be free; be masters in your own country! We look for no other conquest than that of your liberty, no other success than yours. The moment of breaking your chains has arrived; our triumphant troops are now flying to the extremities of the earth, to tear up the roots of the wealth and tyranny of our enemies. That frightful Colossus is mouldering away in every part. Can there be any Irishman base enough to separate himself at such a happy juncture from the grand interests of his country? If such there be, brave friends, let him be chased from the country he betrays, and let his property become the reward of those generous men who know how to fight and die.

Irishmen, recollect the late defeats which your enemies have experienced from the French; recollect the plains of Houscoste, Toulon, Quiberon, and Ostend; recollect America, free from the moment she wished to be so. The contest between you and your oppressors cannot be long. Union! Liberty! The Irish Republic! such is our cry. Let us march! Our hearts are devoted to you; our glory is in your happiness. Health and Fraternity!

HUMBERT, GENERAL.

To inspire confidence in these promises it was announced that Humbert's was only the vanguard of an army of thirty thousand men who were to arrive within a fortnight; that arms, ammunition, and clothing were ready for distribution among the brave allies of France; and that, pending the arrival of a supply of ready money with the rest of the army of invasion, the necessities of the soldiers would be purchased by drafts on the new provincial Directory which it was proposed to establish forthwith. A commissary of stores soon found his whole time occupied in writing out drafts in the following terms: "In the name of the French Government, good for half a guinea to be raised on the province of Connaught."

For the arms and uniforms the demand was brisk from the outset. Chests containing each forty muskets, and others filled with gay French uniforms were opened in the court-yard of the castle, and distributed indiscriminately among the applicants; upwards of five thousand stand of arms being handed out, according to the statement of a French officer. The eagerness of the people for the uniforms, of which as many as a thousand were given out among the people round Killala alone, was so great that some of the peasants, after receiving their suits, presented themselves next day in their native rags for a second supply. The gaudy helmets, elaborately edged with spotted brown paper in imitation of leopard-skin, were special objects of ambition to these half-civilised creatures.

It may be doubted, however, whether, with a longer experience of the quality of these raw recruits, so general and extravagant a distribution of arms would have been deemed expedient. Indeed a little later Humbert gave up the attempt to turn the peasantry into disciplined soldiers, finding them much more efficient when

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charging with the pikes they understood the use of, than when attempting to fire volleys with weapons which they knew not how to manage. These Irish levies quickly disappointed their French friends. Entirely without military training, scarcely comprehending the meaning or necessity of discipline, and uncontrolled by persons of superior education, they were for the most part a hindrance rather than a help to their allies. To most of them fire-arms were so little familiar that they sought to insert their cartridges at the wrong end, and, when the ammunition stuck in the barrel, in their efforts to extract it, often beat and bent the weapon against the ground till it was rendered useless. Those who were more expert were so proud of their accomplishment that they were perpetually discharging their muskets, and wasting their allowance of powder in shooting crows. This practice was peremptorily put a stop to after the French commander had narrowly escaped a bullet fired by one of this awkward squad; and thenceforward the recruits remained unprovided with bullets, and were restricted to one charge of gunpowder.

Even more unfamiliar than musket and cartridge to the untutored peasants of the West was the fare served out to them as rations in common with their French comrades. To the poor cottier from the mountains of Erris meat was an unknown luxury; and from his ignorance how to use or cook it the wastefulness was extreme. A French officer complained that these Irishmen would consume in four days proportionately more than the Army of Italy would have consumed in a month; and he told with disgust how he had seen a recruit, on receiving his week's allowance of beef (eight pounds), lie down on the ground and gnaw it with such voracity that he was certain the fellow would devour it all before he rose. Small wonder that, in less than a fortnight from their arrival, the contemptuous estimate of the French for these new allies of the Republic should be thus expressed by an old soldier, on his commanding officer ordering him to set out for Sligo at the head of a detachment of Irish levies: "Do you know what I would do with these Irish devils, if I had a body to form out of them? I would pick out one-third of them, and by the Lord I would shoot the rest!"

Scarcely greater than the dissimilarity in training and discipline between the two wings of the allied forces were the differences of opinion which separated them in religious matters. The simple and untutored peasant of Mayo, with his implicit reverence for the priest, his unquestioning acceptance of the mysteries of his faith, and his belief that he was engaged not less in a holy war than in a patriotic enterprise, was incomprehensible to the free-thinking veterans of the Army of Italy who laughed at the simplicity with which the peasantry took arms, as they expressed it, "for France and the Blessed Virgin." "Why, then, God help these simpletons," exclaimed a Frenchman. "If they knew how little we care for the Pope or his religion, they would not be so hot in expecting help from us. We have just sent Mr. Pope away from Italy; and who knows but we may find him again in this country?" Throughout the campaign the French troops, heedless of their instructions to treat the Irish as fighting for the same cause as themselves, took but little pains to show respect to the religious views of the inhabitants of the country, mocking at them for their observance of the Sabbath and their fasting on Fridays, and deriding as an absurd

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superstition the practice of wearing scapulars, which had become prevalent among the peasantry of Mayo.

While the peasantry thus came forward with undisciplined enthusiasm, Humbert and his officers looked in vain among the volunteers for representatives of the other orders of society. Neither from among the landed gentry nor from the commercial class did they receive any considerable support. At Killala, as afterwards at Castlebar, the French General found that his enterprise, even when not actively opposed, was viewed with dislike and suspicion as well among the Roman Catholic gentry as among their Protestant brethren.

Mr. Richard Bourke of Ballina, and Matthew Bellew, brother of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, were the only persons of good connections in the immediate neighbourhood of Killala who declared definitely for the invaders; and neither of these was a very reputable specimen of his class. General Bellew, as he came to be called, was indeed a member of the ancient Roman Catholic family of that name, but had disgraced his relations by a life of drunkenness and debauchery. He had been intended for the priesthood by his father, who had sent him to Rome to be educated; but he had deserted divinity for a soldier's life. After spending some years in the Austrian, and subsequently in the Russian service, he had been severely wounded by the explosion of a mine at the siege of Ismail, and obliged to abandon his military career. Returning to Mayo as a dependant upon his brother the bishop, he had fallen into drunken and dirty habits. Being, however, a man of some humour and entertaining social qualities, he continued to be tolerated by the Mayo gentry, and wandered about, at will, a sort of disreputable Will Wimble, from one country house to another. So little of a United Irishman was he, that, on the arrival of the French, he desired to take arms against them and offered to serve with the local yeomanry. This offer being refused he had, unable to keep out of the excitement, joined the French; and was at once placed by Humbert in command of the Irish recruits, a position in which his military experience, joined to his knowledge of French, would have made him exceedingly useful, had he been able to place his intemperate habits under restraint. The example of Bourke and Bellew was followed by James O'Dowd, the last representative of one of the most ancient families of Tyrawley, and by two gentlemen named Barrett, father and son. Of these the elder was a doctor and apothecary in Ballina, and the son had been, prior to the outbreak of the Rebellion, an active member of the Tyrawley Yeomanry Corps, with the reputation of an efficient soldier and a loyal subject. The Barretts were both men of humane and peaceful disposition, and appear rather to have drifted into the treason which cost the elder his life and drove the younger into exile, than to have acted from any warm enthusiasm for the popular cause.

At the end of three days from his arrival Humbert having enrolled and officered an Irish contingent of about six hundred men, moved forward with the main body of his troops to Ballina, with the intention of advancing from that point on Castlebar. For the protection of his military stores and ammunition, which included a quantity of gunpowder that ultimately became a source of great embarrassment to the garrison, and perhaps also with a view to the protection of his rear in the event of a landing by the British

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squadron, which, as he was aware had been chasing him, a detachment of nearly two hundred French soldiers with six officers was left behind in Killala. As hostages for the safety of these officers Humbert carried with him Edwin Stock, Mr. Nixon, the curate of Killala, and four other residents of the town. These, however, were permitted to return a day or two later.

With the subsequent movements of Humbert and his army in the interior of the country, and the course of his brief but in many respects brilliant, though hopeless, campaign, we are not at present concerned, and must confine our attention to what passed at Killala while the issue of the invasion was being decided elsewhere. During the four weeks which elapsed between the departure of the French General for Castlebar and his final defeat and surrender at Ballinamuck, the loyalists at Killala passed through a period of the most anxious disquietude, hope and despair alternating rapidly in their breasts as the chances of war depressed or cheered the foes by whom they were surrounded and outnumbered. Cut off from all communication with their friends, and surrounded by a population which became every day more turbulent and difficult to restrain, they were entirely without information of the progress of the rebellion, save what came to them from French or rebel sources, and, in the language of Bishop Stock, knew no more of what was going forward in the rest of Ireland than if they were at Calcutta. While the French garrison remained with them the inhabitants of the castle were able to contemplate the situation with some approach to equanimity. M. Charost, the Commandant, proved to be a man of sense, honour, and humanity, in whom the experience of a few days inspired feelings of the highest respect and regard for the gentlemen confided to his charge. During this period too the captives were cheered by the arrival in the bay of two vessels which, though they were at first hailed by the French as the forerunners of Hardy's army, proved to be an English squadron. A frigate, the Cerberus, with her cutter, anchored and sent out her boats to fire two trading-vessels laden with oatmeal and in possession of the French. This, however, was but a short-lived hope, for after the accomplishment of this not very important feat, the fleet sailed away. Three days after the General's departure news arrived, by an express messenger to Charost, of the French victory at Castlebar, and on the following day Toussaint, one of Humbert's principal lieutenants, and other officers arrived with authentic details of the battle. In the course of a conversation with the Bishop this officer made some frank admissions as to the purpose of the invasion. The real object, he stated, was merely to annoy England and to force a peace. They had no expectation of being able to effect a revolution with so small a force, and looked on themselves as a forlorn hope who must ultimately be forced to surrender themselves prisoners of war. Dr. Ellison, and another of the Bishop's captive guests, were permitted to accompany Toussaint back to Castlebar, where during the remainder of his stay the worthy Rector was treated with much consideration, and he finally escaped, on the evacuation of Castlebar, to Dublin.

Meantime the Bishop, though he had to deplore a melancholy waste of his substance, the destruction of his crops, and the slaughter of his cattle, suffered little personal inconvenience. If his French visitors had helped themselves liberally to his goods so long as his stores lasted, they did not neglect him when his cellar and larder had been exhausted. The commissary of stores made it his first care to pro-

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vide for the Bishop's household, which consisted of twenty-five persons in the upper story, the total number actually sleeping in the castle numbering as many as seventy-eight. Meat, bread, and even wine, were brought in daily and supplied without stint. The provender was of course obtained at the expense of the loyalists of the town and neighbourhood, but the Bishop's conscience was soon accommodated to his circumstances. "I have so much honesty left yet," he humorously notes (*apropos* of a requisition of a supply of mutton from his friend Mr. Kirkwood) "that when I take a neighbour's sheep, I spare him one joint for his private use." On another occasion he writes: "Here comes a cargo of wine and rum to my cellar from Ballina plundered from poor Colonel King. Cacus was not a greater robber than I am."

On September 1st, however, a week after Humbert's departure, the captives experienced a much more serious alarm. Orders were received from the Commandant to despatch immediately to Castlebar all the French garrison at Killala, except Charost himself and a couple of subordinate officers, Ponson and Boudet, who remained behind to protect the town, the Bishop's son Arthur accompanying the departing garrison as a hostage for the safety of the Commander. The Bishop and Protestant townspeople of Killala were not unnaturally dismayed at being thus summarily obliged to exchange the protection of a disciplined French garrison for that of two hundred United Irishmen, with no better guarantee for their safety than the doubtful authority of the few French officers who were to remain. And indeed it quickly became apparent that this authority could not always be enforced. The country round Killala was by this time in a state of absolute lawlessness. Robberies and assaults had become incessant. To secure the inhabitants from danger Charost's first act was to issue a proclamation, inviting all the inhabitants without distinction of religion or party to apply to him for arms for their own defence. This offer, which included the prisoners, was eagerly embraced by the Protestants who had been disarmed at the taking of the town, and a distribution of weapons took place on the evening of September 1st. But the Roman Catholic population and the armed recruits could not at all sympathise with the impartiality of the Commandant. They murmured loudly against trusting arms to their Protestant fellow-townsmen, and one of their officers actually repudiated Charost's control. "The Bishop laboured hard to pacify the malcontents, amid clamour and darkness and the confusion of three languages." Ultimately the Protestants were obliged to purchase peace by a voluntary surrender of the arms Charost had provided them with.

By this time the Irish population, no longer restrained by the presence of the French troops, were indulging pretty freely in the delights of plundering the gentry. Lord Tyrawley's new house at Deal Castle was reduced to a mere wreck; Castle Lacken, the seat of Sir John Palmer, and several other houses were plundered. It is right, however, to observe that throughout the invasion the violence of the peasantry was restricted to robbery and looting. Though the district of Killala was for upwards of a month in the hands of the rebels, not a single human life was taken in cold blood. In the Bishop's words, not a drop of blood was shed in the whole course of the rising except in the field of battle, and even there not one loyalist was slain for every ten rebels.

To check outrage so far as possible Charost and the Bishop, who had by

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this time arrived at a complete understanding, the Commandant being almost as much a prisoner to the Irish as Dr. Stock, devised a system of civil government for the town. Following the example set by Humbert at Castlebar, a cantonal administration was formed. The country was divided into departments, with an elective magistrate, and a guard of sixteen men at the head of each. Arms and ammunition were served out to the latter on the express stipulation that they were to act only as a police, and not to be employed against their sovereign. The town of Killala was placed under the protection of a body of one hundred and fifty men, at the orders of Mr. James Devitt, a Roman Catholic tradesman of moderation and respectability, who was elected to the post of civil magistrate.

The castle, being the only place which could be deemed at all secure from depredation, had become the depository of a vast amount of valuable property, plate, cash, leases, &c., being confided to the Bishop's care by the neighbouring gentry. To provide for the safety of these treasures, as well as of its numerous inhabitants, a guard of twenty of the most trustworthy soldiers in the garrison was appointed, who being lodged, clothed, and fed better than their comrades, might be counted on to exhibit some degree of fidelity.

The next step was to concoct measures to prevent the inordinate waste of provisions, which threatened not only to strip the country of its supplies, but even to create an epidemic in the town from the reckless slaughter of cattle As many as seven bullocks were killed of a morning, and as there was no salt and the weather was warm, much of the fine beef had actually to be burned to prevent danger from putrefaction. It was therefore arranged that the supply of meat should be regulated daily by a requisition from the civil magistrate based on the certificate of the town-major as to the amount required, and that the beasts should be brought to a common slaughter-house. To enforce obedience it was ordained that any person caught driving in and killing cattle without a magistrate's order, should be at once shot.

Adversity makes strange bed-fellows. The Bishop and his nominal gaolers, thus left to themselves, soon became close friends. M. Charost, with his two officers Boudet and Ponson, and occasionally the Irishman O'Keon, messed together with the Bishop and his family. Of these officers Dr. Stock has left in his narrative a graphic and pleasing description.

Charost was a Parisian, the son of a watchmaker who had settled in St. Domingo, where he had married and become the owner of a thriving plantation. Driven out by the war he had lost everything, including his wife and child, and had entered the army shortly before the Revolution broke out. Remaining in the service of the Republic he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel (*chef du demi-brigade*), and happening to be with his brother at Rochelle he had been suddenly ordered to serve with this expedition. "His religion," he told the Bishop, "he had yet to seek; because his father being a Catholic and his mother a Protestant, they left him the liberty of choosing for himself, and he had never yet found time to make this inquiry, which, however, he was sensible he ought to make, and would make at some time when Heaven should grant him repose. In the interim he believed in God, was inclined to think there must be a future state, and was very sure that while he lived in this world it was his duty to do all the good to his fellow-creatures that he could. Yet what

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he did not exhibit in his own conduct he appeared to respect in others; for he took care that no noise or disturbance should be made in the castle on Sundays, while the family and many Protestants from the town were assembled in the library at prayers."

Boudet, the next in rank, was a tall Norman of a somewhat boastful disposition, though of unusual gravity for a Frenchman. He was a captain of Foot and had been bred in the Ecole Militaire at Paris, and was much the best educated of the French officers. He had seen hard service with the Army of the Rhine. "In person, complexion and height, he was no inadequate representative of the Knight of La Mancha, whose example he followed in a recital of his own prowess and wonderful exploits, delivered in measured language and with an imposing seriousness of aspect."

The third officer, Ponson, was a native of Navarre, a little fellow, but of great vivacity and good humour. "Wherever he was his presence was testified by a noise as loud and as pertinacious as that of a corn-crake; it was a continued roll of talk, or laughter, or whistling. The decencies of polished life he had never known, or, if he had, he affected to despise them. Yet in a gloomy hour this eternal cackle had its uses, and more than once kept our spirits buoyant when terror pressed heaviest. Ponson was hardy, and patient to admiration of want of rest. He was ready at a moment's notice to sally out on the marauders, whom, if he caught, he belaboured without mercy. Tied to a sword as long as himself, and armed with pistols, firelock, and bayonet, he stretched himself up to view till he became terrific. He was strictly honest, and could not bear the want of this quality in others; so that his patience was pretty well tried by his Irish allies, for whom he could not find names sufficiently expressive of contempt."

Thanks to the excellence of the precautions taken, little or no damage was done to the buildings in the town, and religious intolerance was held effectively in check. One attempt was made on September 9th to appropriate the cathedral: the bell was broken and the locks wrenched off the gate; but the remonstrances of the Bishop prevailed on O'Donel to return the key to his own keeping. Thereafter the building remained unmolested, and when all was over a sum of less than a guinea sufficed to make good the slight damage to locks and belfry. Outside the town of Killala, however, matters were far otherwise, and many churches bore marks of violence. The most serious injuries were offered to the Reverend Mr. Marshall, the minister of a Presbyterian colony of weavers who had been planted there by Lord Arran some years previously, and in whose skill with the loom, it is interesting to note, originated those industries which in our own day have been fostered so successfully by the convents of Foxford. A newly erected meeting-house was completely wrecked, and the minister himself driven for refuge to the castle. The pretext for the violence shown to these people was an unjustifiable charge of Orangeism, for no lodge had been founded in Mayo, and the Bishop himself, as has been already said, had entered a protest against the Orange oaths as intolerant and indictable. Despite a protection from Charost these poor folk were subjected to nocturnal visits, their property seized, and many of them carried off to Ballina, where Truc, the French officer in charge, was a person much less humane and tolerant than Charost, and confined as close prisoners for the alleged crime of being Orangemen. By Charost's orders and per-

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sonal intervention they were, however, soon released.

For about a fortnight after the departure of Humbert from Killala, comparative order was thus maintained under the regulations of Charost. So long as the tale of French success continued uninterrupted, French order and French discipline were an effectual restraint on the predatory instincts of the population and on the sanguinary violence of the native recruits. With the first rumours of a reverse, however, the situation became much more alarming. On the morrow after the battle of Colooney a crowd armed with pikes, for which they had by this time exchanged their French weapons, came to demand permission, which they were with difficulty restrained from taking ungranted, to cut down all the young ash-plants in the castle demesne for pike-handles, and the first rumours of the defeat at Ballinamuck, with the consequent apprehension that the era of licence must soon be terminated, brought with them a marked increase in the depredations and loss of property. On November 13th Mr. Fortescue, Member for Louth, was brought in a prisoner from Ballina, and confirmed the news of the French surrender. He was a brother of the clergyman who had been shot at the taking of Ballina, and pushing forward incautiously in the desire to obtain news of his brother, and under the impression that the town had already been recovered by the King's troops, found himself a prisoner in the hands of a patrol. Fortescue's intelligence was fully confirmed by two letters from Humbert's army.

The little garrison were now eager for the arrival of the King's troops; and Charost himself was no less anxious than the Bishop for the moment when an honourable surrender should terminate his difficulties, foreseeing how impossible must be the task of keeping the violence of the people in check. It was agreed to withhold from the Irish recruits, so long as possible, the news of the final defeat of the French by Lord Cornwallis. Unfortunately a full fortnight had to elapse before the arrival of General Trench on September 23rd. Although Castlebar had been occupied as early as the 12th, and though a large number of troops had been collected there, it was not until the 22nd that General Trench marched to the relief of Killala. It is difficult to understand the cause of the delay, which was answerable not only for much cruel suspense, but for a great and unnecessary increase in the destruction of property.

"The work of devastation," wrote the Bishop in his diary, "continues with such perseverance that when our friends come I fear they will find it a second La Vendée." Prohibitions ceased to be respected, and apprehensions were felt by the garrison of an attack of the now numerous body of pikemen, whose officer, O'Donel, Charost was obliged to order under arrest. A leader from the camp outside came in with the announcement that the Irish had determined to imprison all the Protestants in the cathedral as hostages for their own security. He was told by the Commandant that, while he was willing to head the Irish, if they wished it, against the English army, he would put himself at the head of the Protestants of the town if any attempt were made on the persons or property of the latter, saying that he was *chef de brigade* and not *chef de brigands*. It soon became impossible to rely on the guard who had been appointed to protect the castle, and Charost accordingly made preparations for its defence against her late allies. Arms were distributed to the

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Bishop, his family, and such servants as could be trusted, and the French officers kept watch by turns through the night.

On the 19th the apprehensions of the people were further inflamed by rumours of ill-treatment of the French at Castlebar, and they threatened immediate retaliation. The Bishop, who from the time of the departure of the garrison had been the sole interpreter of Charost, was sent out to reason with them; and suggesting that before resorting to reprisals the truths of the rumours should be first established, he advised the despatch of a joint embassy to Castlebar with a flag of truce and letters explaining their situation to General Trench, and expressing a hope that nothing would be done to the Irish prisoners in Castlebar which might provoke reprisals on those in Killala. This was agreed to, and on the following morning Dean Thompson on the one side, and one Roger Maguire on the other, set out on this mission. The two days which elapsed between the departure and return of this mission were the most troubled of the whole. Crowds of the peasantry armed with pikes continued to assemble from the neighbouring villages, and could not be restrained from ransacking the town, every house in which, except the castle, was completely pillaged. Deputations came to Charost demanding permission to disarm such of the neighbouring gentry as had succeeded in arming themselves and protecting their houses; to which the Commandant replied that he would fire on them himself should he catch them plundering. By this time the countenance shown to the English and Protestants by the French had almost destroyed the authority of the latter with the Irish, who were with the utmost difficulty restrained from an attack on the castle.

At length on Saturday 22nd the embassy returned from Castlebar, with assurance from the French that the prisoners there would be treated with all possible tenderness, which sufficed to allay the danger of an attack on the castle, and with private information for the Bishop that he might expect the army on the morning of the following Sunday. On Saturday evening the welcome sound of artillery in the direction of Ballina announced that succour was impending, and from the Steeple Hill could be seen the flash of artillery.

In fulfilment of his promise General Trench, who was in command at Castlebar, had left that town on Saturday 22nd, having previously directed Lord Portarlington, at Sligo, to join him at Ballina on the following morning with his regiment, forty of the 24th Light Dragoons, the three corps of yeomanry, and the Armagh militia, who were quartered at Foxford, being also directed to meet at the same rendezvous. Trench, taking with him the Roxburgh Light Dragoons, three hundred of the Downshire Regiment, the Kerry Regiment, the Prince of Wales's Fencibles, and two curricle guns, marched out by the Barnageragh road, the same through which Humbert had made his forced march to Castlebar, and arrived at Ballina next day, to find that Portarlington and Acheson, though repeatedly attacked, had occupied that town, the rebel garrison retreating to Killala. Without halting the General immediately advanced on Killala. Dividing his force, which numbered some twelve hundred men with five guns, into two divisions, he sent forward the Kerry Regiment under Colonel Crosbie and the Knight of Kerry, together with the Tyrawley yeomanry, with orders to proceed by a forced march, involving a detour of three miles, so as to cut off the fugitives in their retreat to the north

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west. This movement was so successfully executed that the Kerry militia appeared at the further end of the town simultaneously with the arrival of the main body of the army at the Ballina entrance. Exposed thus to attack from both sides, and hemmed in in every direction by the British troops the issue of the conflict could not be doubted. Nevertheless the rebels, inspired by the courage of despair, fought with great gallantry. Posted to the numbers of four thousand behind a stone wall on a hill above the road, they maintained a vigorous fire upon the Downshire Regiment which led the advance. Though owing to unskilful workmanship they did but little injury, and only killed one man, their shot passing over the heads of the soldiers, they managed to keep their assailants at bay until the Frazer Fencibles filing off to right and left and crossing a marsh which separated them from the hill, poured a heavy fire into their flank. Then they gave way, and fled through the town, hotly pursued by the Roxburgh cavalry under Colonel Eliot. The slaughter that ensued was sanguinary and indiscriminate. Scores were cut down in the streets, and those who made their way through the town escaped only to meet with the fire of the Kerry militia at the other end. According to General Trench between five or six hundred, or, according to Bishop Stock's more moderate estimate, at least four hundred were slain.

The Bishop and his family observed the battle from the window of the library. The French officers, though they deemed it their duty to place themselves formally at the head of the rebels, took no very active part in the resistance, and so soon as the issue of the contest was apparent made haste to surrender their swords, which the General, informed of their treatment of the Bishop, allowed them to retain, with their effects and bedrooms. O'Keon, as an Irishman, was at first refused this indulgence, though naturalised as a Frenchman; but he was at the Bishop's instance allowed to remain with his comrades pending the meeting of the court martial.

Though little or no injury was done to the loyalists by the fire of the enemy, the townspeople did not escape unscathed from the battle. The efforts of the flying rebels to find refuge in the houses caused much confusion, and in the case of Mr. Andrew Kirkwood actually proved fatal. As he stood at his door, shouting *God save the King!* in the exultation of victory, a rebel burst through the door followed by a volley of musketry from a party of the pursuing soldiers which proved instantly fatal to the too triumphant loyalist. This gentleman had, curiously enough, been haunted by a presentiment, which, as the Bishop observes, often tends to work its own accomplishment, that he would not survive the recovery of the town. A yet more unfortunate misadventure caused the death of a number of Protestant farmers from Carrowcarden, a neighbouring village, who had been forced by the rebels into their lines, and many of whom in the confusion of the pursuit fell in the indiscriminate slaughter which followed the capture of the town.

The town retaken, the peaceably disposed inhabitants imagined they were immediately to enjoy the repose and safety denied them for the past month. In this, however, they were very greatly disappointed. The week following the recapture of the town was occupied with courts-martial, before whom seventy-five people were tried at Killala and one hundred and ten at Ballina. Unlike the Wexford courts-martial the trials of prisoners

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at Killala was marked on the whole by humanity and discrimination. A few of the neighbouring gentry who had suffered severely in person and property were not unnaturally clamorous for severe measures; but the more lenient disposition of the Bishop, whose evidence at the court-martial was as far as possible favourable to the prisoners, was effectual in mitigating the severity of the sentences. But though the treatment of the more responsible leaders of the rising was upon the whole merciful, the poorer sort were made to suffer severely. Not only did the troops, after the capture of the town, indulge in cruel and often unnecessary slaughter; they also plundered and pillaged the neighbourhood, making but little distinction between the law-abiding citizens and those who had participated in the insurrection. The militia regiments were the principal offenders in this respect, the regular troops as a whole behaving with propriety and discipline. "Their rapacity," says the Bishop, "differed in no respect from that of the rebels, except that they seized on things with somewhat less of ceremony and excuse, and that His Majesty's soldiers were incomparably superior to the Irish traitors in dexterity at stealing." Whatever had escaped the rapacity of the Irish, was now, without even a pretence at payment, carried off by the soldiers. This most culpable disorder proved ultimately very costly to the Government, which, apart from the payments subsequently made to the suffering loyalists for losses caused by the rebels, was obliged to send commissioners to Killala to report on the injuries done by the King's troops; and in March, 1799, a large sum had to be paid in discharge of the claims allowed by the Commission.

A still ruder lesson was taught to the wild peasantry of Erris. On the day following the capture of Killala, the rebels were rumoured to be reassembling in force in the Laggan, the wild district between Lacken and Ballycastle Bays that terminates in Downpatrick Head. During a fourteen hours' march the troops succeeded in dispersing the remnant of the armed peasantry, fifty or sixty of whom, many of them in their French uniforms, were killed. A few days later a large force marched in three divisions to complete the final reduction of the Laggan and Erris, not returning from the expedition for a week, during which they taught a terrible and enduring lesson to the wretched peasantry, ruining a number of villages and firing many houses. A few of these wild mountaineers, wandering houseless and homeless through the desolated wilderness, continued for a while to give trouble; but upon the whole order was quickly restored.

One pathetic picture remains of this last and terrible chapter in the abortive insurrection in Mayo in the record of the fate of one of the wildest and poorest of the poor and wild villages of the Laggan. Here, where Downpatrick Head stands out against the ocean, is a striking natural curiosity called the Poolnashanthana, a chasm nearly half a mile in length which cuts clean through the headland and from the top of which the clear green water can be seen eighty feet below. Near the bottom of the chasm and along its whole length runs a ledge of rock, bare when the tide is out but covered by many feet of water when it rises. The peasantry, returned from the rebellion, were busy one October day endeavouring to save the remnant of their neglected harvest, when suddenly the alarm was spread that the troops from Killala were at hand. Well knowing what

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they had to expect from the terrible Frazer Fencibles, the rebel harvesters, surprised and unable to escape to the mountains, made for the adjacent cliffs, whose rough faces they were used to climbing and with whose caves they were familiar. It was with many of them a constant diversion to descend to the ledge of rock at the Poolnashanthana, in pursuit of seals or seabirds' nests, to which they could gain access by means of a rope let down from the top of the cliff. It chanced that at the moment of the soldiers' raid the tide was out, and quickly bethinking themselves that there was a place of safety in which they might find a temporary refuge, they descended to the ledge, the rope being held for them by a young woman, who was to return and release them so soon as the soldiers had withdrawn. Many hours they waited there, expecting every moment that the rope would be lowered by their friend. But though the soldiers had retired long ere the tide rose, the woman came not. Terrified by the presence of the military she had fled to the hills without remembering her charge, or apprising others of the hiding-place of these five-and-twenty stalwart peasants. Night came on, and with it the remorseless tide running high above the level of the ledge; and when morning dawned the villagers looking down into the chasm saw the lifeless corpses of their sons, brothers, and husbands washing to and fro with the idle splash of the waves in the abyss of Poolnashanthana.

C. Litton Falkiner.

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THE HISTORY OF OUR NAVY.[1]

Among the most interesting and important of national movements during the wonderful reign of Her Majesty the Queen, is the tardy awakening of a wide-spread public interest in all that concerns the Royal Navy. Throughout the long period of struggle with France and her various allies, which began in 1688 and ended with the European settlement of 1815, the Navy played the dominant part, as was inevitable. That Marlborough fought in Flanders and on the Upper Danube, that Clive laid the foundations of the Eastern Empire, or that Wellington forced his way from Torres Vedras into Southern France, was due solely to the fact that the command of the sea was, on the whole, maintained. For nearly seven hundred years Great Britain cannot be said to have been invaded, and it may fairly be doubted whether the French army, invited to these shores by King John's revolted Barons and subsequently thankful to be permitted to retire, ought to be regarded as an invading body. Meanwhile, all European countries have been overrun by hostile troops, and their capital cities have been occupied again and again. This marked feature of our national history, differentiating it from that of every other people except the Japanese, is solely due to the persistent operation of maritime strength, at first unorganised and partly spontaneous, latterly welded into the most compact and formidable force which a State can wield.

Our ancestors were not prone to analyse causes, and seem for the most part to have taken for granted the action of the Navy and all that depended on it. In all ages, from the days of Offa, King of the Mercians, to our own, there have been minds able to mark the connection between national prosperity and sea-power, to grasp the fact that an effective navy is the only possible security of an island people. So much was, in principle, thoroughly understood by Thucydides and Herodotus, by the Saxon chroniclers, by the unknown author of the poem De Politia Conservativa Maris,[1] by the sea-officers of Elizabeth, by Cromwell and Blake, and by the great admirals of the eighteenth century. During the years of national stress there was perhaps no need to proclaim doctrines inexorably enforced by events; but the common knowledge of one age was forgotten in another, and the time at length arrived when the British people, misled by popular historians, came to regard military force as the mainstay and the principal protection of an island State dependent for existence upon sea-borne commerce.

The naval awakening of the last ten years, to which the writings of Captain Mahan lent powerful aid, has been effected by an appeal to reason and to history. Activity in two directions has received marked impetus. On the one hand we again possess a fleet worthy of the Empire. On the other hand, a copious literature relating to maritime affairs is

[1] A Short History of the Royal Navy, 1217 to 1688; by David Hannay, London, 1898.

[1] Written about A.D. 1422.

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springing up,—a literature widely varying in character, containing much which is useful only as an index of the drift of contemporary thought, but also embodying some works of enduring value.

To the latter class belongs Mr. Hannay's SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY. There is no existing work written on the lines which the author has laid down, and certainly none, covering the period from the reign of King John to the Revolution, which so thoroughly deserves the name of history. Mr. Hannay recognises three phases in the maritime progress of the British nation.

> First there are the ages during which the people were being formed and the weapons forged. This may be said to extend from the first beginnings to the accession of the House of Tudor. At that date, when, be it noted, the Portuguese were exploring the sea route round Africa to the East, and Columbus was leading Spain to America, there was much still to be done in the work of consolidation within, and in the perfection of the ship; but a vessel had been made which could sail the world round, and in the British Isles it had come to this, that England was predominant. . . . The second period stretches from the accession of the House of Tudor to the close of the seventeenth century, when superiority of power at sea had been fully won. The third, beginning with the Revolution, lasts until our own time. It includes the two hundred years during which England, having now united to herself, or conquered, all rivals within these isles, has exercised the power which she has won.

The first of these periods Mr. Hannay soon dismisses. No organisation capable of meeting the cost of a permanent navy existed, we are told, in early days, and "From the days of Julius Cæsar down to those of William of Normandy, no invader found effectual resistance for long on water, when he was about invading this country." There are several reasons why this should have been the case; but, on the other hand, it might well have been added that, even in Saxon days, security at home and prestige abroad, during successive reigns, coincided with periods of maritime encouragement. To John, however, belongs the distinction of being the first king of England who used his navy to attack the ships of an intending invader in their port. The destruction of the fleet of Philip Augustus by the Earl of Salisbury at Damme may fairly be regarded as a turning-point in naval policy. The process was to be frequently repeated, and when in later years the defensive resources of great naval ports forbade such operations, the blockades which succeeded them maintained the principle that our enemy's coast-line is the proper frontier of a British navy. The great victory obtained in 1217, by Hubert de Burgh over Eustace the Monk, marks another point of naval departure. "Hubert de Burgh saw that the one effectual way of preventing Eustace from doing harm on shore was to beat him at sea before he could land. The man who reasoned like this had grasped the true principle of the defence of England." Not only, says Mr. Hannay, did this masterstroke of the English Navy settle for ever the question how this country is defended; it also showed the supreme advantage of manœuvring power.

Sea-fights in this and later days were decided by hand-to-hand blows; but "Hubert de Burgh, acting exactly as Hawke, Rodney, Hood or Nelson would have done, manœuvres for the 'weather-gage.'" While the squadron of the Cinque Ports covered itself with glory on this occasion, the system by which the king drew ships from these ancient corporations under the terms of their charters led to gross abuses. The privileges accorded to them bred

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ill feeling with other towns, and as Mr. Hannay states: "Under weak kings, complaints of their piracies and excesses on the coast are incessant."

The great victories of Sluys and Les Espagnols-sur-mer, bearing some curious points of resemblance to the Nile and Trafalgar respectively, marked the reign of Edward the Third; but failure and defeat followed, and although the efficiency of the Navy revived under Henry the Fifth, a fresh period of decadence supervened during the reign of his successor.

Mr. Hannay's brief sketch of the medieval Navy is altogether admirable. The salient points are all brought out, and the development of the ship of war as well as the germs of a naval organisation and of an interior economy are duly noted. During this period the foundations of the modern Navy were gradually laid. The Keeper of the King's Ships, frequently an ecclesiastic in days when the Church monopolised the permanent Civil Service, grew into the Lord High Admiral of the Lancastrian era, and by the end of the Middle Ages the latter office had become permanent.

With the advent of the Tudor dynasty a regular naval establishment began to be maintained, and Mr. Hannay shows that this was partly due to the growing need of vessels specially built for the purposes of war. Warships of one thousand tons were built in the reign of Henry the Seventh, while trade continued for three hundred years to be carried on mainly in much smaller craft. Thus arose a differentiation destined to endure, but not to exclude the merchantman altogether from being employed for the purposes of war. Complete seaworthiness was not as yet regarded as a condition of cardinal importance in a battleship, and could not be fulfilled in days when towering castles at bow and stern were regarded as essential. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "naval officers were reluctant to keep large vessels at sea after summer was over." It was a long advance "to the stage when Nelson could keep his watch off Toulon for two years, and at the end of them be still ready for the pursuit of Villeneuve. The story is one of continual simplification and adoption." We nowadays frequently read lamentations over the decadence of seamanship and the replacement of the sailor by the artilleryman and the mechanic; but, up to the reign of Elizabeth, the trained sailor was in a minority on board ships of war, and Mr. Hannay quotes the case of three thousand men raised in 1512 by Sir Edward Howard, of whom seventeen hundred and fifty were to be soldiers and twelve hundred and thirty-three sailors. The Navy of Henry the Eighth won no brilliant successes; but the command of the sea was on the whole maintained, and "from 1514 to 1544 the English fleet carried troops across the Channel, or escorted the armies marching into Scotland, practically unresisted." Mr. Hannay is able to throw no fresh light on the amazing campaign of 1545 between Lisle and d'Annebault, which remains a puzzle to historians. Both commanders showed peculiar anxiety not to fight unless the conditions were entirely favourable, and the two great fleets played at war without any definite result; but, although the French effected some feeble raids on the Isle of Wight and the south coast, they gained no naval advantage, and the projects of Francis the First were completely foiled. The reign of Henry the Eighth was further marked by a considerable development of dockyards, and by the institution of a small Channel Squadron.

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The reign of Elizabeth and the defeat of the Armada are dealt with in two extremely interesting chapters; but Mr. Hannay here and there lays himself open to criticism. The verdict that the utter failure of the Spanish expedition was to be accounted for by act of God cannot be fairly said to be "essentially true." As the author justly states, "when the battle of Gravelines was over, the Armada was beaten," and beaten because "it had become convinced . . . of its own inferiority." Its subsequent fate was decided by the winds; but England had already been saved. If just before the hapless Spaniards set their course to the north, "Lord Howard showed no wish to come to close quarters with them," the reason is to be sought in the want of ammunition and provisions. At Gravelines "the English were confident. . . . They came to close quarters and their artillery did heavy damage." The author appears to attach insufficient importance to the menace of the Duke of Parma's army, which recently published papers[1] show to have weighed heavily with the English commanders. Finally, Mr. Hannay's account of the orders given by Philip the Second to Medina Sidonia differs most materially from that of Mr. Froude, and if these orders were indeed "intelligent and explicit," it is clear that they were completely disregarded. The Spanish commander certainly gave no sign of any conviction, "that his first duty was to cripple or destroy, if he could, the English fleet." The great naval feature of this wonderful reign was the awakening of the spirit of maritime adventure. The naval war of the age, "was, above all, a war of adventurers" who carrried the flag of England over all the seas of the world; but "the Royal Navy was the steel of the lance, the model of discipline and warlike efficiency."

The development of the Navy was checked during the long peace which followed the accession of James the First. There was, however, an attempt, temporarily successful, to put an end to the gross corruption which had crept into the Admiralty under the lax supervision of the Earl of Nottingham. Meanwhile the first of the great family of Pett made great improvements in shipbuilding which, later, proved most important. There were many minor expeditions during the reign of Charles the First; but the Navy cannot be said to have won laurels, and the crews of the pressed merchant-ships did not show the fighting spirit of the adventurers.

With the conflict between the King and Parliament an extremely important era in naval history began. Mr. Hannay has succeeded in the difficult task of dealing with this period within a small compass, and of avoiding the dulness which generally results from compression. The Navy, as a whole, adopted from the first and adhered to the cause of the Parliament. At the outset of the great constitutional conflict Parliament took steps to secure the fleet. The political convictions of the sailors of Charles the First are not likely to have been so deep-rooted as some writers have imagined, and it is probable that the action of his Navy was, as Mr. Hannay states, determined mainly by the fact that "the sea-faring population came from the more Puritan parts of England." The results were far-reaching. The small squadron under Prince Rupert was soon reduced to semi-piracy for existence. The reduction of Barbados and of the Scilly and Channel Islands was directly due to the action of the Parliamentary Navy; and, as Mr. Hannay shows, it was the possession

[1] By the Navy Records Society.

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of the Navy by his enemies that proved ruinous to the King.

Successful at home, the Commonwealth soon found itself involved in a fierce naval conflict with Holland, a conflict of the utmost importance to the Royal Navy.

This was the first of our naval wars conducted by steady, continuous, coherent campaigns. Hitherto our operations on the sea had been of the nature of adventures by single ships and small squadrons sent out to capture some particular port or island. When we now look back on the long and glorious story of England on the sea during the last three centuries, the grandeur of the later period is liable to mislead us in our estimate of the earlier. In 1652, England was far from enjoying that reputation for superiority in naval warfare which she earned in later generations.

The Navy in fact now underwent a rough experience of the highest educational value at the hands of a trained and fairly organised force. Mr. Hannay gives an able summary of the conditions, and accords to England the balance of advantage.

There were numbers against her and a somewhat greater experience. But she had unity of authority, better instruments of war, a more martial spirit, a stronger geographical position, and she was much less vulnerable. If, then, ability and energy were not wanting in the direction of her fleet, the probability was that she would win.

The first Dutch War involved hard fighting, and its scope extended into the Mediterranean. There are many points of great interest in Mr. Hannay's narrative, and this first real naval war presents marked resemblances to a later period. The Admirals of the Commonwealth showed no lack of vigour, and they were supported by an energetic executive. Blake's action with von Tromp in the Straits of Dover was indecisive, and during December, 1652, and January, 1653, the Dutch fleet rode unmolested in the Channel; but the three days' battle of February 18th to the 20th was the turning-point of the war. "The general superiority of the English fleet, whenever it was intelligently handled and not hopelessly outnumbered, had been proved." Fresh efforts were made on both sides, and the great battle of July 30th, 1653, proved decisive. The Dutch were compelled to make peace, and the war was thus ended by purely naval means.

Cromwell's Spanish war brought no honour, and the capture of Jamaica, however important, was largely accidental. The failure of the other ventures of Penn and Venables was principally due to the inferiority of the military force employed; "Cromwell could not well spare the choice troops who were the support of his rule." The lesson is vitally important. Over-sea expeditions of this nature must not expect success unless they are composed of trained and mature soldiers, well equipped and organised, and spared from the evil effects of dissension between the naval and military commanders. All these conditions were wanting in 1654-55. Blake's great demonstration in the Mediterranean in 1654 was a political measure of great importance, and his attack on Tunis was the first effective blow delivered against the pirates of North Africa. It was necessary to "show the flag" in the Mediterranean, where already there were considerable commercial interests to secure, and where the maritime States had never before realised the power of England. The later attack on Santa Cruz is justly described by Mr. Hannay as "not only the most brilliant achievement of the Navy during Cromwell's government, but by far the finest single feat performed in the seventeenth century." The great Admiral

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of the Commonwealth is unquestionably entitled to rank next to Nelson in the glorious roll of British seamen.

The decadence of the Navy under Charles the Second, the all-prevailing corruption, and the resulting national disgrace are well known; but Mr. Hannay justly lays stress upon the little-recognised fact that this disastrous reign was nevertheless an epoch in naval history. "The government of the Navy was finally established as it was destined to continue to be through a century and a half of war and glory." It may well be doubted whether the merits of the King and his brother can be credited with the important administrative changes of this period; but the Duke of York at least lent his authority to reforms, which in later years bore rich fruit. The first beginnings of a corps of naval officers, the "Orders established for the well governing of His Majesty's ships," the reorganising of the Admiralty, the establishment of a Navy Board, and the institution of a special military force, the precursor of the Royal Marines, for service in the fleet, marked great steps in advance. Although, therefore, the universal corruption of the reign undermined naval progress, latent advantage remained. Moreover, the Parliament of the Restoration, while accepting personal government in theory, "insisted on making its real power felt in the direct control of the administration." The palpable needs of England lay at the root of the naval question. "The English Navy had grown out of the needs and with the strength of the nation. It needed only to be shaped, not built up from the foundations." These words express a profound truth, and fitly serve to show the author's grasp of his subject. Between the navy of Colbert, created for a definite political purpose, and that by which it was shattered, there was an organic difference of conditions.

Mr. Hannay tells the story of the second and third Dutch wars with great ability, but diagrams of some of the battles would have been of much value as aids to the civilian reader. The narrative contains lessons for all time; the moral is beyond dispute. If the Royal Navy is ever permitted to lapse into the inefficiency which prevailed under Charles the Second, national disaster will be inevitable. The responsibility for the disgrace of 1667 and for the general naval failure in the second and third Dutch wars rested with the Government, and the contrast exhibited under the vigorous rule of Cromwell should never be forgotten. That the fighting power of the Royal Navy was not lost during the former period is shown by the actions of Kempthorne, Spragge, and Harman. It was the executive which failed to provide the force necessary to meet national requirements. The success of the Dutch, in warding off with an inferior naval force the projected invasion of 1673, supplies a further lesson worthy of remembrance.

Mr. Hannay's final chapter deals with the second defection of the Navy from the Crown. The subject is not altogether a pleasant one, for James the Second had conferred great benefits on his naval officers, "nearly doubling the pay of every captain on active service," and had appointed a commission which did much towards restoring the efficiency of the Royal Navy. He had, therefore, some right to believe that "he had attached his Navy firmly to himself, and that he could rely implicitly on its loyalty." This hope was absolutely disappointed, and the fleet led by Russell and Herbert failed him as completely in his need as did the Army under Churchill. The motives were doubtless varied and

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mixed; but again Puritan sentiment may have played a part. The action of Sir Roger Strickland, in causing mass to be said in the ships of his squadron, brought to light the existence of a strong Protestant spirit among the seamen, of which the many enemies of the King were quick to take advantage. The defection of the fleet was a political event of the first importance, and under William the Third the Royal Navy proved a powerful instrument in foiling the efforts of the deposed King and his French allies. The successful landing of the Prince of Orange in Torbay has been absurdly quoted "in support of the contention that a strong Navy is not the sufficient defence of this country against invasion." The argument is obviously preposterous. As Mr. Hannay significantly remarks: "We may see the story of 1688 repeated when Englishmen consider the Government their enemy, and its assailant from abroad their friend—but not till then."

It is easy in a short review to inflict chastisement on a bad book; it is difficult to mete out adequate justice to a good one. The study of naval history is of peculiar importance to a people whose existence has come to depend absolutely upon sea-power. Upon the right understanding of the naval lessons of the past the future of the British Empire depends. Mr. Hannay's book is not a chronicle but, as it claims to be, a history of naval development down to the period of the Revolution. If the succeeding volume fulfils the promise of the first, the increasing portion of the public which occupies itself with naval matters will have an eminently lucid and interesting summary of all that is essential to know in relation to the growth and the achievements of the Royal Navy.

G. S. Clarke.

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THE DIARY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE CAMPAIGN OF NEW ORLEANS.

In November last the diary of Private John Timewell, of the 43rd Light Infantry, during the Peninsular War, was published in this Magazine. This diary terminated with the arrival of the 43rd at Plymouth in June, 1814, at which station they enjoyed a brief spell of repose after six years' campaigning in Portugal, Spain, and France. A few months later the regiment was ordered to form part of the force despatched on the ill-fated expedition to New Orleans.

It may be as well to preface the diary with a description of the main incidents of the war which immediately preceded the attack on New Orleans. The hostilities between the two countries, during the years 1812-15, appear to have excited but little interest in England, by reason, no doubt, of the overwhelming importance of the great events in Europe which succeeded one another with such bewildering rapidity during that period.

During the first two years of the war there was much desultory fighting on the Canadian frontier, but little attention, however, being paid to it by the British Government, engrossed as it was in sending every available British soldier to aid in the final expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. Owing to bad management, or worse, the Americans were permitted to gain several successes over our navy in individual ship-actions. It is unnecessary to particularise them here, since all the world knows how several British frigates, undermanned or with raw crews recently collected by the press-gang, succumbed to vastly superior vessels carrying heavier guns and manned by sailors who had received their training in seamanship and gunnery in the navy of King George.[1]

The military operations with which we deal may be said to have com-

[1] An amusing instance of the way history is sometimes manufactured for home-consumption in America may be seen in the recent attempt of a writer to prove that not only were the ships and guns of the two countries equally matched, but that the American crews, although admittedly trained in the British navy, were genuine sons of America in disguise, which naturally made them more than a match for the British sailors. It is difficult to see what purpose is served by this distortion of facts which have been common knowledge on both sides of the Atlantic for more than eighty years; but it is to be presumed that the people who write and the people who read this sort of thing regard their history from the point of view which Dr. Johnson used to take of his politics, and are content so long as "the Whig dogs don't get the best of it." Such bombastical nonsense has of course nothing in common with the work in which such writers as Bancroft and Parkman carried on, and Mr. John Fiske is still happily carrying on, the high traditions of the school of Irving, Prescott, and Motley.

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menced in the spring of 1814, shortly after the cessation of hostilities in the south of France, when a brigade of infantry, consisting of the 4th, 44th, and 85th regiments, some Artillery and Engineers, altogether about twenty-five hundred men under the command of Major-General Ross, were embarked at Bordeaux for service in America. The force, which had been increased at Bermuda by the 21st regiment from the Mediterranean, proceeded to the Bay of Chesapeake, and on August 19th landed at St. Benedict's some distance up the Patuxent river, where it received still further reinforcements in the shape of a battalion of Marines and some disciplined negroes. Since no horses accompanied the troops beyond those of the General and his Staff, a party of one hundred Blue-jackets were landed from the fleet to drag the guns, one six-pounder and two three-pounders. The whole force now amounted to forty-five hundred men, truly an imposing army with which to invade America! And the objective of this raid was nothing less than Washington, the capital, situated some sixty miles inland. During the advance on this town about fifty horses were captured, and on these the artillery-drivers were mounted as a substitute for cavalry, in which the little force was absolutely deficient; it is interesting to learn that this handful of men performed all the reconnoitring duties most effectually. On August 24th, the fifth day after leaving the ships, the American army was found posted in a strong position in rear of a branch of the river Potomac, near the town of Bladensburg, situated on the hither side of the stream which was spanned by a single bridge. The Americans, according to their own statements held this position with twenty pieces of artillery and nine thousand men (just double the numbers of the British Force),[1] while six guns swept the bridge and its approaches.

General Ross, with possibly more gallantry than wisdom, without waiting to ascertain whether the river was passable at other points, at once ordered the advanced guard, consisting of the 85th Light Infantry and the light companies of the other regiments, to cross the bridge and attack. It was subsequently discovered that a good ford existed hard by, and no better example than this could be given of the thoroughness with which all ranks of the British army from the general to the private despised the Americans. In all histories, diaries, or letters dealing with this period, the same spirit is constantly manifested, the seasoned troops from the Peninsula believing (and, as in the case in point, believing rightly) that no American levies could possibly withstand them in the field. But in this justifiable pride they took no account of the fact that although undisciplined and badly officered levies are no match for trained soldiers in the open, the same men, when fighting behind field-defences and in a country unsuited for manœuvring, are by no means to be despised. The advanced guard, however, having been ordered to carry the bridge, did so, despite the fact that two guns out of the six were actually posted on the road leading down to the bridge, and that their first discharge swept away, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, almost an entire company. Dashing onwards the survivors crossed the bridge, effected a lodgment on the far side of the river, and spreading outwards soon drove the American riflemen from the wooded banks and captured the two guns on the roadway.

[1] This was the number admitted by the Americans at the time. It has since been reduced by their historians of the war to five thousand seven hundred.

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But pushing on to the main position they were met by a heavy fire and driven back to the river, till the remainder of the British column, crossing the stream, attacked the Americans in front and flank, upon which they broke and fled. Their reserve, instead of supporting the first line, on seeing it break also fell back in disorder, and the cavalry, which had an admirable chance of charging the pursuing British infantry, whose ranks were of course in disorder, galloped off the field, ten out of the twenty guns being left in the hands of the victors. The only Americans who came with credit out of this affair were the sailors, who served their guns with deadly precision and stood to them until many were bayoneted by the advancing British infantry.

Such was the action of Bladensburg, fought within four miles of Washington, which opened to the victorious British troops the road to the capital of the United States.

It was not the intention of the English Government to attempt to make any permanent conquests in America, but rather to take advantage of their supremacy at sea to make raids on various points. General Ross had now therefore to determine on his further line of action. To hold Washington was clearly out of the question; hence it was that he decided, in accordance with the well-known principles of civilised warfare, to lay the city under a contribution, and then to make good his retirement to the British fleet.

With this object in view, and more especially to avoid any unnecessary effusion of blood or damage to the town, General Ross halted his force outside of it and ordered a flag of truce to be sent in, which he accompanied himself. Hardly, however, had this small party entered the town when some patriots (as they delighted to style themselves) opened fire on them, one of the escort being killed and General Ross's horse shot under him. Of course all ideas of further parleying were now at an end, and the troops were ordered to advance on the town, all ranks being rendered furious by this outrageous breach of the rules of war. The house, whence the treacherous shots had been fired, was at once stormed and every soul in it put to death, after which all Government buildings and property were burned or destroyed. Dockyard, arsenal, and barracks were shortly in flames; over a hundred pieces of cannon and some twenty thousand stand of arms were destroyed, with a newly built frigate and a vast amount of warlike stores. The President's palace and the Senate House shared the same fate, as unfortunately did the National Library and Archives.

It has always been the fashion for Americans to denounce the barbarity of this wholesale destruction, but any impartial student of military history, versed in the ways of soldiers engaged in active operations in an enemy's country, will appreciate the extraordinary forbearance shown by the British troops on this occasion. Despite their bitter indignation at the profound act of treachery of the Americans, it is a notable fact that no private houses were plundered nor intentionally destroyed, save only the one whence the General's horse had been shot. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this, for to this day, whereas the wickedness of England in burning Washington is a stock article of belief in America, the disgraceful episode, happily unparalleled in civilised warfare, which was the immediate cause of the destruction, is always as scrupulously ignored, as also, it may be added, are the destruction by the Americans of

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Newark, York, and other towns upon the Canadian frontier.

American writers have indeed denied that any flag of truce was sent into Washington, and in support of their views say, truly enough, that General Ross in his despatches did not mention the matter. It is sufficient to say here that the American War Minister, General Armstrong, in his report states that General Ross, after entering the city with a small escort, set a price on the public buildings as their ransom, and despatched an agent to open negotiations with the Americans on the subject, and that "the return of the messenger with *the rejection of the terms* became the signal for destruction." It is inconceivable to imagine how such a condition of affairs could have arisen without a temporary cessation of hostilities, which implies a flag of truce.

That the latter did exist, therefore, may be taken as granted, and that it was violated is emphatically stated by the late Chaplain-General to the Forces (the Reverend George Gleig) who was present at Bladensburg and at the capture of Washington as a subaltern in the 85th Light Infantry. His narrative of the campaign, in which all these circumstances are clearly detailed, was based upon a journal kept at the time, and he is careful to state that "for all the particulars however extraordinary," he is "enabled thus fairly to pledge his credit." It may also be mentioned that the Americans themselves set fire to some of their own establishments on the approach of the British, and that a certain number of private dwellings were plundered and fired by the lower classes in the town, who took advantage of the confusion which naturally existed.

The British commander, having completed this act of justifiable vengeance, had now to carry out the difficult task of withdrawing his small force, encumbered as it was with many wounded, to his ships. This had to be done in the presence of a strong force of Americans who, after the rout at Bladensburg, had reassembled in the vicinity of the town.

The withdrawal was successfully accomplished, although it was found necessary to leave behind a considerable number of men too severely wounded to be moved. To the honour of Americans it should be mentioned that these unfortunate sufferers received the kindliest treatment from their enemies, who were, naturally enough, much enraged at their recent defeat and the destruction of their capital. It is said that the Americans, throughout the hostilities of 1814, were greatly surprised at the orderly conduct of the British soldiers and the way that they respected private property and did not molest the inhabitants. It is worth repeating this in the face of the statements of a recent American writer who has gravely assured his readers that, had the British succeeded at New Orleans, the town and its inhabitants, and more especially the women, would have shared the fate of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos.

General Ross's force re-embarked on the morning of August 30th without suffering any molestation from the enemy. Thus terminated one of the most daring expeditions on a small scale ever carried out, and although this exploit did not receive the attention it deserved at the time, it will ever rank as one of the most brilliant achievements of its class. For a mere handful of men, numbering but little above four thousand, to make a descent upon a hostile coast, to march sixty miles into the interior, to rout a force twice their strength and possessed of a powerful artillery, and to

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subsequently occupy the capital of the country, is surely a feat of arms which has rarely been excelled.

During the progress of this expedition the British frigates had carried on a most harassing warfare on the enemy's coasts, sailing up the Potomac and other rivers, and plundering and destroying all Government stores within their reach.

The next spot selected for attack by General Ross's force was the city of Baltimore, some fifteen miles from the nearest convenient point of debarkation. An American army opposed the advance but was routed with great loss, the gallant Ross most unfortunately receiving his death-wound in the action. The British pushed on, but on arriving in front of Baltimore, it was found to be strongly fortified with extensive field-defences, and still more strongly held. The officer who had succeeded to the command wisely decided not to risk an attack with his small force, where a repulse would mean annihilation. The withdrawal was successfully accomplished, the Americans not venturing to attack in the open, and the troops re-embarked unmolested and eventually sailed for Jamaica.

Two months later the ships conveying the troops which had served at Washington and Baltimore proceeded to Negril Bay. Here they were joined by a fleet under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane (with whom came General Keane to take command of the whole force), and reinforcements in the shape of the 93rd Highlanders, nine hundred strong, and five hundred men of the 3rd battalion 95th Rifle Corps (the present Rifle Brigade). Two West India regiments, each eight hundred strong, with two dismounted squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons (now 14th Hussars) and detachments of Artillery, Rockets, and Engineers completed the force. These troops, together with the brigade originally embarked at Bordeaux and the 21st Foot, made up a total of almost exactly five thousand of all ranks or, omitting the black troops, who were found to be not very valuable allies, of three thousand four hundred British soldiers. It was soon known that the objective of this new expedition was New Orleans.

This town is situated about one hundred and ten miles from the mouth of the Mississippi and is built on a narrow strip of land on the river bank, the other side of the town being protected by densely wooded morasses, beyond which, a chain of lakes and creeks communicate with the sea. At the time of these operations the entrance to the river, in addition to the natural protection afforded by a bar over which heavy vessels could not pass, was defended by some very strongly situated forts. Sir Alexander Cochrane and General Keane decided to avoid these obstacles, and to attempt to surprise New Orleans by carrying the troops in boats up the creeks to some point as near the town as it might be possible to reach. It was, however, very soon discovered that the Americans had considered the possibility of such an attack and had placed large boats, each carrying six heavy guns, on the lake to bar any advance by that route. An expedition was accordingly organised of fifty ships' boats, many armed with carronades; and our sailors after a gallant attack, in which they lost heavily, boarded and captured the whole American flotilla. The troops were now landed on a swampy desert spot called Pine Island, an operation which, owing to the distance the boats had to be towed between the vessels and the land, lasted from the 16th to the 21st of December; and on the 22nd the advanced guard, consisting of the

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4th Foot, 85th Light Infantry, and 95th Rifles, with rockets and two three-pounder guns, were landed at the head of a swampy creek within ten miles of New Orleans.

And here was committed one of the many errors of the expedition. This advanced guard, only sixteen hundred strong, instead of waiting in concealment near their point of debarkation until reinforced by the main body, pushed on alone towards New Orleans, and at noon halted and prepared bivouacs on the tongue of land between the river and the marsh. Just before nightfall two American vessels dropped down the river and opened a tremendous fire of grape and canister from their heavy ships' guns on the unprotected bivouacs, inflicting severe losses on the British. Then, after dark, the enemy made a determined onslaught on our camp, surrounding it on three sides, and only being driven off after desperate fighting at close quarters.[1]

The remainder of the force was meanwhile being conveyed by the sailors with extraordinary despatch from Pine Island to the point of debarkation, and General Keane, having withdrawn his advanced guard to a village some little way from the river, concentrated his whole force there by the 24th.

On the 25th Major-General the Hon. Sir Edward Pakenham, of Peninsular fame, who had been appointed to succeed General Ross, arrived from England. He saw at once that no advance was possible until the American vessels had been got out of the way. This was accordingly done on the following day, one of the vessels being destroyed and the other making her escape, and arrangements were now made for a general advance on the morrow.

During the night the Americans harassed our outposts unceasingly, firing at the sentries, at the officers on their rounds, and into the piquets; acts which roused the well-merited indignation of the British, who had hitherto been accustomed to fight an enemy with somewhat clearer ideas of the customs of civilised warfare, which do not regard it a soldierly accomplishment to assassinate individual sentries or fire into the bivouacs of sleeping men.

Early on the 28th the British forces advanced, and after a march of four or five miles found the American army in a strongly entrenched position behind a canal, with their right resting on the Mississippi, in which the ships and a number of gunboats were anchored ready to flank the land defences; powerful batteries had also been erected at intervals along this line and on the opposite bank of the river. The British continued their advance, but were met by such a storm of shot and shell, both from the lines covering New Orleans and from the ships and batteries on the flank, that they were compelled to withdraw out of the fire they could not reply to. Pakenham, seeing that the enemy could not be dislodged from their position by any other means, decided to send for some ships' guns and make an attack after the manner of a regular siege.

On the night of December 31st, 1814, six batteries were thrown up, and armed with thirty heavy guns brought up from the fleet by the sailors with extraordinary promptitude. Early on the first day of the new year fire was

[1] Captain Andrews of the 95th Rifles, to whose diary I am indebted for much information about the expedition, relates the following incident of this attack:—"A singular epistle was found in the pocket of an American officer who was killed. It ran as follows: 'Dear General,—The Enemy having profaned the Land of Liberty I intend attacking them this night, and hope you will be ready with your Corps to join us and *dip your Spoon into a Platter of Glory*. Yours, &c., Jackson, Commanding.'"

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opened. At first this caused great havoc and confusion among the Americans, but, having in the interval also landed heavy guns, and many more of them into the bargain, they soon rallied and completely overmastered the British batteries; and once again our troops had to be withdrawn, having effected nothing.

Pakenham now decided to detach a portion of his force by night to storm the enemy's batteries on the far side of the river, while a frontal attack would be simultaneously delivered by the main body of his troops. In order to carry out this scheme it was necessary to cut a canal from the head of the creek, where he had disembarked, to the river, for the passage by boat of the troops destined for the turning operations. This project was set about with extraordinary vigour, and by the 6th of January was completed. Meanwhile the 7th Royal Fusiliers and the 43rd Light Infantry, each eight hundred strong, two splendid Peninsular battalions, had arrived under Major Lambert, bringing up the total number of British troops to six thousand. The American forces, securely posted in their lines, were reckoned at about twelve thousand.

Pakenham's design was to pass across fourteen hundred men to the right bank on the night of the 7th; and he reckoned that this force would be able to march up the river bank and seize the American batteries by dawn on the 8th, when a general attack in two columns was to be made. Unfortunately, when only a few boats had been passed through the newly excavated canal, the soft soil gave way and the channel became hopelessly blocked; it thus came about that the detachment thrown across the river numbered only three hundred and fifty instead of fourteen hundred, and, owing to the delays, was four miles from its objective at the time the attack on the lines was delivered. With marvellous intrepidity this small force pushed on and stormed the enemy's batteries, too late, however, to prevent their having taken a deadly share in opposing the main attack. Thus the whole plan of attack fell through; and to add to the trouble the officer, commanding the regiment detailed to carry the ladders and fascines by which the stormers were to cross the canal in front of the lines, neglected to carry out his orders. The British troops had therefore to be halted, under a murderous fire from about thirty heavy guns, to wait for the fascines, &c., while the ships and the batteries across the stream, which had not yet been stormed by the detached force, opened a terrible fire on their flank. Our men fell by hundreds: Sir Edward Pakenham, riding forward to rally the troops, was killed; and soon afterwards both General Gibbs and Keane, commanding the two columns, were wounded, the latter mortally. A portion of the right column, consisting of the 4th and 21st, gained the parapet, but for want of ladders were unable to effect an entrance and were shot down by scores. Some of the left column (three companies of the 21st) had actually penetrated the lines, but for want of reinforcements was driven out again, and our troops, without leaders, eventually fell back in great confusion. The retreat was, however, admirably covered by the Rifles and those two fine regiments the 7th and 43rd, which, having been posted in reserve, now advanced and by their bold front prevented the enemy from attempting to pursue the defeated troops, while the victorious detachment across the river received orders to retire and rejoin the main body. Our losses were very heavy, fifteen hundred out of the five thousand who actually

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formed for the attack of the lines having fallen. General Lambert, who had succeeded to the command, wisely decided not to renew the attempt on such a strong position with his diminished forces, and made a skilful withdrawal to the ships.

Private Timewell's diary embraces the period of the operations commencing with the arrival of the 43rd at Pine Island to their termination. He appears to have duly chronicled all the events of the campaign with remarkable accuracy, as a comparison of his diary with that of an officer in the 95th Rifles proves. The diary is kept in the same small book in which he wrote his Peninsular Notes, a line separating his PASSAGES THROUGH THE CONTINENT from his account of the New Orleans Expedition which he aptly heads, *Now to proceed to America.*

After the withdrawal of the British Forces from the lines of New Orleans, a brigade was detached to reduce Fort Boyer guarding the entrance to the Bay of Mobile,[1] while the remainder of the troops were landed on Isle Dauphine. Timewell's account of the flora and fauna of that desolate spot is given *verbatim*, and he seems to have had exceptional information on these matters. He caustically remarks that the Generals and Staff occupied the only huts on the island, while he and his comrades were greatly tormented by mosquitoes, flies, and a number of alligators. In his further description of the *reptilia* of the region he apparently felt that he was getting a trifle out of his depth, for he very prudently cuts short his account with the remark that there were "several others *too tadious* to mention."

In March, 1815, the news of the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and America reached the Expeditionary Force and shortly afterwards the troops sailed for England. The only adventures chronicled during the return voyage was on the occasion when the captain "lost his latutud (latitude)" which, Private Timewell remarks with great gravity, "is very dangerous." The concluding entries deal with the landing of the 43rd in England and its embarkation a few days afterwards to join the British Army then marching from the field of Waterloo on Paris. The last entry, evidently added long afterwards, is the brief announcement of his wife's decease in 1825.

[1] Which operation was successfully carried out.

NOW TO PROCEED TO AMERICA.

On the 13th of October, 1814, we received orders for our embarkation, which took place on the 14th at Plymouth at Divels Poynt (Devil's Point) on board His Majesty's transport *Ocean*.

We set sail on the 26th with a prosperous gale: nothing extra till the 18th of November, about one o'clock, [when] we crossed the Traffic Line (Tropic of Capricorn). Proceeding on our course until the morning of the 4th December, we perceived the islands of Dominico (Dominica) and Mantainico (Martinique) to our larboard. We sailed past them; they seemed to be very mountainous. There we met with the *Venerable* (74) who is stationed there. Nothing extra till the 9th instant; then we passed the island of Gardlop (Guadaloupe) and Sandemengo (St. Domingo), very high lands; I cannot give you any more [information] about them being a great ways off.

On the 11th we came in sight of Jemaca (Jamaica); it is very mountainous and the climate very warm. We met with a frigate on her return home[wards] after conveying the troops to their destination. We ascertained from her that the Portsmouth and

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Cork Fleets passed fourteen days before us and is on their way to join the army.

We lost sight of the island [Jamaica] on the 15th December, when a storm arose and held to the 17th in the morning; then the weather becomes more temperate. [Here it was] where we first seen the flying fish in great numbers; they are about the size of a herron (herring) and flies only when the dolphin pursues them, and they fly about two hundred yards, the same as a swallow; then the dolphin leaps six feet out of the water after them.

On the 27th December we passed the island of Cuby (Cuba); it is of great descent (? height).

On the 30th December we cast anchor where the heavy line-of-battle ships lay, and in the afternoon sailed down [to] where the remainder of the transports lay.

On the 31st, [we] received orders for disembarking and landed about nine at night within ten miles of Orleans, and encamped on the banks of the river Missipia (Mississippi), and on the morning of the 5th January joined the army [at] about eleven o'clock within three miles of Orleans.

Then we furnished working-parties to cut a canal from our gunboats to proceed up the river; both soldiers and sailors and marines were employed on this laborious occasion, and on account of the ground being so marshy we were forced to build our batteries of shugar (sugar) instead of sand.[1]

When we joined the army we understood from the 95th regiment [that] there was no opposition on the morning of their landing. We then marched and encamped under the enemy's works near the lake leading to New Orleans. The enemy had stationed in this lake a frigate and several gunboats for the protection of the town, and on the evening of the same day the enemy sallied out unawares and rushed into the camp whilst the soldiers were busy in cooking and refreshing themselves. But the 95th and 93rd regiments got under arms, and with little or no loss on their side soon made the enemy retire in great confusion, leaving many dead on the field. I am sorry to regret the loss of a few brave officers and soldiers on the above occasion.

Nothing else happened during this night, but the next morning the enemy kept [up] a constant fire from their batteries; and the frigate and gunboats was standed (stationed) on the River Misipia which greatly annoyed our working-parties.

All necessary regulations being arranged for the general engagement on both sides of the river, the Commander of the Forces, Lieutenant-General E. M. Peckingham (Sir Edward Pakenham) give his orders for the different regiments to form [for] the attack on the enemy.

On the night of the 7th January, 1815, [we] finished a battery of nine 24-pounders, and all was builded of barrels of sugar. Then the order was issued that the army was to be drawn up in close column [as] near as possible [to] the enemy's works, the whole moving from their camps

[1] "The batteries and breastworks were constructed of hogsheads of sugar, which were found in the sugar-houses of the different plantations in the neighbourhood. But nothing could have answered worse than they did for this purpose, the enemy's shot going quite through them": Surtees's TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE. The reason for this is given by Captain Andrews in his journal: "The heavy rain of the previous night, which unfortunately dissolved a quantity of the sugar, rendered our batteries useless, and our men and guns were left exposed to the enemy's fire. Some sailors were ordered up and gallantly advanced under the fire of the enemy and withdrew the guns."

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so as to arrive at their appointed station about eleven o'clock at night [ready] to commence the engagement a little before daybreak on the morning of the 9th. A rocket was to be thrown up at that hour as a signal to engage in all quarters. The 85th regiment, with sailors and marines, crossed the river Misipia before daybreak in armed boats, and landed before they were perceived by the enemy, and took possession of two forts without any considerable loss, whilst the remainder part of the army was engaged on the right bank of the river leading to Orleans. Close to the banks of the river they had two batteries which commanded the left angle of the enemy's position. A storming-party, consisting of 400 men with a proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers, first made the attack and took one fort, but afterwards was repulsed with a great loss for want of a sufficient support.

The troops in front of New Orleans was the 4th, 21st, 44th, 93rd, and 95th regiments; the [latter] led the attack; the 43rd Light Infantry and 7th British Fusileers formed the reserve line. A part of the 44th and 5th West Indian regiment were employed to carry the scaling-ladders and bridges [fascines] for the purpose of ascending the enemy's works, which proved in vain on account of the depth of the ditch that was thrown up in front of the enemy. There was a tremendous fire of cannon kept up from their works.

The Commander of the Forces observing the misconduct of the 44th regiment,[1] who was employed in carrying the ladders and bridges, rode up immediately, but before he could reach the spot he received his death-wound. He immediately despatched an order to General Kain (Keane), a few minutes before he expired, to withdraw the army, but before General Kain could complete this order he was also wounded, which rendered him incapable of taking the command. Major-General Lamboth (Sir John Lambert) being the only one left, obeyed his orders, leaving entrenched the 43rd Light Infantry and 7th British Fusiliers, up to their middle in water, the 95th covering the retreat. I cannot

[1] The failure of the attack and the causes which led thereto are thus ably described by William Surtees of the 3rd batt. 95th Rifles, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair. "After dark, I went with my commanding officer and adjutant to view the ground over which our battalion was to march next morning, and to find out the wooden bridges, &c., over the ditches which lay in the way, that no delay might take place when they were called upon to act. I was sadly disappointed at our not meeting any other commanding officers engaged in this most necessary duty, and at the time I expressed my apprehensions as to the result. I pointed out to him the different manner in which the business had been conducted previous to the assault on Badajoz and previous to the attack on the enemy's position on the Nivelle, where every commanding officer, or others who had any particular duty assigned to them, were brought to ground from which it was clearly pointed out to them how they were to move and act; but here all seemed apathy and fatal security, arising from our too much despising our enemy. This latter, I believe, was the principal cause of our not taking the necessary precautions and consequently of our failure, particularly the commanding officer of the 44th ought to have been brought and shown where the fascines were lodged, that no excuse of ignorance on that score might be pleaded." Subsequently, describing the assault on the lines, he writes: "But the 44th with the fascines were not to be found. Their commanding officer had taken them considerably past the redoubt where the fascines were placed, and when he bethought him of what he had to do, he and his men were obliged to turn back to seek them, and thus, when he ought to have been in front to throw them into the ditch to allow the other troops to pass over, he was nearly half a mile in rear, seeking for them."

But I believe it would not have availed much had they been there in time, for the right column never reached the point to which it was directed owing to the dreadful fire of every kind poured into it.

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bestow too much praise on the above corps for their mistorious (? meritorious) conduct of that day.[1]

About eleven o'clock at night, we spiked a nine gun battery, and then we retired in regular form to the encampment of the 21st and 44th regiments, who was ordered to the rear, about five miles.

Here we remained in front of the enemy, under a constant fire from the enemy for ten days, always accoutred and ready to stand to our arms, as we did not know the minute we [might be] surprised by the enemy. Day and night we had strong outlying piquets posted for that purpose, so you must consider our uncomfortable situation when we were not allowed to uncouter (*sic*) or shift ourselves. Indeed we thought every hour a day whilst we remained in this wretched state, besides, the coldness added more to our miseries. Every day we were issued out half a pint of spirits per man, which was of great service to the health of the troops.

On the afternoon of the 18th January, 1815, about the hour of ten, the piquets was ordered to be drawn off, except the sentries, who remained to three o'clock the next morning to take off the attention of the enemy whilst the remainder was retreating, which was performed in the most solitary (? soldierly) manner along the banks of a lake, thirteen miles of swampy ground, and on the morning of the 19th we encamped among a thicket of canes. This is a small island which was enclosed from the enemy, where we had strong outlying piquets, so that we rested secure until every necessary preparation was arranged for our embarkation, which took place on the 2nd of February.

After setting fire to our camp [we] went down the lake in boats to our different transports; we remained on board for five days, then we weighed anchor and sailed for the island of Daughin (Dauphine Island) and disembarked on the 8th.[1]

[1] In the Journal of Captain Andrews is the following passage: "The 95th were sent forward about midnight with orders to approach within musket-shot of the embrasures and fire upon the artillery-men. We advanced without being perceived and extended along the front of their works. . . . Day dawned and we found ourselves without support close under the enemy's works and with no cover whatever, too near for the guns to bear on us, but they commenced a heavy fire of musketry. . . ." Then followed the abortive attempt of the columns to advance, and Captain Andrews continues: "When I looked towards the rear, I beheld the troops flying precipitately, a similar disgraceful scene I never before witnessed in any former actions. I gave directions to my men to remain in their extended position, conceiving that the attack would be renewed. The enemy did not quit their ramparts, except some cavalry that advanced along the road near the river, but soon retreated upon our left company opening a fire upon them. Several regiments who did not fire a shot sustained a great loss. Among them the 93rd had their colonel killed and about 300 men killed and wounded. [This was by the cross fire of some thirty heavy guns.] The surviving British general and admiral having decided not to renew the attack, a flag of truce was sent in, to take off the wounded and bury the dead. An American staff-officer, who came out, said to Colonel Smith of the 95th [afterwards Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal], 'Well, if these are Lord Wellington's generals you have here, we would not mind if his Lordship himself was present.'" The Rifles were "now ordered to retire a short distance but still to remain extended in front, until the guns were taken to the rear by the 7th and 43rd who had remained in reserve. About 11 o'clock at night we retired to our former position after spending near 24 hours not very agreeably." The losses of the five companies in this perilous undertaking were seven officers and one hundred and five riflemen killed and wounded. Captain Andrews continues: "We felt much chagrin at the unfortunate issue of the day, and vented our hearty maledictions on the principal cause of our failure [Colonel Mullens] who was afterwards tried by a court-martial in Dublin and was cashiered."

[1] Three battalions were at this time engaged in the reduction of Fort Boyer, the remainder of the Expeditionary Force being landed on Dauphine Island.

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The length of this island is ten miles, in breadth, in some parts, two miles. It is a complete wilderness; at the upper end of it are a few shabby huts, the residence of a few Spaniards who were fishermen. Those huts were occupied by the Generals and Staff of the army.

Round the shore of this island are great banks of white sand as fine as flour; besides a great variety of trees to be seen, such as Black and Green Tea, great number of Saxafax (Sassafras), Cedar, and Bay trees. The climate is extremely warm besides; [we were] greatly tormented by miskeaties (mosquitoes), flies, and a number of alligators of a great size. The head is like a calf, the under jaw never moves, the tail like a fish and its fore paws is like a Christian's; hardly anything can pierce its scales; they are about fifteen feet long; we killed one of them. The turtles is plenty, and very beautiful, and several others too tadious to mention.

We remained there to the 4th of March, 1815, when we weighed anchor and left sight of that island with a fine breeze.

On the 21st [we] came in sight of Cuby; nothing worth noticing; it has chiefly Spaniards [for] inhabitants. The capital is Havana; it has strong walls for its fortification, mounting 360 pieces of cannon besides several forts of great strength. This intelligence we had from a native of the place.

On the 25th and 26th crossed the Gulf of Florida. On the morning of the 3rd April, a dreadful storm which held for two days, and many of the ships lost their foremast and sails torn to pieces. We lost the fleet the same night.

On the 27th April the weather gets very cold; we enter on the Banks of Newfound Land; at 12 o'clock p.m. we are 1541 miles from England.

On the 29th, to our great astonishment, we perceived prodigious mountains of ice floating on the sea, they reached to our sight about four miles in length. This night we lost our latutud (latitude), which is very dangerous; but on the 30th the Captain told us we were 1244 miles from England.

The weather becomes a little warmer, and on the 1st of June we comes in sight of England and cast anchor at Spithead. On the 3rd weighed anchor and sailed for Dail (Deal). On the 4th June arrived, and on the 5th disembarked and marched to Dover.

June 16th: Embarked for Holland. June 16th: Disembarked at Hostend (Ostend). July 6th: Joined the army. July 7th: Lined the walls of Paris. July 8th: King Lewis XVIII. enters Paris. July 24th: Reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, Emperor of Rusha (Russia), King of Prusha (Prussia), and the Emperor of Ostria (Austria).

You must think it very wonderful when we were in three summers and two winters in the space of ten months, and which is more curious, we have been twice in the West Indies, once in America, twice in England, and twice in France, all in ten months. I am to incence (? acquaint) you with the summers and winters and the different countries. We landed from France, the 5th June 1814; *that* was one summer, and once in France. Embarked on the 28th October for America and it was winter as far as the West Indies, there we were forced to cover the decks with sails to shade us from the sun; that was *two* summers. Passing the Bay of Newfound Land, we were almost frozen to death; *that* I reckon as two winters. Disembarked at Dail (Deal) the 5th of June, *that* was the three summers. Embarked on 16th for Holland and all in the space of ten months.

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So this finishes my small book.

My wife died on the 17th of May, 1825.

It was most unfortunate for us that the main attack on the lines should have been entrusted to regiments, some of which had not served under the Great Duke in Spain and thus had not had any opportunities of being trained in that great school of war. Surtees, an eye-witness of the whole affair, says: "I would have employed the 7th and 43rd in the post of honour instead of keeping them in reserve. They, as is well known, had each established a reputation for being the finest regiment in the service. . . . Far different was it for those who unfortunately led the attacks, for, except one, they had not any of them been conspicuous as *fighting* regiments."

On the other hand, the admirable conduct of the 85th Light Infantry, the Sailors and Marines, who despite the smallness of their numbers, succeeded so thoroughly in their desperate task across the river, should not be forgotten, nor that of the 93rd Highlanders, who lost their colonel and over four hundred men without being able to return a shot.

Captain Andrews is less sweeping than Surtees in his condemnation of the regiments engaged, which, it must be remembered, were not only exposed to a murderous cannonade from big guns in front and on flank, but also to a new weapon, the rifle, at that time almost unknown in European warfare. The latter enabled the Americans, who were mostly excellent shots, to keep up a fire which the British troops, owing to the short range of their smooth-bore muskets, could not return. That this fire was not far more destructive than it proved to be, was mainly due to the fact that the 95th Rifles, who alone were armed with similar weapons of precision, kept some portion of it down from the works.

In summing up the causes which led to our failure, Captain Andrews's remarks are certainly entitled to some consideration, since they were written at the time by one who not only was an eye-witness of all that occurred, but was also in a position to judge tolerably correctly of the behaviour of the troops formed in rear of his extended line of Riflemen, which line he commanded after two officers senior to him were shot. "The character of the British soldier," he writes, "was tarnished by the disgraceful conduct of a single regiment; with that one exception there were never finer troops employed against an enemy, who would have had fatal experience of our quality if he had encountered us in the field." He shares the views of many that the first error committed was by General Keane in not advancing after the action of the 23rd December, the second being that of General Pakenham, who, upon finding his canal useless and all his plans disarranged, should have countermanded the attack before dawn. Lastly, he contends that General Lambert, even after the first repulse of the British columns, "might have moved up the 7th and 43rd regiments so as to allow the other regiments to rally, and, with the 95th Rifles still in front, to advance and renew the attack, particularly as he knew that Colonel Thornton had completely succeeded on the other side of the river. General Jackson would then have had a different story to relate; I suspect his *Platter of Glory* would have been upset."

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NOVELS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE.

It is odd to think how much earlier the novel of University life, as that life is understood in Universities on the English pattern, might have been but for the curious fact that only one of the great English novelists of the eighteenth century had had any experience of it. Three of them, the three latest, were women, and, though we do get a vivid touch as to John Thorpe's Oxford experiences in NORTHANGER ABBEY, they could not be expected to know much about it. Indeed one may be curious to know whether even Miss Austen's dæmonic faculty of guessing the truth about everything, or avoiding what she could not guess, failed her in that odd calculation of the wine drunk in Thorpe's rooms by pints. The great John, it will be remembered, illustrated his dictum that "there is no drinking at Oxford now" by the remark, "you will hardly meet with a man who goes beyond his four pints at the utmost," though the "famous good stuff" in his own case tempted men to five pints. Why pints? A moderate man dining by himself no doubt would even then proceed by pints; but why, in company, desert the sacred and convenient bottle? I wish some scholiast on Jane would look into this point.

But to return; of the greater and earlier masculine quartette, Fielding most unfortunately went from Eton, not to Oxford but, to Leyden. Richardson's lot did not fall in the way of University education at all, and Smollett was a Scotchman. Only Sterne heard the chimes of either St. Mary's at midnight in the regular way; and Sterne's University days were over by more than twenty years when he at last took to writing novels. His adventures at Cambridge with the future author of CRAZY TALES might possibly have been amusing, though they pretty certainly would not have been edifying; but they found no bard in him. By the time when he took up the pen he was thinking of the chapter of York and the yokels of Sutton and Stillington, of the charms of the adventurous Kitty Fourmentelle and the opposite qualities (which made him *ægrotus et fatigatus plus quam unquam*) of poor Mrs. Sterne, of sentiment and sculduddery, of queer reading and quaint typographic tricks, of anything, in short, but the simple and mostly healthy ways of not too studious youth.

There is only one novelist of the eighteenth century, so far as I remember, who has brought University life in at all vividly, and that is Frank Coventry. POMPEY THE LITTLE (though Lady Mary thought it good because, as she very frankly allowed, she knew all the people) is not much read nowadays. But it has various merits, not the least of which is that the author, though a brother of the craft, admired Fielding as he ought to be admired, and expressed that admiration in language not unworthy of Thackeray himself. Coventry was a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and he makes his hero pass some of the later chapters of the book at that University. Unfortunately the lap-dog's

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days were drawing to a close, and his biographer does not linger over them. But we get some lively touches, — the information that an undergraduate's journey to London in those days was called "going on a scheme," a sketch of the fellow-commoner of the period as one who "enjoys the conversation of the fellows," and an extremely promising outline of a young don, one Mr. Williams. I do not think that the description of Mr. Williams's day has yet found its way into any of our numerous selections; but it is quite worthy of a place in them, and its quality may be judged even here from the neat label on the bookish part of this young pundit's employments, "removing the SPECTATORS into the place of the TATLERS, and the TATLERS into that of the SPECTATORS." But not quite twenty very small pages are allotted to this division of the subject, and clearly not much can be expected in so scanty a room.

Earlier of course there is even less. If novels instead of dramas had been in fashion in Elizabethan days, or if Nash, who knew Cambridge so well, had chosen to devote himself to Jack Wilton's adventures at the University, we should have had something to speak of; as it is, there is the matter, though not the form, of the thing in the three striking plays of which the best known is THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS, a few glances and passages in other plays, but nothing more. The character-writers of the seventeenth century are again tantalising; and from Earle in particular, if Sir Walter had chosen to take his hints on this subject, as he has some other and much slighter ones, in THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, the manners and the men of Merton in the days when queens (and other persons of that sex) had it for their lodging might have lived for us again. In Pepys, of course, as well as in others, there are the same flashes and glimpses to show what might have been made if the men and the hour had come; but they had not, and there is no more to be said. "It is a provocation, but not strong enough to disturb a wise man's patience," as that cold-blooded time-server Osborn ("my father Osborn," whom Pepys himself admired so much and followed more than he should) observes with his usual coolness in reference to the possible destruction by Puritan fanaticism of the Universities themselves.

Yet the English Universities and their silent sister Trinity College, Dublin, (not in literature by any means so silent) would have, in these and succeeding times, given far better subjects than the general idea of them derived from Whigs and prigs would suggest; I fear we must in this particular connection allow that even the great Mr. Gibbon, though not one of the first, was one of the last. Anyone who knows that odd book, TERRÆ FILIUS, knows that there was plenty of character in at least the Oxford life of the earlier part of the eighteenth century when, moreover, the constant presence of more or less Jacobite intrigue gave a flavour far different from anything known since. Byrom, Gray, and others give fainter indications of Cambridge, besides that actual sketch of Coventry's; but the great novelists let this matter almost entirely alone for the good reason given, and even the lesser ones touch it little and with no life-giving hand. An acquaintance, not exhaustive (which is impossible) but even considerable, with the ruck of novels in any but one's own time can only be attained by some singular combination of opportunity, leisure, and taste. But I cannot think of any novel mainly,

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or in any large part, devoted to University life before Lockhart's REGINALD DALTON, which appeared in 1823.

Yet if Stephen Penton, Principal of St. Edmund Hall (whose odd and pleasing little book THE GUARDIANS INSTRUCTION, OR THE GENTLEMAN'S ROMANCE (1688) has just been reprinted) had acted up to his second title, as he easily might have done, we should have had the University novel a hundred and forty years earlier than it came. But Mr. Penton did not fully carry out "the Romantick manner of writing" in reference to that "idle, ignorant, ill-bred, debauched, Popish University of Oxford," as he sarcastically calls it, or supposes it to be called. He is, on the whole, rather didactic than romantic. This is almost a pity, for he has some of the liveliest touches: the father's arrival at Oxford; his disgust at hearing "roaring and singing"; the Proctor's diplomatic consolation to the effect that it was only two riotous townsmen; the importance of not letting a boy come home for the first year lest his studies be broken and he see bad company (a delightful topsy-turvification from our point of view); the danger of frequenting bowling-greens and racket-courts; the necessity of paying bills quarterly, of going to University sermon, and of *not* keeping a horse. Then, just as the trait of the "boy clinging about his mother and crying to go home again" makes one wonder whether the scene is laid utterly in the moral antipodes of the Oxford that we know, there comes a final touch which shows the real identity. The tutor has asked the father and sisters to "a commons with him." As he has talked very ascetically they fear scant entertainment, and "the girls drank chocolate at no rate [which is to say, 'like anything,'] in the morning for fear of the worst;" whereas they had "silver tankards heaped upon one another," "glasses fit for a Dutchman," and an entertainment big enough for ten. "Pretty much like our own," says Mr. Rigmarole.

In REGINALD DALTON, as in some of its companions, we see the comparative slowness with which the novel separated itself from the conventional romance. Some of Reginald's experiences were perfectly true to life in Lockhart's days. The duel, for instance, which in seriousness or comedy had a curious hold on University novels, and appears as burlesque even in MR. GOLIGHTLY, was of course no very uncommon event in 1823. Just about that time Lockhart's friend, Sir Alexander Boswell, had been killed in one; and he himself had, by a narrow and painful chain of chances, in all probability escaped killing, or being killed, in another. I do not know whether research has discovered the last serious duel at either University, but one might have occurred much later. At the same time, if Lockhart had been as great in novel-writing as he was in criticism he would probably have omitted the duel, because, though a possible, it was, after all, a rare accident, and did not form anything like part of the ordinary career of an Oxford man; but the traditions of the romance required it, or something like it, and so it, with other time-honoured ingredients, was added.

I have always myself preferred to REGINALD DALTON the brief references to Oxford in PETER'S LETTERS; the "lounging away the golden morning after lecture," the early dinner and the wine in Trinity Gardens, the rowing afterwards with innocent tea and bread and butter at Sandford, and the regular conclusion of bread and cheese and bishop at x. p.m. Tea and bread and butter were not,

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I think, much consumed at Sandford in the second and third quarters of the present century, but perhaps they have resumed their sway. As for bishop, you may meet persons of virtue and distinction who do not know what is the liquor whereof Lockhart, with a solemnity unusual in him, pronounces, "Wine is mulled everywhere, but bishop *is Oxonian*."

Yet REGINALD DALTON itself is not to be despised, for all its lack of construction, the absence from it of really life-like character, and the strange, but then not uncommon, mixture of sentimentality and boisterousness, of Mackenzie and Smollett, which we find in it. It is difficult to say whether the Oxford scenes are too highly coloured or not. We have very few documents to control them by, and in them, as in the book generally, may be traced a certain touch of the deliberate exaggeration of the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, of which Lockhart was one prime founder, and to which he was at this time contributing freely. Town and Gown rows lasted much longer, and, in degenerate forms on special occasions, are not quite extinct yet. But one does not see how such a combat as that here depicted could possibly have ended without nearly as much slaughter as that which marked the Feast of St. Scholastica herself, or how the very limited strength of the bulldogs and the few city constables could possibly have dispersed it. Discipline, again, was lax in those days; but could, even then, any college have suffered one of its tutors to be insulted and almost assaulted by an out-college man, without so much as an enquiry into the matter? However, one never knows; and I should say that the chief fault to be found with Lockhart's book is not so much the extravagance of any incident, as a certain over-stretch of general tone. Sir Walter was but just teaching the novelist that it is not necessary either to guffaw, or to weep, or to lecture, at the top of your voice and a little beyond it.

Since Lockhart showed the way there have been not a few novels which have made University life the main, and many which have made it a part, of their subject. The greatest of these latter, the greatest of all by far, is of course PENDENNIS. Perhaps there is no better example on the one hand of Thackeray's special power, or on the other of the way in which the true and great novelist always generalises and idealises, than the Oxbridge chapters of this great book. Despite the novelist's intention to combine the two Universities as far as possible, there is no doubt just sufficient Cambridge flavour to identify the original; but there is hardly enough to make the picture really unfaithful to Oxford The "eternal undergraduate" is caught under the habit in which he tempo rarily lived, and through the manners and circumstances in which he was locally set. The thing transcends the mere humours of University life, the mere comic business of scouts (I beg pardon, skips,) and bedmakers, though it does not exclude them. The rise, the reign, and the decadence of Pendennis, and the progress of his studies and his expenses, the agreeable digression on the prize-poem which unluckily (like Thackeray's own) was not a prize-poem, the admirable philosophy of Foker, the great dinner to the Major, the dawn of the dice, and the catastrophe,—all these things fill but a few pages of that grace-abounding book, but how finally and completely! You may read PENDENNIS, read it again and again, before, and during, and in the longer and less rosy days after, your own stay at Oxbridge, and find no difference in it, however much there may be in yourself. If the Book of

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Oxbridge has a very little less piquancy than the later Book of the Press (to split up the epic in the usual way), it is only because it stands less alone. Nobody else has done the other well at all; but nobody has done this so well.

The principal things between REGINALD DALTON and PENDENNIS, whose authors had more in common than most of their contemporaries, were the rather ignoble grotesque of PETER PRIGGINS, and Charles Kingsley's chapters on Cambridge in ALTON LOCKE; while later a third, but more conventional and fictitious representation of this latter University appeared in Smedley's FRANK FAIRLEGH. Oxford had its revenge later. THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN fixed the comedy of University life as it existed during, at least, the greater part of the nineteenth century, after a fashion which attained popularity and almost deserved fame; the more serious side occupied, at almost too great length, the attention of Thomas Hughes in the well known sequel TOM BROWN AT OXFORD, while Henry Kingsley, a little later, gave a brief, but admirably vivid Oxford scene to that ill-constructed but excellently detailed book, RAVENSHOE. Of later books, except one, the date of which I do not clearly know, I shall say nothing. In reference to the actual life of a University, when he has once left it, a man is in worse condition than even Farinata and his companions in the INFERNO. He knows what it was when he was a man and lived too; he can guess and understand what it was earlier; but of after times,

Nulla sapem di vostro stato umano,

"we know nothing of your states as *men*" must be his true confession. Even the statements of those who are, and have been in that state since convey little real information. So here, adding CHARLES O'MALLEY, the *locus classicus* for Dublin, and Winwood Reade's LIBERTY HALL, as a sidelight on Oxford, let us conclude our list.

And of some of these we must speak but shortly. Few sketches of Oxford life have been more truthful than those in the earlier chapters of TOM BROWN AT OXFORD (though I have known some fault found with the boat-racing) and the crowning scene of Blake's wine and Chanter's supper is done with power. But the author does not seem to have been at home in the purely novel-setting of the story; and few, I think, have held him quite successful with Hardy, the bible-clerk. In fact the whole is a little out of drawing, though perhaps no book of the class contains better details. The Cambridge scenes in ALTON LOCKE (which Kingsley changed a good deal in the later editions of the book) supply by dint of these changes rather a valuable document for the social historian; but otherwise they are hardly the best part of the novel, and Lord Lynedale is, like Hardy, what Carlyle would have called a clothes-horse rather than a man. The University part of RAVENSHOE is still slighter; though the picture of "hay-making" is one of the most spirited literary records of that destructive pastime, part-cause of the prosperity of many generations of University upholsterers. And the Cambridge passages of FRANK FAIRLEGH, really amusing as some of them are, suffer a little from the fact that their extremely ingenious author was still, to some extent, in the bondage of Theodore Hook's school, of the artificial, half-comic, half-sentimental romance. Not merely in the duel, but in other things we are here curiously close to REGINALD DALTON, though that book is thirty years older in date of writing than Smedley's, and nearly

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forty years older if we look at the date of Lockhart's actual experience of Oxford.

Not quite so briefly must CHARLES O'MALLEY be mentioned, though here also the University passages are a mere episode in the most episodic of books. How indeed could any man pass in silence, or with mere mention, the name of Francis Webber? It may be true that in all his debauches of chronology, probability, and construction Lever never committed a greater enormity than in regard to this excellent person, whose college career extended, so far as we can calculate, despite accidents and outrages which would have cut short that of most men in a few months, to about four or five times the length of the ordinary life of collegiate man,—to wit from the existence of the Irish Parliament (1800 at the latest) to the battle of Waterloo in 1815. The critic in such matters will take refuge in the paradox of the author of PALMERIN OF ENGLAND, when he described the giant Princess Arlanza as "ugly, yet graceful withal, and of much manner and gaiety." The gaiety is certainly not lacking in the legends of the halfpenny that walked, and the advent of the dragoons at high-table, and the incomparable impersonation of the Widow Malone. Charles himself plays quite a second fiddle to Webber. Indeed, except when he is clearing that eternal stone wall, or performing other feats proper to a hero, it is in the friends of Charles rather than in Charles, their friend, that one is interested. As how should it be otherwise with one who preferred Lucy to Inez and Baby Blake? But Lever touched Trinity life as he did so many things from first to last, with a strange touch, — half of genius, half of blunder, never quite succeeding, but never wholly failing, and in either case doing rememberably.

The author of PETER PRIGGINS, J. T. Hewlett, has other seemingly University novels attributed to him by the Dictionary of National Biography, but I never saw any of them. This one, which appeared without an author's name and as "edited by Theodore Hook" in 1841, is a scarce book and a dear, owing to the mania for collecting illustrations by Phiz. The plates are pretty, though I cannot believe that in the most intoxicated ages undergraduates habitually sat in their rooms with their caps on. The letter-press will, I fear, prove disappointing; it certainly proved so to one who read it after many years. Although the book has a vague reputation for enormity (chiefly based on a Gargantuan orgie at Mr. Slipslop's "Great-go Wine") it is fairly harmless; but it is not good. The calculated desultoriness, the jerky improbability of adventure, the studied facetiousness of all the school of Theodore are heavy on it; and the kitchen-French of Mr. Priggins's wife, the humours of the scouts, Broome and Dusterly, are but tragical mirth. Nor does Hewlett make the best of his opportunities. He spoils, in telling it, the Brasenose legend of "and then I fondoos 'em," and makes the cook pronounce the word *fundoh*, which is absurd. His learned coachman, Lynchepynne, is not a good study of "the classic Bobart" for whom, I suppose, he is intended; and the sporting scenes, the humours of a retired actor who keeps a tobacco-shop at Abingdon and is induced to re-tread the boards, and so forth, are but faint and very feeble echoes of Smollett. On the whole the dons (who are not as a rule libelled or caricatured) are more human than the undergraduates; and the Bursar's idea of a dinner in his own rooms for himself, the Dean, and the senior tutor,—spitch-cocked eels, saddle of

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mutton, snipe, and a *fondu*, with just a bottle of port apiece afterwards—is by no means a bad one. It avoids at once the barbaric plenty which used to be charged against Oxford meals, and the kickshaws of modern times. It was a pity the cook spoiled it. Perhaps the worst fault of the book is its extreme vagueness. It is vague both in local and, so to speak, temporal colour and in other ways. If it be contrasted with the firm touches which, even in his immature work, Thackeray was then giving, sometimes in reference to the same subject, this becomes particularly noticeable; nor does PETER PRIGGINS suffer much less from the comparison with the work now to be noticed, though it be by a much lesser man than Thackeray.

There are few odder books, if their circumstances and origin be taken into consideration, than THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN. Laymen writing about law and clergy, ladies writing about parliament or clubs, Frenchmen writing about England, Americans attempting to imitate the vulgar speech of England,—all these are by-words, and justly by-words, for slips and errors. But it is doubtful whether the unhappiest of them ventures on such a perilous task as a man who is not of the University writing about the University, or a man of one University writing about another. There was once an unhappy novelist who placed his hero at Cambridge and made him "have a few holidays in consequence of the death of the Greek Professor," an event which might draw forth the tears of the Muses by Cam, or, for the matter of that, by Isis, but which certainly would not bring about anything in the shape of holiday or working day for any man by either. But Edward Bradley, who, in gratitude to Bishop Cosin and Bishop Hatfield (for whom as a Durham man he was more especially bound to pray) called himself Cuthbert Bede, and who never, I believe, paid more than visits to Oxford itself, seems to have had a strange imputation of genius. I myself did not know Oxford till some dozen years after the publication of VERDANT GREEN, while the condition of the University had in that time, owing to the operation of the first Commission, altered probably more than it had done in a hundred years earlier. There were no bedmakers, in most colleges at least, any longer; the Proctor was no longer "plucked," and the very word was giving way to another. Yet VERDANT GREEN was true in the really important things still to a very great extent, and the singular fashion in which the author had been able to unite the passing with the abiding features made it more true still.

A good deal of this no doubt was due to the fact that here at any rate Cuthbert Bede takes rank with the real makers; he turns out men and even women, not lay figures. In such other works of his as I have read,—GLENCRAGGAN and what not—he does not display this faculty; he is clever,—some of his nonsense verses are very clever indeed — but not much more. But Oxford seems to have touched, stranger within her gates as he was, at once his ears, his eyes, and his lips. His happiest strokes might not have been attained before Dickens; but how few of the imitators of Dickens have attained anything like them, and how seldom did Dickens himself know how to restrain himself to the effect of them! The grave and fatherly admonition of the scout, when Verdant, in his new-born thrift, suggests that the remains of his commons shall be saved, to the effect that fresh bread and butter are far better for his master's health than stale food; the punctiliously exact prescription of the bed-maker as to the

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sovereign effect of three spots of brandy on a lump of sugar in spasms, and her congratulations to Verdant on his wedding,—how these things differ from the tiresome insistence of some imitators on similar characteristics! With what real art are the various episodes wrought together to make a whole! How little padding there is, and how lightly and easily the stock Oxford jokes (some of them almost perennial and, as it has been suggested, concocted by King Alfred in the Brasenhus in the intervals of drawing up the statutes of University College) are brought in, touched off, and left without tedious dwelling!

But undoubtedly the book would not approach positive greatness so nearly as it does without Mr. Bouncer. Dates suggest that Mr. Bouncer may have owed something to another person, that he would not have been quite what he was if Foker had not been. But there is no copying, and I am not absolutely certain that there was complete priority in the heir of the beer-vats. At any rate, Mr. Bouncer is at once himself and also one side of the eternal undergraduate aforesaid. I remember, when I was perambulating Christ Church Meadows in the intervals of an examination for a Postmastership, seeing a small man in a coat and cap, of I do not at this distance of time know what college, struggling to thrust off a punt and ejaculating, "And they had much work to come by the boat"; and I remember looking into that punt hopefully, but doubtfully, to see whether Huz and Buz were there. They were not; they could not have been; but the soul of their master, which the Reverend Cuthbert Bede had so cunningly fixed, was somewhere about beyond all question. And I should be glad to think that it is there still,—still "very short," still desirous of two ponies, still capable of making practical and agreeable use even of ponies of a different kind from that hoped for, still as full of good fellowship as of mischief, and of not too bookish intelligence as of both.

And Verdant himself is a person too. He is a muff, but not merely a muff. Even the implacable veracity of wine discovers nothing discreditable in him. If the expression be imperfect, the sentiment is undeniable in "Oxful fresmul, anprowtitle!" It is not everyone who in the circumstances would have retained the delicacy which animated his appeal to "myfrel Misserboucer" for permission to apply that phrase to his new acquaintance; and the appreciation of the "jollitlebirds" shows soul, just as the indignation which, at a much later and more conventional part of the story, is incited in him by the sight of "His moustache under Her nose" shows manliness behind those gig-lamps.

In short, to drop falsetto, Cuthbert Bede in this good-humoured extravaganza showed the possession of two qualities which novelists of much more ambitious pretensions have by no means often possessed in the same measure,—a remarkable faculty of assimilating and mastering the outward details of his subject, and a faculty not much less remarkable of making his slight and fanciful sketches of persons alive. As he certainly never at any other time showed the first of these faculties to anything like the same effect, and never at any other time displayed any great grip of the second at all, it is not foolish to suppose that there was some singular pre-established harmony between himself and his subject in this particular case, that the hour and the man accorded, as they do too seldom in literature. The thing of course is a trifle, a

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burlesque, or at best a farcical comedy. One only wishes that the serious things of literature, the epics and the tragedies, were always or often done half so well. They say that close upon a hundred and fifty thousand copies of the book have been sold; would that these dubious arithmetical distinctions were often so justly earned!

LIBERTY HALL, which appeared in 1860 dedicated to "My dear Uncle" the "Author of IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND" is a queer, and in parts a decidedly grimy book. Its author's description of it is remarkably accurate: "Clumsy, disjointed and unconsecutive,—a book written at two different eras and in two different styles; here spotted with those vulgarities which youth mistakes for power, and with those awkward jests which may scarcely be strained to the title of jocularity; there filled with those rhapsodies which are misunderstood and ridiculed by those who have never felt and can never appreciate them." As a matter of fact, the first volume deals wholly with Oxford; the second mainly with rabbit-shooting and other country matters: the third with the Shetland Islands. The Oxford part,—which is written in a queer contorted style suggesting, as does also its attempted realism, the ways of a generation later—is extremely minute in detail. The Schools in particular have never, I think, been so minutely painted; and the author's indignation at the fiendish examiners who ploughed his hero in Smalls, is rather ludicrously sincere and felt. But Mr. Winwood Reade must have been unlucky in his associates. I have breakfasted, within a few years of the date of his book, in a sufficient number of colleges, and I never saw men throw bones under the table, or gormandise in such a bestial hurry that they put clean plates on the top of dirty ones to save time and trouble. The book, crude as it is, is not without power and suggests experience; but the best thing in it, so far as our subject is concerned, is a chapter describing the manner in which the hero economically saved seven and sixpence by not going out riding, and then spent about £8 in buying things he did not in the least want, while idling about the High Street instead. With vivid touches here and there, the whole thing is out of drawing; there is no sustained character in a single figure; and, even if the uglier features were removed, the chaotic want of construction and the exaggerated tone would be abiding objections.

I do not know what may be the precise date of MR. GOLIGHTLY, THE CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN, by Martin Legrand, which seems to have been designed to rival VERDANT GREEN. The date of my copy is 1878, and there is no indication of its being a re-print, but the costume of the illustrations is far older. The book, though not offensive, is terribly feeble. Of its truth to Cambridge ways I cannot judge; but of that truth to life, a little conventionalised and "fantasticked," which has been praised in VERDANT GREEN, there is not a vestige. The hero, though amiable enough, is next door to an idiot; the hoaxes put upon him by his companions have no thread of connection or plausibility, and they themselves are all lay-figures or bundles of rags. One rather life-like sketch of a "coach" alone redeems the book from utter deadness, and this is very slight. Elsewhere, characters without life move, or stick, in scenes without connection like a boxful of badly dressed marionettes emptied anyhow on a table. If Mr. Martin Legrand had had the courage to write merely a succession of separate sketches,—the gyp, the bed-maker, the drag, the tobacco-

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shop, and so forth—after a fashion set long ago by Bishop Earle of Oxford and brought to perfection by Mr. Thackeray of Cambridge, he might have done not so badly. But as it is, he tried to make a book and failed; and his volume is really nothing but a direct foil, and an indirect tribute, to the excellence of that really remarkable work in which the Oxford life of many generations was depicted by Edward Bradley.

Perhaps the day of University novels, as such merely or mainly, is a little past. It came naturally when the Universities themselves became objects of interest and places of possible sojourn to a larger proportion of people than had been the case earlier, and while this condition was more or less new. With completer vulgarisation the special attraction of the subject may cease. But it must always be a possible episode or chapter, more particularly in that biographical novel which has been desiderated, and which would in effect be a kind of revival of the old medieval romance such as it was when it began with Ogier the Dane as an infant in the cradle, and left him either in grizzled age or rapt to fairy-land. For there can be, or should be, few passages in life with greater capabilities than that when a man is for the first time almost his own master, for the first time wholly arbiter of whatsoever sports and whatsoever studies he shall pursue, and when he is subjected to local, historical, and other influences, sensual and supra-sensual, such as might not only "draw three souls out of one weaver," but infuse something like one soul even into the stupidest and most graceless of boys.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL the next day I watched and waited in vain for a chance of speaking to Iridé, for I knew better than to confide anything to paper, but she did not go out. Towards evening, however, her maid came down, and I made a pretext to gossip a little with the girl who had been despatched upon an errand to town by her mistress.

"Is the Signorina ill?" I enquired. "She has not been out to-day."

"Well, no, one can hardly call her ill," answered the girl; "but they say in the kitchen that there is trouble brewing for her. The Baron talked to Signora Bartholi for nearly an hour this morning alone in the drawing-room; and after that the Signora went to my mistress and talked to her, and since then she has done nothing but cry; and for that reason she has a headache."

"What can be the matter now?" I asked. "One would fancy that such people had everything they could possibly want, and had no earthly need to shed a tear."

"They say in the kitchen," began the girl——

"Well, what do they say in the kitchen?" I enquired. "Surely I may take a little interest also in matters up-stairs. It is best to be good friends with the *portinaio*, you know; he keeps the keys and can let his friends in or out on the sly, eh, my girl," and I winked at her. She was very pretty, but my action was, I hasten to say, merely executed upon Thomas's behalf.

"Well, then, they say that the Signorina's father will not allow her to marry a handsome Englishman she met in Switzerland."

"Ah, well, we can't all have our own way," I said sagely.

"The Englishman was handsome, it is true," went on Vanna (that was her name) reflectively; "still it must be a fine thing to be a Princess——"

"Is the Signorina to be a Princess then?" I enquired pricking up my ears.

"So they say, in the kitchen," answered the maid: "but, Signor Portinaio, I must go now," and she tripped off, though not before I had chucked her under the chin. I am almost as ashamed to chronicle these frivolities as I felt at the time to commit them, but I salved my conscience by reminding myself that such actions, however unbecoming in one of my years and discretion, were nevertheless done in a good cause.

I set to work upon a new waistcoat for my old customer Luigi Fascinato, and kept a good look out for Vanna's return which was in about an hour.

"Tell me more of this Prince when you hear anything, Vanna," I said; "and don't forget that it won't do to quarrel with the *portinaio*."

She gave me a smile as she ran up-stairs, and I regret to say kissed her hand to me also. I sighed as I reflected to what risks my zeal for Thomas's happiness was exposing me; but it could not be helped, and I valiantly resolved that, if absolutely needful, I would even go so far as to kiss Vanna in order to find out the Baron's intentions with regard to his daughter. Her mention of a Prince

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sounded very ominous, for it seemed that not only was Baron Mancini determined that his daughter should not marry Thomas, but that he had already selected a prospective bridegroom. It appeared to me that things were going to move more rapidly than we had any idea of.

The next morning the Baron sent for me. As I entered his room he was standing by his writing-table fingering a large visiting-card. It slipped from his hands and fell to the ground; I picked it up and returned it, but not before I had read the name upon it, beneath a crown, *Prince Leerbentel von Wusteburg.* Then I waited for the Jew to speak; he turned to put the card aside, and I thought how easy it would be to stab him where he stood, but not yet, I reminded myself, not yet. I would dupe him first, thwart his schemes, fool him to the top of his bent,—and then I would hurry his soul to its appointed place.

"Have you any information to give me?" he asked, settling himself heavily in a great leathern chair.

"With regard to the information Herr Baron requires, I know something. The person I watch is an Englishman named Willoughby, Christian name Thomas. He lives in the Campagna Visetti on the Vienna road; he has an English manservant; he has travelled, and has collected a few curiosities; he has been already, I believe, about a year in Soloporto; he is not rich," I concluded with a comprehensive glance round the room, "but he is a gentleman."

My last remark slipped off my tongue before I could prevent it; the temptation to contrast this purse-proud, ill-bred Dives with Willoughby had been irresistible, though I acknowledged to myself that its indulgence had been unwise. Baron Mancini started up and his heavy jowled face grew a dusky red. "What do you mean?" he thundered. I assumed an air of respectful astonishment, and stood in mute interrogation; a second later the man recollected himself and grew calmer. "Do you know anything more?" he asked sulkily.

"Not at present, Herr Baron."

"Then you may go. Come back when you have anything to say."

The chief result of this interview was to impress upon me the importance of restraining my tongue as well as my hands; but before taking any further steps in any direction I felt that it was absolutely necessary for me to see Iridé and speak to her, and how to do this without exciting suspicion I could not imagine.

Fortune for once was kind. The day after my interview with her father the young lady came down dressed for walking and accompanied by her maid, whom she promptly sent up-stairs again for a parasol which had been forgotten. Then the girl spoke to me, and at her first glance I knew she was in earnest and my mind grew easier for Thomas. Iridé was pale, and there was a wistful droop about her lovely mouth, while a new depth had gathered in her wonderful eyes that looked straight into mine when she spoke.

"You know everything," she said simply; "help me,—ah, do help me! There is no one else!"

The tears fairly gathered as she put her sadness into words, and such distress might have moved a heart much older and harder than mine. I raised her hand, kissed it, and spoke rapidly. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock you will go with your maid to walk in the Giardino Publico. Keep at the end furthest from the entrance, and trust to me." I had

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no time for more; Vanna was returning, and I did not yet know how far she might be confided in.

That evening I went to see Thomas, who received me with open arms. In previous circumstances I had never had to complain of any want of cordiality on his part, but the pleasure which my present visit provoked was, I well knew, not of my own inspiring, and the situation set me thinking of the strange and seemingly crooked courses of human nature. Iridé had never worked for him as I had, never nursed him back to life as I had, never been his companion for months together as I had, never smoothed his difficulties nor cheered his depressions as I had, and yet—here I checked my train of thought, perceiving that if I had been a woman I might almost have been called jealous. After all, the thing was but natural; and, as an American writer has justly observed, "There's a deal of human nature in man."

"Yes," I said in answer to his unspoken question, "I have news for you. You must make up your mind as to how far you are prepared to go, and how far the Signorina will follow your lead."

"Is that brutal father of hers going to carry her off, then, from Soloporto?" he asked, looking a little anxious.

"No, not that I have heard," I answered; "but *you* will have to do it if you wish to marry her. She is already destined for someone else, and Baron Mancini, as you are already aware, is not a person who cares to have his plans interferred with."

"And who is my poor girl to be forced to marry?"

"She is to be sold,—excuse the word, but I cannot find any other which expresses my meaning so well—to Prince Leerbentel von Wusteburg."

Thomas instantly consigned his Highness to warmer regions than any he could have hitherto inhabited, and then asked me point-blank what he was to do next.

"You are to be in the Giardino Publico to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and if you keep at the end furthest from the entrance you will see Signorina Iridé. But remember, you must find out without any waste of words exactly to what length the lady is prepared to go. After that I will manage things, and you must both obey me implicitly. If there are three of us plotting instead of one, the end of everything will be confusion and failure."

Fortunately for us conspirators Baron Mancini was not an early riser, and at five minutes to eight I let out Iridé and Vanna who went off in the direction of the Giardino. Ten minutes later I followed, for I feared that valuable time would be wasted and was every moment apprehensive of some untoward incident which might betray my own complicity and thus render me an object of suspicion. I soon found Vanna sitting discreetly upon an empty seat and gazing with owl-like intensity at a thick clump of bushes beyond.

"And what might you be staring at, Vanna?" I asked.

"My mistress is behind there," said the girl.

"Then why have you left her alone?" I asked severely. "It is very wrong."

"Chut," said Vanna, "you don't understand! The Englishman is behind that bush also."

"Ah!" I said, putting my finger against my nose; "and what would the Herr Baron say if he knew that, eh Vanna? And what would you say, for instance, if I told him the tricks you are playing?"

"You would not betray her?" cried the girl, turning suddenly pale with

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fear. "Surely you could not be so mean——"

By this time I had found out precisely what I wanted to know. Vanna was staunch enough and might be trusted. "No, no," I said quickly; "live and let live; that is a good motto. What difference can it make to me who the Signorina cares for? But I should be really obliged if you would run to the corner of the road and buy me a morning paper; I always take a glance at it here before beginning my day's work. Here are the *soldi*; I will stay and watch, till you return."

Vanna disappeared, and, reckoning upon five minutes of speech with Thomas and his sweetheart, I ruthlessly made my way round the clump of bushes, thereby overhearing a fag end of the conversation.

"I won't be a Princess," sobbed Iridé.

"You sha'n't," said her lover promptly, and he kissed her as I came into sight. This naturally caused a little subsequent embarrassment, but I promptly assumed command of the situation. "Look here," I said, "you must not waste any more time. What arrangements have you made?" Iridé looked at Thomas, and Thomas looked at Iridé, but both were mute; it was quite evident that no arrangements had been made.

"Signorina," I said, gravely addressing the girl and feeling just as if I were a new sort of priest, "are you willing to marry the gentleman your father has chosen for you?"

"No, certainly not," she said firmly.

"And you," I said turning to Thomas, "are you ready to risk anything to marry the Signorina?"

"Everything!" said Thomas.

"Then," I said, "there is only one way to matrimony for you two; you must run away. And if you mean to do that, make up your minds at once, and don't forget that you may be caught in the act. It is best to count the price before you pay."

"I am ready," said Iridé, looking her lover bravely in the face, and blushing beautifully as she did so.

"I am ready too," said Thomas, putting his arm round her and drawing her nearer.

"We are both quite ready, Signor Romagno," said Iridé who, I must admit, looked at that moment perfectly bewitching.

"Very well," I said, "then I will do my best, and you must neither of you hesitate to do as you are told; and don't suppose that this sort of thing,—these early walks in the garden—can be continued with impunity. I am quite against such meetings; they excite suspicions and, now that I know your minds, can lead to no good. Very likely you may not be able to meet again until you elope together," and thoughtfully leaving them to digest my last words in the seclusion of the big clump of bushes, I slipped round it again and sat down on the seat just as Vanna appeared with my paper.

That afternoon Prince Leerbentel called, and I had an opportunity of seeing what manner of rival was in the lists with Thomas. One glance dispelled any idea that Iridé could be made to swerve from her allegiance to her lover. His Highness was a tall, lean man of any age between thirty and sixty. In person he might once have been handsome, but now his perfectly bald head and weary lack-lustre eyes did not add to the attractions of his appearance; there was a cruel cynical curve in the mouth, and a worn hard look upon the features. The Prince had, it was evident, lived every moment of his life, and was perhaps now beginning to wish that existence held more possibilities for those like himself. I gathered subse-

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quently that he was received with much adulation by Baron Mancini, with trembling courtesy by Signora Bartholi (who would fain have seen her niece happy but lacked the courage to resist her brother's commands), and with a cold and dignified reserve by Iridé herself, in spite of the inimitable grace with which this suitor had kissed her hand and addressed himself to her. This attitude on her part gave rise to a stormy scene between herself and her father after the departure of the Prince,—a scene in which, strengthened by her interview with Thomas, the girl had ventured to assume a firmer attitude than heretofore, and been heartily sworn at for resistance to parental orders. But these details reached me gradually, having permeated through the Baron's kitchen and been conveyed to me by Vanna. As her informant had been the cook, and the cook's informant had been the butler, and the butler's news had been gleaned through keyholes and door-chinks, I salted it all liberally, though I fancied there was a stratum of truth about matters.

For two or three days nothing remarkable happened. I conveyed a note to Iridé by Thomas's earnest wish, but I assured him it must be the last as, though I thought Vanna might be trusted, there was always the risk of written communications being discovered; then, finding me obdurate on this score, he played a bold trick which caused me great alarm.

It was now the end of November; the town was full again, the theatre, with various social festivities, was in full swing, and Baron Mancini, accompanied by his lovely daughter, went out a great deal. One evening they had gone to dine at the house of another millionaire baron and I was ordered to expect their return about midnight, the Baron warning me specially to turn out the gas on the stairs for fear of waste, and to be ready with a lantern. In spite of his enormous wealth this man still clung to various petty ideas of economy, and his gas-bill was one of these.

I took advantage of his absence to pay Thomas a visit, and we passed a very pleasant hour together, though he was naturally a little anxious as to the future. I assured him that it would not do to precipitate matters, but that the moment Iridé's marriage seemed imminent I should be prepared with some plan. My friend accompanied me on my way back to the Corsia Giulietta, and begged leave to loiter somewhere near in order to see his lady enter the house on her return.

"She will look exactly like her aunt in her cloak and at a distance," I said; "you won't be able to tell which is which, and very likely you may waste a lot of fervent apostrophe on Zia Bianca. At the same time the street is free, and if you like to stay in it that is no affair of mine; only pray don't come near enough to excite any suspicion or to startle Iridé."

I went into the house, leaving him on the pavement at the other side of the road,—a situation to which I thought he reconciled himself with wonderful docility—and went up the stairs to fetch the lantern. When I returned with it, alight and well-trimmed, I went to the door and was pleased to remark that Thomas's figure was no longer visible; either he had taken the sensible course of going home, or he had effaced himself in some doorway. As I stood looking out I heard the carriage coming, and set the door wide open. The first to enter was Baron Mancini, and the two ladies followed immediately. I have said that the rooms I occupied were like small boxes one above another, and squeezed so close to the staircase that from my bed-chamber window, which opened inwards and was dis-

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creetly curtained, you could easily grasp the broad stone beading of the balusters. The master of the house was not remarkable for manners at any time, and the reader will not therefore be surprised to hear that he led the way up-stairs. He had drunk quite as much wine as was good for him and his heavy face was flushed, the chin sunk in his chest, as he climbed up in his usual ungainly fashion. His sister followed, Iridé came next, and I brought up the rear, holding the lantern high enough to light the broad steps ahead. What was my amazement to see as we passed the fourteenth step that my bedroom window was open! By this time the Baron was on the eighteenth stair, and Zia Bianca one stair behind him; both were clear of my narrow window in front of which Iridé was passing, when, with a movement which I can only compare to that of a Jack-in-the-box, I beheld to my horror the head and shoulders of Thomas Willoughby suddenly appear and project themselves forward. The girl gave a little gasp, half fear, half pleasure, as her lover bent forward and kissed her in far less time than it takes to write it. For one second I paused in hesitation; then, as Zia Bianca turned and asked her niece what ailed her, I put out the lantern, an action to which the Baron, roused by the sudden plunge into darkness, responded with a stronger exclamation than gentlemen generally use in the presence of ladies.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Herr Baron," I cried, as the whole party came to a standstill; "the lantern is badly trimmed," and making a tremendous scratching with the match-box I carried in my pocket I soon got a light again, and we reached the door of the Baron's apartment without further accident.

As I came down again after offering obsequious apologies for my supposed clumsiness, I felt anything but pleased with Willoughby, who had run such a risk for the mere gratification of a sudden whim; and I resolved that I would fully convey my displeasure at our next meeting, for I was not foolish enough to suppose that Thomas would await my return to my own quarters after such a manœuvre.

For three days, however, I could not get away, and on the morning of the fourth something happened which obliged me to begin a few arrangements. Iridé and her maid had gone out about eleven o'clock, her father a little earlier, and at mid-day a cab drove up and put all three down in a very different condition from that in which they had set forth. The Baron was looking furious, and desired me to keep the cab in a voice that trembled with rage. Iridé was very pale, with a hard glitter in her eyes, while Vanna crept up-stairs crying close to her mistress. Ten minutes later she came down again and asked me to help her to carry her box, which I put on the cab. When I enquired what was the matter she only cried the more, and murmured something incoherent about the Englishman. What could have happened?

I soon knew all about everything, for I was presently sent for by Baron Mancini.

"Has that girl gone?" he enquired directly I set foot in his room.

"Yes, Herr Baron."

"Have you anything more to tell me about the Englishman Willoughby?"

"Nothing, Herr Baron, except that he is still in Soloporto."

"I know that," he growled; "I caught him speaking to my daughter this morning, but he had gone before he knew I had seen him. Have you ever let him into this house?"

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"Never, Herr Baron, seeing your orders were to the contrary."

"You must prevent his meeting Signorina Mancini."

"But Herr Baron," I protested, "the streets are free; it is impossible——"

"Listen," he said, as a sudden thought struck him; "there are plenty of people in Soloporto who will do what they are paid to do, and I can pay anything that is asked. The Englishman must be assaulted and rendered incapable of going about in Soloporto."

My blood boiled as the man spoke, for I knew that what he said was true enough, and that his plan could have been easily acted on. I must find some excuse. "But, Herr Baron, the gentleman is English."

"What difference does that make to me?" he said.

"The English have a terrible way of getting to the bottom of things, and there is an English Consul in Soloporto," I said meaningly. "If such a sad occurrence were traced to the Herr Baron——"

My suggestion evidently set him thinking. "Then I must keep the Signorina indoors till her marriage contract is signed, or she must only go out with me."

These plans must, I felt, be checked at all hazards. "But, Herr Baron," I said, "the Signorina's health may suffer, and her beauty be impaired, if she remains always at home; and to be always with the Herr Baron will be often perhaps inconvenient. There is still another way——" I paused for encouragement.

"Well, go on," he said ungraciously.

"If the Herr Baron were to send the gracious Signorina away, how could the Englishman know where she was? If he, on the contrary, were to leave Soloporto I should soon find it out; but so long as he is here, and the Signorina elsewhere, it is clear they cannot meet."

His face grew a little easier. "Your idea is not a bad one," he condescended to say. "Till the contract is signed in a fortnight's time, my daughter might go away with Signora Bartholi, and in the meantime you must keep a watch upon the Englishman. Do you want more money, your wages raised, eh?"

"No; as I have previously allowed myself to remark to the Herr Baron, my wages suffice," I answered.

"Were you always a *portinaio?*" he asked suddenly.

"As the Herr Baron has doubtless guessed, I have had reverses," I said. "Some are born in the drawing-room and fall to the gutter; some again are born in the gutter and climb to the drawing-room; on the whole perhaps the drawing-room manner looks better in the gutter than the same process reversed. Doubtless the Herr Baron has noticed the same thing in the course of his wide experience."

My manner was the incarnation of deferential respect, but the rascal shifted a little uneasily in his chair. "What do you want most of all," he asked; "money?"

"No, Herr Baron."

"Do you want, perhaps, to set up as a gentleman? You are proving useful to me, and I do not grudge any reasonable recompense."

"I fear Herr Baron that I am now too old to *begin* to be a gentleman."

"Well, you seem to have thought yourself one once, from what you say," he sneered; "but if you prefer the *portinaio's* box——" he shrugged his shoulders.

I found the greatest difficulty in restraining myself, and felt that this interview must come to an end as soon as possible. "I require nothing but what time will bring me," I said

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quietly, though I felt as if the words burned my lips as I spoke them. "Perhaps when my present work is over I may take something from the Herr Baron, but not till then. And now I will take the Herr Baron's permission to retire."

That afternoon I tried in vain to settle to some of the work lying ready to my hand. I put a peg or two into a boot I was mending for Bina Kovavich; then I sickened of the leather and laid it down. I threaded my needle and put a couple of stitches into a coat I was turning, then flung it aside. I dipped my pen in the ink to write to Thomas, but I could not trace a word. I could think of nothing but the Jew up-stairs; my fingers would only move to my hidden knife. I felt no compunction, no hesitation, no regret, save for the delay which I had imposed on myself out of regard for Thomas.

As I sat buried in these thoughts a tiny click of the big door, which was closed but not locked, made me look up. I knew that no one was out; it must then be a visitor, but one who was an unconscionable time in coming in. The door moved so slowly, so softly, that I began to fancy it might not be moving at all, and that the whole thing was an hallucination; I gazed at it and saw that it really did move. The dull afternoon was closing in; it was nearly time to light the gas, but a sudden final beam struggled from a sun half wrapped in clouds, and fell through the little window on the opposite stair, piercing the gloom of the entry like a lance of misty fire. It illuminated every little detail in the square half yard of window-space which limited its light. In the vivid radiance that fell upon the door, I saw the heavy iron handle, the graining of the paint, the great steel key that shone with a fickle gleam; I saw the edge of the opening door, and a creeping horror seized me as I wondered, yet knew, what was to come. The door moved with an extraordinarily slow, regular motion, till it was just sufficiently open for a human being to pass through; then I saw a hand, a thin, wrinkled, yellow hand with curved nails, a hand that grasped the edge of the wood; then a glimpse of black drapery,—another second and full into the flare of red light came the face of my familiar, of her who for more than a year had never failed me in my murderous moments.

I sat spell-bound, while the deep dark eyes stared out from under the lace overhanging her brow. I saw her hawk-like nose, her thin lips that moved over her clenched teeth, then slowly the sunbeam faded, and slowly, silently, mysteriously as they had appeared, the woman's face and hand faded also from my sight.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the next afternoon I went up to the *campagna* and found Thomas in the act of going out; upon seeing me, however, he instantly threw aside his hat and coat. "By George," he cried, "that was a near thing! If you had been five minutes later I might have missed you. What's the news?"

"Baron Mancini saw you talking to his daughter four days ago, and came up too late to give you the piece of his mind which you would otherwise undoubtedly have shared. I am inclined to think that the Signorina in consequence heard your share as well as her own. She came home in trouble, and her father packed Vanna off at once; since then the Signorina has not been out. This is your fault for neglecting my warning about caution and meeting in public places; it is all of a piece with that trick upon the stairs the other night, by which,

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but for my presence of mind and your sweetheart's nerve, we should all have got into trouble. What could have induced you to run such a risk, under the Baron's very nose too!"

"I think that was the reason," he said apologetically. "For the life of me I couldn't help it. If you were in love with Iridé you would understand. What is going to happen next?"

"I hope I may be requested to procure or recommend another maid," I answered, "in which case I shall introduce someone I can trust. In the meantime the marriage contract with Prince Leerbentel is to be signed in a fortnight. Until that ceremony takes place I, having had the honour to be consulted on the subject by Baron Mancini, have recommended that Signorina Iridé shall be sent away from Soloporto in order that no more meetings between you can take place."

I watched Thomas's face as I spoke; he looked first incredulous, then amazed, then doubtful, and finally furious. "You are doing your best to get Iridé out of Soloporto?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes," I answered, looking straight at him.

I will not chronicle his words during the next two minutes. If you are properly roused, and have a fair command of language, you can get a good deal of abuse into two minutes; Thomas Willoughby occupied the hundred and twenty seconds in invective against Baron Mancini and myself, and against his own stupidity in trusting me. Being a philosopher, his speech did not trouble me in the least. I let him speak out his mind, knowing that process to be extremely beneficial to young men, especially those in Thomas's situation. I lit a cigarette, and allowed his eloquence to run its course.

"Have you anything to say?" he enquired satirically, when at last he had had enough of the sound of his own voice.

"Plenty," I answered, "when you are ready to listen. Take a cigarette and a chair; I cannot collect my ideas when you are ranging up and down the room in that frantic way." He acceded to my wishes so far as to stand still, and I began. "The Baron requested me to prevent your speaking to his daughter, a thing which I pointed out was impossible; the measures he suggested for accomplishing the same end were, either that his daughter must remain indoors till the contract was signed, or that she should only go out with him. Either course would naturally have been very inconvenient to you." Thomas began to be interested at this juncture and allowed himself to take a chair. "The old gentleman put in another alternative," I went on, "which was delightfully simple, and would have been exceedingly easy of execution in Soloporto, but which, I fancy, would have been even more fatal to your projects. He proposed the hiring of bravos to assault and maim you so that you would be conveniently kept out of the way. Perhaps that plan would have suited you better?" It was my turn to be satirical now.

"Go on," he said humbly; "I beg your pardon."

"Now, will it be easier for you to carry off Iridé under her father's nose, or at a distance, eh?" I asked. "I was not born yesterday, my friend!"

"You are a genius!" he said looking at me enthusiastically.

"Not at all," I answered; "but neither am I a fool. I have pointed out to Baron Mancini that, so long as you are in Soloporto, you cannot meet Signorina Iridé if she is elsewhere. I am to keep my eye on you and let him know if you leave the town; of

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course, if I find it convenient to tell him you have gone twenty-four hours after your departure, you will have twenty-four hours' start. But things are beginning to dawn in my mind. If Signora Bartholi is sent, where I hope she may be sent with her niece, I can see a clear way; but it will take a little time to plan the details. In the meantime you must on no account leave the town, or have the air of hiding yourself."

"Tell me something more," he pleaded; "just something to go upon."

"Not a word," I answered oracularly. "Keep up your spirits and trust to me."

"Heigh ho!" he said; "it's weary work, all this waiting and uncertainty —if only one could do something at once!"

"You won't have long to wait," I said to console him; "in any case not more than a fortnight, though we must act as near the end of that time as possible, so as not to rouse suspicion too soon. Do not try to see me, or write to me. I will come here again as soon as I have anything to say."

I saw Wakefield for a moment before I went; he was rather depressed, because he had not been allowed to begin packing for that journey to England which was his dearest hope. "You mark my words, Mr. Romanner," he said solemnly; "we're not out o' this 'ere 'ole yet. We're goin' to stay some time."

I winked in reply, which did not commit me to any definite expression of opinion; for though Wakefield guessed a good deal, he had not been thoroughly informed of what was going on.

Then I went back to the Corsia Giulietta, reaching my lodge just in time to receive a telegram for Baron Mancini with which I hastened upstairs, waiting at the door to know if there was any answer. Five minutes later I stood in the Baron's room.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, "I had intended accompanying the Signora and my daughter to Ancona, in order to make sure of their safe arrival. Now I shall be detained here according to this important telegram. I suppose you are to be trusted?"—he looked a little doubtful.

"As the Herr Baron may think," I answered impassably, with a perfectly expressionless face.

"Well, I have no one else, and the ladies cannot travel alone. The Signorina, too, has no maid."

"Would the Herr Baron wish me to procure a maid?" I enquired without the least show of eagerness. "I know a girl well recommended. In an hour's time I can inform myself if she is at liberty or not."

"Well, you can send her for me to see," he said. "By the way, where were you this afternoon?"

"I walked round by the Englishman's *campagna*," I answered guilelessly, "being wishful to know if all was as usual in that direction. I spoke with his servant."

"Ah! what did he say?"

"That they were going to stay in Soloporto for some time," I answered.

"Good!" answered the Baron more satisfied. "Well, if the maid suits she can come to-night, and all can go to Ancona to-morrow under your charge,—the sooner the better."

"As the Herr Baron pleases. I presume I may absent myself for an hour at once to fetch the maid?"

"Of course," answered Baron Mancini, and thus I left him with hopes fulfilled which I had hitherto hardly dared to conceive. The stars in their courses were fighting for Thomas,—and for me.

I hurried off at once to the Ghetto and sought Antonio Kovavich's

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pretty daughter, the one who had made that dangerous bargain for the watermelon. "Bina," I asked her, "would you like a situation as lady's maid?"

"No indeed, Signor Pepe," she answered, tossing her head disdainfully, "certainly not." Why, I'm going to be married."

"Ah! and when is the wedding to be?"

"In six weeks."

"Now listen, Bina," I said. "I have come to make you a very splendid offer, which it will not interfere with your marriage to accept; I want you to take a place as lady's maid for one fortnight only, two weeks,—and at the end of that time you can leave, and I can ensure you a present of sixty florins over and above your wages; only you must be prepared to travel a little, and to do whatever I tell you. I will guarantee that you come to no harm, and that wherever you may have to go your journey back here will be paid at the end of a fortnight. Come! is it a bargain? Think what a wedding dress sixty florins will buy!"

Bina's eyes sparkled and her colour rose; she was fond of finery, and I could see was about to close with my offer. She was the very person we needed,—alert, resourceful, and with her countrywomen's invariable sympathy for a bit of romance. I knew I could trust her. "Make up your mind quickly," I urged, "or I must find someone else, who won't be so stupid as to refuse such a magnificent prospect. For old acquaintance sake I gave you the first chance."

"Very well," she said, "I will come, Signor Pepe. When am I wanted?"

"To-night; now, if possible," I said. "At any rate return with me now to see your future mistress, and say you are willing to come early to-morrow morning, if she is willing to take you."

That night, when I went to bed, I had the satisfaction of knowing that Bina would accompany us to Ancona, at which place I meant to make ample opportunities for confiding my plans to both her and her mistress, inasmuch as I should be compelled to remain for the night before finding a return train.

Our journey was quite uneventful, and after seeing all the luggage to the old *campagna* by the shore, I strolled down there to look up Toni Capello, whom I devoutly hoped to find; indeed his possible absence was the only element of doubt in my otherwise complete scheme. It became clear to me that Heaven certainly intended this elopement to take place, when I discovered the master of the Stella del Mare smoking a cigarette and chatting with a neighbour who was mending nets. He was overjoyed to see me, and I shared the evening maccaroni and inspected the baby, who really was a pretty child, and wore the gold piece which Thomas had given him fastened to a blue ribbon round his little brown neck, from which hung also a tiny silver medal and a carved bit of coral for protection against the evil eye.

After supper Toni and I took a stroll, and when we parted everything was agreed upon, including even the amount of current coin with which, on Thomas's behalf, I promised to recompense the services of the onion-boat and her skipper. Briefly, the plan was this: Thomas would write as often as he chose to Iridé, addressing his letters under cover to Bina; when it was considered wise to take the final steps, he would write to Ancona to that effect, and thereupon Iridé would at once speak to Toni (an easy matter, seeing the garden wall was close to his dwelling), who would forthwith put to sea in the Stella, held ready for the occasion,

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with Iridé and Bina on board. The boat was to make all possible speed for Soloporto, where she was to lie, for this unusual voyage, in the old port which is near St. Andrea station. Iridé was to remain hidden on board until the time for the evening train to Vienna. Thomas would be warned by me when the Stella came in, and would be in readiness to join us at the station. I allowed three clear days for the voyage between Ancona and Soloporto, and timed the elopement for two days before the end of the fortnight which was to elapse before the signing of the contract. In all probability Baron Mancini would himself go to Italy to fetch his daughter on the day before the ceremony, but this plan of his, I reflected with some glee, would be certainly modified. Of course directly Zia Bianca (in whom we had not confided) missed her niece she would telegraph to her brother, and the latter would probably hurry off to Ancona to make investigations; certainly he was not likely to seek his daughter in Soloporto, nor yet on the sea. Thomas would be all the time in the town, and might easily contrive to show himself to the Baron, supposing the latter for any reason began to doubt my assurances that he was still there. The lovers were to go to Vienna, and thence make their way at once to England, where they would be married as soon as possible in a registrar's office, so as to effectually prevent the Leerbentel union in case of subsequent discovery. We had to risk the Baron's tracing his daughter, for she, being under twenty-five, the Austrian age of majority, could be claimed by her father till she attained those years. I agreed to accompany them, at any rate for part of the journey, without asking leave of absence, as may be easily understood, from Baron Mancini. Once they were safely away, my own turn came, and I intended to pay my debt to Moses Lazarich, who, I swore, should be placed beyond the possibility of further interference with his daughter's happiness.

I unfolded my plans, so far as he was concerned, to Thomas Willoughby on my return from Ancona. During my absence he had run against Baron Mancini in the street, and as the latter had scowled with peculiar ferocity there was no doubt that he had recognised his daughter's unwelcome suitor, and no doubt either that he had duly congratulated himself upon getting her away from Soloporto. My friend listened carefully and attentively to all I had to say, but demurred upon some points. "Why can't I go to Ancona and fetch Iridé here in Capello's boat myself?" he asked.

"If you absent yourself from Soloporto, and the Baron chances to find it out, he will at once suspect something; of course I should not tell him anything of your movements, but he might find out for all that, and then my credit with him, which for the present is very necessary to us, would be gone."

"Well," he admitted, "of course it is best to run no risks; still I think I am being rather left out in this matter. Why, you say that I am even to take the train at the other station, and only join you and Iridé at the junction from St. Andrea."

I pointed out that, inasmuch as he was to marry the lady and take her under his own protection as speedily as possible, he could hardly consider himself as left out. "At the same time," I concluded, "if you do not like my plan, or can think of a better, pray propose it and carry it out; only then, though I will help you to the best of my power, I shall decline any responsibility."

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"Oh no," he said; "you are far better than I am at this sort of dodge, so I will do as you think best."

In this conclusion he showed his good sense, for he would have been quite incapable of conceiving or executing unaided such a scheme as I proposed; in this particular my Italian strain showed to advantage. If it had been a question of kicking Baron Mancini downstairs, and walking off with his daughter over his prostrate body, Thomas would have accomplished the matter with great pleasure and celerity. His English thews and sinews were yearning, I knew, to knock some one down, and he was half inclined to resent my preventing him from running his head against a brick wall in this fashion.

"There is only one circumstance to trouble me," I said. "Directly Iridé is missed Signora Bartholi will telegraph to her brother, and he may insist upon my going to Ancona instead of going himself. The thing is only a possibility, but it would be awkward if it happened. Of course I can disappear, as if gone to Ancona, and hide in the town till the Stella comes in; but there are two objections to that. First, the Baron may order me to send a telegram from Ancona upon my arrival,—he is quite cunning enough for that; or secondly, he may suspect something, and if he did, he could easily get the town searched by private detectives who would probably unearth me in no time. In either case things would become more complicated."

"It all seems exceedingly complicated to me," sighed Thomas. "Why can't I run away with Iridé straight from Ancona, since you have got her sent there and prevented my running away with her from the Corsia Giulietta? We could be married at once, without fuss, and——"

"Before you attempt such a thing," I interposed, "you had better make yourself acquainted with the marriage-laws of Italy, of which I know nothing. The marriage-laws of this country are such as to render a run-away match absolutely impossible; that is why you must make the best of your way to England. If you will do this, as I have suggested, *viâ* Vienna and, say, Ostend, it will be far more difficult to trace you than if you start from a small place like Ancona and make your way, at this time of year when there is no crowd travelling as in summer, over two frontiers. If, as I hope, Baron Mancini starts at once for Ancona when he hears of his daughter's disappearance, our work in Soloporto is easy."

"Well, I dare say you are right," he said; "at any rate I can write as often as I like, which is a great blessing. Let me see; to-day is the 1st of December; that abominable contract is supposed to be going to be signed on the 13th,—in England that is an unlucky number, do you know?—on the 11th Baron Mancini will start for Ancona to bring his daughter back, and that is precisely the day on which the Stella should arrive in Soloporto with Iridé on board. Ten whole days to wait yet!" he sighed; he really was most impatient.

As for me, in addition to my usual work, which I fulfilled scrupulously in every particular so as not to excite any suspicions, I had several private arrangements to make. One day I walked to St. Andrea station with a bit of soft wax in my pocket, and found my friend Gino the luggage-porter,—long since happily married to his housemaid.

"I want you to do me a good turn, if you can," I said. "First come and have a glass of beer with me at the bar here, and get the guard who takes charge of the evening train to come with us. I suppose you know him?"

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"Oh yes, I know him well enough," answered Gino; "he lives in the room next to us; but why that particular guard, Signor Pepe?"

"That is my business, Gino," I said. "The beer will taste just the same whoever may drink with you, won't it? A still tongue makes a wise head."

It was not long before we were all three standing at the bar and nodding politely to each other over the tall, heavy, narrow glass mugs, brimming with the clear amber liquid for which this country is so justly famous. The guard, as I had hoped, wore the handle of his pass-key to the railway-carriages projecting from his breast-pocket. As I drew out my handkerchief I contrived to let the big key of Baron Mancini's house fall with a clang on the stone floor. "That is a nice, light little thing to have to carry in one's pocket, isn't it?" I grumbled, stooping to pick it up. "Look at it," and I handed it to the guard for inspection. "Why can't they make door-keys after your pattern, now? They would be twice as easy to carry about and use. Let me have a look at your pass?"

The fellow unsuspectingly handed it over, weighing my big key in his hand and noting its curious steel scrolling. It was an old-fashioned and very handsome bit of work. "Well," he said, "I shouldn't care to have to carry that about with me very often. Mine is much more convenient."

"I should think so," I answered handing it back to him with the comfortable knowledge that I had a wax impression of it in my pocket; and a few minutes after we parted excellent friends.

That same afternoon, on my way back from the station, I dived into the recesses of the Ghetto and called upon a certain locksmith of my acquaintance; he was one of those wise artificers who carry out a customer's wishes without asking any questions; I may perhaps add that he seldom worked for anyone as honest as Guiseppe Romagno. The result of his labour put into my pocket next day a pass-key to the carriage in which I proposed to start Iridé on her elopement. It would probably be a superfluity, but I have lived long enough to know that it is better if possible to anticipate every need, even the most wildly improbable.

As the 8th of December approached I own that I began to feel certain misgivings and fears; the chain of arrangements was complete enough, and yet I reflected that, as with my other chain, the breaking of one link would render it useless or liable to uncertainty. The telegram which we reckoned upon being despatched by Zia Bianca should arrive late on the eighth, or early on the ninth, and by it we should know that Iridé had taken the first step on her way. On the seventh I met Thomas close to the big market-square, and was imprudent enough to stop and speak to him.

"Keep up your spirits," I said "have you good news from Ancona?"

Before the words were off my tongue I could have bitten out that offending member; there, just behind me, and certainly having overheard every word, was the fat cook who had tried to marry me! She walked off on seeing that I noticed her, but there was a treacherous smile on her lips that I did not like, and as I parted from Thomas vague feelings of uneasiness assailed me. As the reader may well guess, the domestic disturbances in the Mancini family had been freely discussed by all the servants in the house; and if this woman, through spite against me, chose to put suspicions into the Baron's mind, the proper progress of affairs might at

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this precise juncture be seriously imperilled.

However, nothing occurred that day, and the fateful morning of the eighth dawned dull and grey. I stayed in my lodge hour after hour, waiting to carry up the telegram which never came. In the evening, when it grew too late to expect news till the ninth, I comforted myself by reflecting that perhaps Iridé had been missed too late for her aunt to telegraph that night. But the ninth of December came, and the ninth of December went, and still no message. Late on the ninth I stole out and hastened up to the *campagna* to see if Willoughby had news. According to his last letter Iridé proposed carrying out our programme exactly, so I hoped all was well, and could only conclude that Zia Bianca was too frightened of her brother to tell him the news before she had herself searched in every probable direction. As I returned to the Corsia Giulietta I passed Carlo, the *servo di piazza*, leaning against the closed gate of the dark and deserted Giardina Publico. It was late, and, save myself and another man, who passed me from behind walking swiftly away down the street, there was no one stirring in that immediate neighbourhood, where I was surprised to see Carlo and told him so.

"I have been waiting here really on your behalf," he said.

"Why?" I exclaimed. "What have you to tell me?"

"I saw you start out nearly an hour ago," he answered, "and I noticed a man start after you. I wanted to know if I was mistaken in supposing that you are being spied upon. I was quite right; the man followed you, and must have been near you wherever you have been; he went away just as you came up,—a man with a pale face and a chin quite blue where he shaves. For some reason, Signor Pepe, you are being tracked by a private detective; that is a clumsy way of going to work,—such people always excite suspicion. It would have been far better to have employed a *servo di piazza*," concluded Carlo, in the aggrieved tone of one who feels he has lost a possible job.

An awful apprehension stole over me, but I did not let Carlo see it. "My good friend," I said laughing, "you must be indulging in fancies. Who do you suppose is sufficiently interested in my doings to spy upon me?"

"I don't know," answered Carlo; "but I am not mistaken, you will see. You will find out in time that I am right in what I tell you."

I began to fear as I went to bed that night that my suspicions about the cook's treachery had been well founded. Doubtless the wretched woman had, out of spite, told Baron Mancini what she had seen and overheard in the market-place, and such information would be quite enough to induce a cunning man like Lazarich, or Mancini, or whatever he chose to call himself, to set a detective on my track. Such a proceeding would add greatly to my difficulties; and these fears, coupled with the singular circumstance of no alarm being given from Ancona, rendered me quite sleepless with anxiety. The reader therefore may imagine my state of mind when the tenth of December came and went and still no news. That evening I wrote and posted a letter to Thomas, bidding him not fail to leave Soloporto from the South Station on the evening of the eleventh for Vienna, and, if by any extraordinary chance I should not arrive in the capital by the same train as himself, to go to the hotel we had previously agreed upon and wait for news. Above all things he

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was to refrain from showing himself outside the train (which was a through one) *en route*. The carriage in which I intended to travel with Iridé from St. Andrea was a waggon of a *coupé* and a first and second class, which was attached at the junction to the through train to Vienna from the other station.

After posting this letter I retired to bed, and, but for the assistance of philosophy, should have passed another sleepless night. My mistress, however, reminded me that without rest I should be of no earthly use to anyone, least of all to those whom I was most anxious to serve; that after all, things would not be a whit altered either for better or for worse by my remaining awake all night, together with a multitude of other reflections equally trite and useful, to which I responded by gradually calming my rather troubled thoughts sufficiently to procure a certain amount of repose.

(To be continued.)

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE SIKH SOLDIER.

So much admiration has been excited by the distinguished conduct of the Sikh regiments of the Indian Army in the recent Frontier campaign, that some account of the origin of these fine fighting men may be found interesting. To those unacquainted with Indian history it may be difficult to realise that the Sikh soldier of to-day, so brave in the charge or in the assault, so steady in retreat, so devoted, in spite of race and creed, to his English officer, should be the representative of the fanatical and savage foemen who, but fifty years ago, shook the power of Britain in half a dozen bloody battles, and earned almost as much infamy by the cruelty with which they treated our wounded as honour by the tenacity of their resistance.

The evolution of the Sikh soldier dates, however, from a much earlier period, and its history is very strange.

The Sikhs, it must be remembered, were in the beginning no nation, but merely a weak and persecuted religious community, formed by a succession of priestly rulers, known as the ten Gurus, from the Hindus who desired to free themselves from the pretensions of the Brahmans, and to find in a reformed communion a purer morality and that religious equality which had been taken from them by the development of the system of caste. This being an account of the Sikh soldier, it must suffice to say that their national religion dates from the period in the life of Nanak, its founder, when (as his disciples believe) he was carried by angels into the Divine Presence, and received a mandate to preach the doctrine of the true God on earth. Nanak was born in the year 1469 near the city of Lahore, and had attained manhood before this miraculous occurrence, which took place therefore towards the end of the fifteenth century. Passing briefly over the gradual increase in numbers and strength of the Sikhs, we arrive, some two centuries later, at Govind Singh, the tenth and last of the Gurus, who took upon himself the task of uniting the scattered disciples of his creed into a military nation. With this object Govind Singh resuscitated the disused baptismal rite of the Sikhs, the administrator and the recipient of the baptism both shouting to the assembled disciples the battle-cry, as it really was rather than a profession of faith, "*Wah! Guruji ka Khalsa* (victory to the Khalsa of the Guru)," which may perhaps be best interpreted as "Victory to the belongings (or followers) of God."

Govind Singh was assassinated in the year 1708, by which time the Sikhs had become a powerful and warlike people, strongly united by the consciousness that by unity and vigour alone could they hope to hold their own against the surrounding power of Islam; but they had yet to await the coming of the man who was to weld their confederacies into a nation of warriors, to form for them a policy, and by long years of war and conquest, to acquire for them a kingdom whose limits should be respected by the Afghans on the north and by the all-devouring English on the south.

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At length, in the year 1780, was born at Goojerat, Runjit Singh, destined to become a great ruler of men, and to be deemed worthy by many of the designation of the Napoleon of the East.

Runjit Singh was the son of Mahan Singh, chief of one of the least powerful of the twelve confederacies in which the Sikhs were at that time embodied, and, succeeding his father at the age of eleven years, devoted a persistent and unswerving ambition to the task of gradually bringing confederacy after confederacy under his rule, until he became the absolute monarch of the Sikhs and of the kingdom of the Punjab.

By the year 1809 Runjit Singh, though still far from the fulfilment of his ambition, had become the most powerful of the Sikh chieftains, and it was in that year that he learned from a trifling incident the value of the European system of military discipline. The weak Indian escort of a British mission was attacked without the slightest warning by a fanatical band of Sikhs, who had been irritated by the religious observances of the Sepoys. The ease with which the latter, though taken at so great a disadvantage, repulsed their assailants, greatly impressed the Maharaja, and decided him on introducing into his army the discipline which had defeated his most formidable soldiers. It was the execution of this design which enabled Runjit Singh to consolidate his power, and to add to his dominions those outlying provinces which he conquered from their former owners.

The old Sikh army, from which the new one was to be formed, consisted principally of cavalry, the only arm held in consideration by the Sikhs, raised and paid under a feudal system, each chieftain furnishing his followers with arms and horses. The Sikh weapon was the sword, which, when mounted, they used with great skill. Bows and arrows were carried by the infantry, and a few matchlocks, but in the early days of Runjit Singh's career the Sikhs disliked firearms and artillery of all descriptions, and possessed little or no skill in their use.

The rank and file of the unreformed Khalsa army have been vividly described by Sir Henry Lawrence in that admirable work THE ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER IN THE PUNJAB; but it should be remembered that the description is put into the mouth of a Mahomedan soldier, and is consequently highly unflattering. "Go to the Bazar," says Chand Khan; "take any dirty naked scoundrel, twist up his hair, give him a lofty turban and a clean vest, comb out and lengthen his beard, and gird his loins with a yellow *cummerbund*; put a clumsy sword by his side and a long spear in his hand; set him on a strong, bony, two-year-old horse, and you have a passable Sikh."

As is often the case in irregular armies, and particularly in the irregular armies of the East, the squalor of the bulk of the Sikh levies was strongly contrasted with the picturesque appearance of some of Maharaja Singh's cavaliers. "Many of the irregular levies," writes Sir Lepel Griffin, "were well-to-do country gentlemen, the sons, relations, or clansmen of the chiefs, who placed them in the field and maintained them there, and whose personal credit was concerned in their splendid appearance. There was no uniformity in their dress. Some wore a shirt of mail, with a helmet inlaid with gold and a *kalgi*, or heron's plume; others were gay with the many-coloured splendour of velvet and silk, with pink or yellow muslin turbans, and gold-embroidered belts carrying

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their sword and powder-horn. All wore, at the back, the small round shield of tough buffalo hide." If the attire and armament of the men-at-arms were so gorgeous and picturesque it will readily be believed that the officers and chiefs carried Eastern magnificence to an extreme pitch.

It has been stated that the Sikhs held the cavalry arm alone in favour, disliking the artillery service and holding the infantry in contempt. One section, however, of the ancient Khalsa army, whose desperate courage commanded the highest respect, was accustomed to fight principally on foot. There were the *Nihangs*, or *Akalis*, a fanatical body of devotees who were dressed in dark blue, in accordance with the laws of Govind Singh, the last Guru; their other distinctive signs, says Sir Lepel Griffin, were a knife stuck in the turban, a sword slung round their neck, and a wooden club.

The Akalis, or Immortals, though little better than drunken savages, possessed a semi-sacred character, and though frequently a source of personal danger to the Maharaja from their unbridled lawlessness, often by their headlong valour turned the fortune of a doubtful day. It was the attack of the Akalis on Mr. Metcalfe's escort, already described, that first made clear to the Maharaja the power of discipline, but in addition to this unintentional service they performed many others. A brief record of two of them may serve to show how the Khalsa army fought in the early days.

The ancient city and district of Mooltan formed, at the beginning of the present century, a semi-independent Afghan province. From the year 1806 until 1818 Runjit Singh made repeated attempts to capture the city and to annex the province. In 1816 an irregular attack on Mooltan, led by the Akali leader, Phula Singh, met with such unexpected success that the city would have fallen could the attack have been pressed home; and on June 2nd, 1818, Mooltan was at last captured. The Sikh Army had previously been repulsed with heavy loss, eighteen hundred men having fallen on one occasion alone. Sadhu Singh, an Akali, determined to eclipse the feat of Phula Singh, rushed with a few desperate followers into an outwork of the fort, and held it. The Sikh army, seeing this success, advanced to the assault and captured the fortress, the gallant Afghan Nawab, with five of his sons and one Amazonian daughter, falling, sword in hand, in the breach.

Even more signal were the services of the Akalis at the great battle of Theri, or Nowshera, fought in the year 1823, which finally decided the superiority of the Sikhs over the Afghans At this time Yar Mahomed Khan, the Afghan governor of the Peshawar province, had come to terms of subordinate alliance with Runjit Singh. Mahomed Azim Khan, brother of Yar Mahomed Khan, and prime-minister of Cabul, disapproved of this alliance, and declared war against the Maharaja, raising the wild border tribes against the Sikhs by proclaiming a *jehad*. The Sikh army had, at this time, been for about a year in the hands of Generals Ventura and Allard, officers of Napoleon's army, who had been employed by Runjit Singh to introduce the European system of discipline. Ventura had trained a considerable force of infantry, and Allard a brigade of cavalry.

The battle was fought on both banks of the Cabul river, the Maharaja commanding in person on the left bank, where he was confronted by the fanatical Yusafzais. Here it was that the battle raged most fiercely and most doubtfully.

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Victory at first seemed to declare against the Sikhs, for, in spite of all the desperate exertions of Runjit Singh, a panic spread among the troops of the Khalsa. Several unsuccessful attempts to drive the enemy from their position had exhausted their strength and broken their spirits, and a defeat seemed inevitable. In vain Runjit Singh threatened and implored his soldiers; in vain he adjured them by God and their Guru to advance; in vain, dismounting from his horse, he rushed forward, sword in hand, calling on his troops to follow him. At this critical moment the black banner of Phula Singh and his Akalis moved up the slope of the disputed hill; the fanatic chief and his desperate followers, five hundred in number, advanced to the attack. Phula Singh had, earlier in the day, been struck from his horse by a musket-ball, which had shattered his knee, and had been carried to the rear, apparently disabled. Now, seated on an elephant, he again led the way, shouting an invitation to the whole army to follow him and his men. The army did not respond to the call, but Phula Singh and the Akalis rushed to the assault. The wild Afghans waited not for their attack, but streamed down the hill to become the assailants. At this moment, it is said, Phula Singh ordered his men to dismount and let their horses go. This was done, and, strange to say, the horses rushed into the ranks of the Yusafzais, throwing them into confusion. The Akalis seized the opportunity and charged home, sword in hand, piercing to the heart of the Afghan position. Encouraged by this exploit the Sikh army again advanced, and, in consequence, drove up the hill a body of some twelve to fifteen hundred Afghans who were now actually below the Akalis. Finding themselves thus assailed in front by the main body, and cut off by the Akalis from their line of retreat, these Afghans endeavoured to escape round the flanks of the Akalis; but the redoubtable Phula Singh had no intention of allowing them to escape so easily. So vigorously did he bar their retreat that at least half of them were slain, the Akalis also being reduced to little more than one hundred and fifty men. This exploit so fired the Sikh army that they now advanced and assaulted the main Afghan position, still led by Phula Singh, who was eventually killed after performing prodigies of endurance and valour. The Sikhs gained a complete though dearly bought victory, no less than five thousand of the Khalsa army having been killed or wounded. The Afghan loss was believed to be nearly ten thousand men.[1]

To form from these brave but undisciplined levies an army, trained and disciplined on the European model, was the task to which the great Maharaja now set himself. To diminish the importance of the cavalry, to form an efficient artillery, and to induce the Sikhs to enter the despised infantry service, was a feat which taxed all Runjit Singh's influence over the minds of his subjects. In this matter, as in all others, he approached his object with great subtlety and caution. Colonel Gardner, one of his officers, from whose manuscript memoirs the account of the battle of Theri has been compiled, thus describes the conversion of the army. "When the Maharaja explained his intentions, the old troops took umbrage, resenting the proposed form of instruction and the introduction of money payments; they had formerly been rewarded by grants of land and by plunder, and cash payments had been considered ignoble. Runjit Singh was not the man to be

[1] From the notes of Colonel Gardner, of Maharaja Runjit Singh's service. See also THE REIGNING FAMILY OF LAHORE, a work based on information supplied by Gardner.

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turned from his purpose. He used to favour the new men in every way; used to send for them in the morning, distribute food from his own table among them after their parades, with which he would affect to be highly pleased, and would administer *bakshish* to each with his own hand. The sight of the money was too much for the remainder of the army, who soon held no more aloof from the new discipline coupled with regular payment." An attempt of the Maharaja to force his troops to adopt the round cap of the Bengal Sepoy did not succeed, his own Sikhs fraternising with the Gurkha battalion, which they had been ordered to compel at the bayonet's point to adopt the cap. In all other respects the Sikh infantry were dressed and equipped like those of the Company's army.

Aided by his four foreign generals, Ventura, Allard, Court, and Avitabile, and by some fifty other European officers of lower rank who entered his service from time to time, Runjit Singh succeeded in converting his unwieldy and undisciplined host into a well-equipped and well-trained regular army of thirty thousand men with nearly two hundred guns; in addition to which were the irregular levies of the chiefs, whose number is estimated by Sir Lepel Griffin at another thirty thousand. The regular infantry, first trained by Generals Ventura, Court, and Avitabile, imbibed an iron discipline, which rendered them a most formidable force; while the artillery, trained for the most part by General Court and Colonel Gardner, developed an extraordinary devotion to their guns and a high skill in their use, both facts being amply proved at Sobraon and Chillianwalla, and indeed in all the battles of the two wars in which our army met and defeated the Sikh legions.

The gallant and amiable Allard, who had rendered conspicuous service at Theri, brought the Sikh cavalry to a high pitch of perfection; but after his death, which occurred in 1839, shortly before that of the Maharaja that arm rapidly deteriorated. After Runjit Singh's death the army grew much stronger in numbers and as much weaker in discipline, ere long taking the reins of power into its own hands and violently removing one ruler after another. Finally it brought about its own destruction, and the annexation of the Punjab, by crossing the Sutlej with the avowed intention of capturing Delhi or even Calcutta. On the outbreak of war the Sikh army numbered eighty-eight thousand men, with three hundred and eighty field guns; but many of the latter were of inferior quality.

Of the military quality of the soldiers of the Khalsa it is difficult to speak too highly. The veterans of Runjit Singh's army might in many respects be compared with those of Napoleon. Inured to hardship by long years of service and led by officers who had risen from their ranks by force of soldierly merit, it need cause no surprise that they triumphed over all their Asiatic enemies. Like the Napoleonic soldiers also they were haughty and oppressive to their civilian countrymen, brutal and rapacious as invaders, relentless slaughterers of the defenceless wounded in the day of battle. These were dark blots on the fame of a warlike race, but, as history shows, by no means peculiar to the Sikhs.

One last parallel may be mentioned between the Grand Armies of the Khalsa and of France; both were fated to meet defeat and destruction at the hands of England.

In the two wars which followed the invasion of British India by the Sikhs both sides suffered heavy losses, but those of the vanquished were terrible.

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It is probable that no estimate can be considered accurate, but careful writers state that the Sikhs lost between twelve and fifteen thousand men at the battle of Sobraon alone, on which occasion the merciless carnage inflicted on the flying Sikhs by our horse-artillery may be considered as condign punishment for the slaughter of our wounded in the previous battles. In the second war the doubtful and bloody battle of Chillianwalla was fought, in which it is undeniable that the more skilful generalship was shown by the Sikhs, though our national tenacity was rewarded by the possession of the field of battle. Finally, on February the 22nd, 1849, the battle of Gujerat, fought on our part coolly and scientifically, broke for ever the power of the Khalsa, but brought no disgrace on the training of Runjit Singh and his European generals.

The rapidity with which these valiant and haughty enemies accepted British rule is justly considered one of the chief triumphs of our Indian administration; a triumph peacefully effected by the efforts of that noble brotherhood of military and civil servants of the Crown into whose charge the Land of the Five Rivers so fortunately fell. It was well for England that, at one time and in one province she had working for her such men as Henry and John Lawrence, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, Neville and Crawford Chamberlain, James Abbott, Lake, Becher, James, Reynell Taylor, and many others of like nature. It was well for England that for eight years after the annexation of the Punjab these great men and their fellows had laboured without ceasing to give to that war-worn land peace, prosperity, and content, and that they had succeeded. The merits of English rule in India can need no further testimony than the fact that eight short years had sufficed to convert the Punjab from our most dangerous foe to our most staunch supporter.

Thus it was that the year 1857 saw the new birth of the troops of the Khalsa, called again into being by the trust of Lawrence, and led to the re-capture of Delhi by their own most dreaded enemy in days gone by, John Nicholson.

The story of the Sikh and Pathan levies of the Punjab, and of the deeds they wrought for England, has often been told and can here receive but brief notice. All Englishmen should know it. Suffice it to say that it was by the work of John Lawrence, by his courageous and persistent influence, and by the constant stream of reinforcements sent by him from the Punjab, that Delhi fell when it did fall; and that, until that day, the fate of England in India trembled in the balance. How loyally and bravely the soldiers of the Khalsa, and above all the Sikh artillerymen, who showed themselves as efficient and as staunch as our own glorious gunners, fought for us in the memorable siege, should never be forgotten. Those who realise that John Lawrence saved our Indian Empire, must remember also that he did that deed in great part by the hands of his Sikh soldiers; and those who admire the deed and praise the doer must thank also the living weapon which he used. Acute indeed was the crisis when Lawrence decided to trust the Sikhs, and, when all that hung on his decision is remembered, let no one wonder that for a while he hesitated, until the bold yet wise counsels of his younger advisers prevailed. When next a great emergency falls on the ruler of a British province may he have counsellors such as John Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes, and Neville Chamberlain.

A most interesting circumstance is

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connected with John Lawrence's action when his decision was taken. There had been, as is well known, certain differences between himself and his brother, Sir Henry, as to the manner of treating the Sikh chiefs. To these dispossessed potentates Henry Lawrence was ever inclined to be very tender in pity for their fallen estate; while John Lawrence, aware of their many faults while in power, was disposed to bear hardly upon them Now, however, ruling the Punjab in the room of Sir Henry, John Lawrence acted in the very spirit of his brother. Having, as a first step, initiated those wise measures by which the disloyal Bengal troops in the Punjab were disarmed, and the rebellious overwhelmed, Lawrence sent letters to the various chiefs who had fallen into disgrace in the war of 1848. He urged them to retrieve their characters, and come in at once with their retainers, naming the number of men to be brought by each. The measure met with complete success, and, as the chiefs joined him, Lawrence organised their levies and sent them off to Delhi under carefully selected English officers.

From these Sikh feudal levies, from the old soldiers of the Khalsa, from the wild frontier tribesmen of all regions from Peshawar to Mooltan, and even from our old enemies the Afghans, Lawrence and his lieutenants raised that new army of the Punjab which first helped to destroy the rebellious Bengal army, and then took its place.

The rising at Meerut occurred on Sunday, May 10th, 1857, and the southward march of Lawrence's reinforcements began with, what seems to us, almost miraculous promptitude, though, to the fiery impatience of John Nicholson, there had appeared to be an intolerable delay. On June 9th the Guides arrived before Delhi, having marched five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days, in the very hottest season of the Indian summer, a feat which has never been equalled in any army. By July 1st three thousand two hundred troops had been sent from the Punjab, to be followed by regiment after regiment, in rapid succession, so long as reinforcements were required.

All who read these pages know the story of the capture of Delhi. There is no brighter page in our history; and many will echo the words of a brave man who fought there at the head of one of these very levies furnished by the loyal Punjab,—Hodson of Hodson's Horse: "History will do justice to the constancy and fortitude of the handful of Englishmen who have for so many months of desperate weather, amid the greatest toil and hardship, resisted and finally defeated the most strenuous exertions of an entire army, trained by ourselves, and supplied with all but exhaustless munitions of war, laid up by ourselves for the maintenance of our Empire. I venture to aver that no other nation in the world would have remained here (before Delhi) or have avoided defeat had they done so. A nation which could conquer a country like the Punjab so recently with an Hindustani army, and then turn the energies of the conquered Sikhs to subdue the very army by which they were tamed; which could fight out a position like Peshawar for years in the very teeth of the hostile tribes; and then, when suddenly deprived of the regiments which effected this, could unhesitatingly employ those very tribes to disarm and quell those regiments when in mutiny, —a nation which could do this is destined indeed to rule the world."

The famous Hodson's Horse, a specimen of the Punjab levies, was actually raised, equipped, and trained while serving before Delhi; an ex-

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perience which few cavalry regiments can have undergone. In its ranks, Afghans, Sikhs, and Punjabi Mahomedans vied with one another in devoted service to Hodson. The uniform of these hastily raised troops consisted mostly of the now familiar *kharki;* but Hodson's Horse wore, as a difference, a scarlet sash over the shoulder, and a turban of the same colour, gaining thereby the nickname of the Flamingos.

Though less conspicuous than those of the besiegers of Delhi, the services of the Sikh force raised and commanded by General Van Cortlandt also deserve notice, if only on account of the history of its commander. Van Cortlandt had for many years served Runjit Singh, and was the only one of his European officers who was permitted to enter the British service on the annexation of the Punjab. He had loyally supported Herbert Edwardes in his famous march against Mooltan, and showed such conspicuous gallantry and power of character during the second Sikh war as to be entrusted with an independent command in the Mutiny. General Van Cortlandt's levy was known as the Hariana Field Force, and did excellent service in suppressing the rebellion in a wide district to the north-west of Delhi. Van Cortlandt had received his military training under the eye of the great Maharaja himself, and the backbone of the Hariana Field Force was furnished by the men of the two regular regiments of the Khalsa whom he had formerly commanded.

It is in truth impossible to read the story of the great Mutiny without feeling both gratitude and admiration for the brave northern soldiery who served England so well; nor need these feelings lead us to do any injustice to others whose deserts are equally great. Still greater praise should undoubtedly be given to those faithful Abdiels of the Hindu and Mahomedan regiments who remained true to their salt. Few they were, indeed, but the marvel is that any could resist the tide of disloyalty which carried all but the most steadfast off their feet. And the long-service soldier of England, who marched and fought till he died in his tracks,—he has gone now, his place knows him no more, and there are many who have scarce a good word to say for him. They were ignorant and helpless, those old soldiers, those "poor wild birds whose country had cast them off," but they could march through India at the worst season of the year, they could fight day after day against great odds, and finally they could, and did, die without a murmur for their country, and without even a suspicion that they were doing more than their bare duty. Now they are gone, may we do as well without them!

To conclude the narrative: from the days of 1857 the same story of brave and loyal service has to be told. Sikh cavalry and infantry regiments have shown their national quality of staunch and steady courage on many a distant battle-field. China, Abyssinia, Egypt, and Central Africa have seen the Sikh soldier following his white officers as he followed them to Delhi; and distant lands, unknown even by name to their fathers, have borne witness that the sons of the Khalsa have not degenerated. It is, however, in Afghanistan and the mountain border of India that the Sikh soldier of recent years has found his most congenial field of service. Many a battle-field west of the Indus, their ancient bulwark, has heard the Sikh war-cry, and far in the north-east stands the fort of Chitral to remind all men of one of the stoutest defences recorded in history, the heat

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and burden of which was borne by Sikh soldiers and English officers.

The Tirah Campaign is so much an affair of to-day that even the newspaper-readers of England, ever, like the Athenians, in search of some new thing, can hardly have forgotten how often the Sikh soldier has shown his fine quality. Being, as he is, among the most determined of fighters, the Sikh is never more terrible than when playing a losing game with his life for the forfeit. The whole Empire rang with the proud story of the defence and fall of Fort Saragheri, when every man of the garrison fell rifle in hand, and the last survivor is said to have killed eighteen or twenty enemies before he was overcome.

Here then we leave the Sikh soldier of to-day, the honourable representative of the warlike disciples of Guru Govind, feeling a just confidence that from the Punjab England may yet draw many a staunch man-at-arms, as warlike and as faithful as those who have served her in the past.

And if ever the time should come,
Sahib,—as come full well it may—
When all is not as smooth and fair as
all things seem to-day;
When foes are rising round you fast,
and friends are few and cold;
And a yard or two of trusty steel is
worth a prince's gold;
Remember Hodson trusted us, and trust
the old blood too;
And as we followed him to death, our
sons will follow you.

HUGH PEARSE.

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ON LAKE VYRNWY.

THERE are occasions, if it be not heresy to say so, when the fancy is more captivated and the memory more stimulated by the humble art of the photographer than by the most eloquent effort of the landscape-painter's brush. So, at any rate, it seemed to me as I sat one morning towards the end of last May in the sunny drawing-room of the hotel that the Corporation of Liverpool erected some years ago upon the banks of their great reservoir in the heart of Wales. Let me here hasten to dispel any false impression created by the materialistic flavour of this last term. Lake Vyrnwy is in truth a reservoir, and the property of a great and grimy city; but it is doubtful if any house of entertainment, south of the Firth of Forth, looks out over a scene more entirely beautiful than does this one. And when one remembers that it is the work of man, there is in that very fact a flavour of romance about it that neither Bala, nor Derwentwater, nor Coniston can boast of. For on the table of this drawing-room there lies a set of photographs executed with all the skill and fidelity that the process was capable of ten or a dozen years ago. It is not, however, the excellence of the pictures themselves, nor the beauty of the scenes they depict, that arouses in this case so special an interest, but the fact of their being all that is left to remind one of a vanished world; a small world perhaps, but one that was as entirely sufficient unto itself as any that could be found within the civilised area of Great Britain. Here, for instance, is a typical village street; typical, that is to say, of the sleepy hamlets that may be found in every one of the innumerable valleys into which the great highlands of Montgomery are riven this way and that. The full blaze of a summer sun is evidently glaring on the white roadway, and the shadows of the stone cottages fall dark and sharp across the dusty street. There is the old inn with over the door the arms of the great house of Powis which divides with that of Wynnstay so mighty a slice of northern and central Wales. A couple of idlers stand slouching before the porch: a colley dog lies flat as a corpse in the dust; and an old witch at her cottage door, shading her eyes with her hand, stands blinking at the camera, and no doubt also at the "gentleman from London" behind it who is thus so significantly heralding the deluge which these poor peasants may not yet have wholly realised. Here too is another picture of the plain old oblong church, built, it is said, at some remote period by the Knights of St. John. Another one is evidently taken from an eminence. It is of a flat and narrow valley, stretching for many miles, and bounded on both sides by hills, whose summits, we know, are over two thousand feet above the sea. There is a foreground of meadows, bisected with white roads, on whose lush hedges at a near point one can actually see the honeysuckle and wild roses twining and the dust of midsummer thickly powdered. In the background are scattered homesteads embowered in trees, and down the centre of the picture one can trace the course of the Vyrnwy winding for many miles

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through narrow belts of bordering timber.

There was no spot in all Britain where life had gone on more tranquilly than in this remote but once populous village and parish of Llanwddyn; the more so perhaps as it formed a *cul de sac*, the valley terminating abruptly in the bold front of the Berwyn mountains, over which a precipitous cart-track led, and still leads, for ten weary and windy miles to Bala. Something like five hundred souls, who practically could speak no English, were here just previous to 1880, to be dumbfoundered by the news that as a community they were to be wiped off the face of the earth. I do not think it would be unjust to the average villager, of, let us say, Wiltshire or Suffolk, to suppose that under a similar shock he would find more than solace in the prospects of financial compensation inevitable in so drastic a scheme. The Celt of Wales may, or may not, lack some of the virtues of the Wiltshire or Suffolk rustic, but his affection for the home of his fathers is incomparably greater, and very often indeed rises superior to gold or worldly advancement. Nor does the Welshman among his mountains go barefoot or live on half rations of potatoes, and thereby justify the political economist's sneers at sentiment. At any rate, when the Corporation of Liverpool, after hovering in threatening attitude over many Welsh valleys, descended finally upon this devoted spot, the consternation among a portion of its inhabitants was very great indeed. It is painful enough for those who are keenly sensitive to such emotions to be torn from their homes; but to have these, and every familiar landmark surrounding them, eliminated from off the face of the earth's surface, and transferred, so to speak, to the bottom of the sea, is a far more harrowing experience, and one perhaps unique in the simple annals of the poor. It would be almost as difficult indeed for us, as for the Wiltshire rustic, to realise the limpet-like tenacity with which the Welsh villager clings to his valley as to a part of his existence. It is commonly reputed, however, that many of the old people, who were thus uprooted from Llanwddyn, did not survive such late transplanting, but died as people die of broken hearts after a great invasion by a conquering enemy. Most of the village was blown up, or pulled down, preparatory to the damming of the waters. One sturdy old woman vowed that, rather than be evicted, she would perish beneath the ruins of her paternal roof-tree, and resisted all efforts to remove her with an energy that would have done credit to a Tipperary heroine playing to an applauding audience of peasants and politicians.

The Vale of Llanwddyn, however, has long ceased to exist. Not only were the living transferred from their habitations, but the very dead, whose bones could still be found, were taken from their graves and laid in a fresh resting-place, some three hundred feet nearer heaven and under the shadow of a newly built church.

But let us turn for a moment, from these pictures of what was, to yonder window which commands as fine a prospect of what is as any point in this wholly transformed landscape. We are perched high above the lake on a wooded hill, and over the tree-tops, which sweep downwards to the water's edge in terraces of rustling foliage, spreads as fair and beautiful a scene as could be found in all Wales, which is saying much indeed. For fully five miles westward a noble sheet of water, its shining surface flecked by the light summer winds, thrusts itself into the very heart of the Berwyn mountains. One behind the other, lofty hills from an eleva-

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tion of two thousand feet drop their shoulders to the water's edge, till the gradually narrowing vista is closed by the mighty wall of grouse moors that separates the waters of the Dee and Severn. Never surely has man's artifice made scenery of so exquisite a kind on so vast a scale. It seems impossible to realise that bare utility, and the needs of a great and growing city, are responsible for a scene at once so peaceful and so incomparably fair. Bala is the only Welsh lake that approaches the one beneath us in size; but the somewhat ornate civilisation which gives something of a tameness to old Llyn Tegid's banks is wanting here, as happily also is the other extreme which most of the smaller Welsh lakes run to, namely, a certain savage nakedness, a grey-tinted bleakness that in some moods almost repels one from their shores.

No screaming engine at any rate, on even the stillest days, can wake the echoes of Lake Vyrnwy. Though Liverpool owns it, neither Liverpool nor Manchester comes here in the tourist sense, for accommodation, other than the single hotel which caters chiefly for sportsmen, is sternly repressed and population minimised for the sake of aquatic purity. The upper fringe of the old Llanwddyn civilisation still remains above the waves, and with pastures and woodland, and a few ancient homesteads, makes a rich and pleasing margin between the mountains and the lake. But the bulk of Llanwddyn is as effectually sunk beneath the waves as the thirty towns of the drowned Cantrel, over which every good Welshman knows the billows of Cardigan bay roll ere they break on the sandy dunes of Ardudwy and the rocky feet of the Cader range.

The Corporation of Liverpool take a just pride in their beautiful domain. For it is not only the lake and its immediate banks that have passed under their rule; they are proprietors also of many miles of mountain and moorland, and it may be added that since their advent the grouse fly thicker here than on almost any moors in Wales. To engineers the immense dam that holds this vast volume of water, from forty to eighty feet deep and eleven miles in circumference, is, I believe, a work of surpassing interest. Fortunately its builders had art and beauty in their minds, as well as safety; and the stonework which carries the high road across the dam, some six hundred yards at this narrow point from shore to shore, is in no sense an eyesore, except in so far as it reminds one that the scene around us is the work of man. A perfect road has been made the whole way round the lake, and in a district where the highways are naturally either rough or perpendicular, or both, twelve miles of smooth Macadam, amid surroundings so delightful, enable one to enjoy the latter with a grateful sense of ease and relief. Deeply indented bays mark the spots where lateral valleys sent their tributary streams spouting down in former days to the winding Vyrnwy. Around many of these inlets the planter has been busy. On their quiet surface, free from the breezes that outside are almost always stirring, the shadows of exotic trees, of copper beeches and maples and *arbor vitæ*, grow longer year by year; and each June the gay bloom of azaleas and rhododendrons light up with increasing splendour the base of the eternal hills.

It would indeed cheer the hearts of those many croakers who declare that accessible trouting of any account is a thing of the past, to see the lusty pounders rolling about on a summer's evening over the whole surface of these five miles of water. Some eight years ago, before the lake was actually full, several thousand fry of the celebrated

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Loch Leven trout were introduced into its still rising waters. Whether fish so sensitive as trout would thrive there, and, if they did, whether or no they would retain their instinct for rising freely to the fly, was a problem which remained to be solved. Among anglers the new lake created as much interest as it did among engineers. It was felt that if the trout took kindly to its waters, and throve and multiplied and behaved generally as if they and their vast domain of water were of indigenous growth, an angler's paradise would be created that had nothing comparable to it, on such a scale, south of the famous Loch Leven. Such hopes have been more than realised, for it has not only equalled but outstripped the historic haunt of Edinburgh fly-fishers in the quality of its sport. It would puzzle, I think, the best fisherman that ever threw a fly on Loch Leven to take forty-two trout weighing thirty-four pounds in a single day, as I saw done myself on Lake Vyrnwy in this very last May. No water south of the Tweed, upon a similar scale, open to the public for a moderate payment can pretend to compare with it. The Cumberland lakes most certainly cannot, full as they are of coarse fish, while Bala was ruined by pike fifty years ago.

With a view to the undoubted shooting and probable fishing attractions, a large and comfortable hotel was built by the Liverpool Corporation during the year the lake was filling. Standing high above the latter, whose surface is over eight hundred feet above sea-level, it is probably the most bracing habitation, as well as the most romantically situated, in all Wales. The sporting rights of the property, extending over many miles of land and water, are leased out with the hotel, and the enterprising lady who reigns over all has so enlarged her boundaries that you might walk, I take it, for near twenty miles in a straight line over mountain, pasture and stubble that, in a sporting sense, recognise her sway. This kind of thing in Caithness and Morayshire or Donegal would not be worthy of remark, but within sight, or nearly so, of the smoke of Shrewsbury it is quite another matter.

Lake-fishing is pre-eminently the solace of the less skilful angler, particularly of the man who in early life has not had the opportunity of becoming initiated into all the mysteries that pertain to most river-fishing and the difficulties that beset it. Not of course that the expert will be otherwise than a long way ahead of the tyro, even from a boat on a lake; but the latter will here find things incomparably more easy for him than when floundering about among rocks, a screen of trees perhaps behind and before him, and a roof of leaves above his head. The lake-fisher will always have a breeze at his back, or he would not be out. Casting with a modern rod under such conditions demands a minimum of skill. There are no trees or obstacles to be taken into consideration, nor is any precision in planting the flies very greatly in request. He will miss a great many fish no doubt, particularly when they are rising short, as they are apt to do on lakes as the season advances; but he will catch something on most days, and when the trout really mean business, the comparative tyro will be much more successful than he would be under like conditions on a river. There is one advantage, however, in lake-fishing that applies to all classes of anglers whose holidays are limited and opportunities few. Their river may utterly fail them for the few precious days available; it may be almost dry, or in raging flood. A lake cannot play tricks of this sort. Its fish may of course take all sorts of fancies into

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their heads, but except on those rare occasions when there is not sufficient breeze to stir the surface of the water, or too much to venture out in, it is at least always fishable. The ladies too (and at the name we think we can hear ominous growls from certain snug chimney-corners) are here able to assert themselves. All difficulties of locomotion are removed; the breeze takes out their line, and a polite boatman repairs their breakages, uncoils their tangles, and slips the net under the captive fish. When fishing double in a boat one likes to know a good deal about the man at the other end, not in relation to his moral character or social status, but to his class as a fisherman. Ladies, however, I have noticed, mainly fish in the same boat with their husbands. This may seem odd to those who revolve in the sphere of the modern novel, if there is such a sphere; but female fly-fishers are not, I think, frivolous, and besides they are, when on duty, the colour of mahogany, even if the skin has not entirely peeled off their faces. At any rate it is only right that the husband should run any risk there may be of having a Red Spinner or a Wickham's Fancy embedded in his cheek or in the lobe of his ear; while if perchance the boatman should prove the victim, compensation is a simple matter. But this kind of language would not merely be unchivalrous, but positively libellous if used in connection with some ladies I have seen wielding a rod, and some indeed whose records speak for them on the register of Lake Vyrnwy.

This register, by the way, is an institution not perhaps peculiar to the estate, but I fancy somewhat unique in the merciless accuracy with which it is kept. From its earliest days the authorities of Lake Vyrnwy have held to the maxim that honesty is the best policy. With a shrewd insight into the imaginative side of angling nature it was long ago decided that the average fishermen, immaculate no doubt in all other relations of life, could not be trusted to give a strictly accurate return of his daily catch. What a confession to make of one's craft! And yet who will gainsay it? Some fishing centres, for very obvious reasons, are by no means so anxious to curb the wayward fancies of Piscator (as the guide-books call him); but Vyrnwy is the despair of the romancer. Every basket is taken by his boatman direct from the boat to the house. There in the back regions it is accurately weighed, and thence carried in a dish to a table in the entrance-hall where the spoils of the day, with the number and weight caught, and the name of each captor plainly labelled, are exhibited before dinner-time to the gaze of the company. These statistics are then forwarded to certain newspapers and duly entered in a big book, which lies handy for reference upon the smoking-room table. And no more fitting lodgment could surely be found for such a significant record! The old habitué, if eight years may confer such distinction, has to be careful, very careful indeed, as he smokes his pipe in the evenings at Lake Vyrnwy. He may embroider his performances upon streams and lakes remote, but he cannot add a single fish or a single ounce to his former triumphs here, with such a merciless and prosaic chronicle at his very elbow.

From a purely piscicultural point of view the history of the lake is interesting enough. The Loch Leven yearlings, originally introduced, fulfilled their ordinary destiny; but it seems hardly to have been taken into much consideration what part the little troutlets of the infant Vyrnwy river and its tributary burns would play. It seems strange that a breed of creatures who for hundreds of years have

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had a limit of size should be capable under different conditions of suddenly expanding into four or five times those dimensions. But these little fellows, hurried down by floods from the hills, or cast upon this world of waters by the submerging of the brooks where a quarter-pounder was entitled to respect and a half-pounder a veritable giant, adapted themselves to their surroundings in astonishing fashion. Two years had not passed since the filling of the lake when native fish of from twelve to fourteen inches long were rolling about literally in their thousands.

Nowadays the Loch Leven has practically given way to the sturdier, better conditioned trout, sprung from those little denizens of the rills which plash down the mountain sides, or the small burns which make music in the valleys of the Eunant and the Hirddydd, the Cedig and the Dolau Gwynion. The unit of size at the present time is just under a pound, and the growth of education as regards the attitude of the fish towards the artificial fly is an instinctive retrospect. For the first few years they were confiding to a degree. A limit had to be fixed, and quite unpretentious fishermen sometimes reached that limit before the day was out. Never has the stock of fish been more abundant than to-day, and never so entirely satisfactory in shape and condition; but these restrictions are no longer necessary. One would hardly imagine that an average of perhaps half a dozen boats daily, spread over so great a sheet of water for three or four months in the year, could convert the trout from absolute simplicity to as reasonable a cunning as a good sportsman at any rate would be satisfied with. In their callow days the Lake Vyrnwy trout would rise at almost anything. They now have their preferences in the matter of flies, and will no longer fall victims to the slack line and tardy wrist. Nowadays if you would catch them you must be wide awake. And who would wish it otherwise?

Lake-fishing may be lazy work in one sense, but it is uncommonly trying to an unseasoned wrist. Indeed an accustomed one would be considerably taxed by the end of a day if it were not for the long rest after each drift is finished, while your boatman pulls you slowly back against, or across, the wind to commence another. Then is the time on Lake Vyrnwy, after straining the eyes for an hour or so at the spot where you know your flies to be among the dancing ripples, then is the time to lie back and rest them on the silent crags towering to the sky, on the emerald turf, fresh with mountain mists and warmed by the suns of May, that sweeps upward to their feet. The middle heights, too, are here resplendent with brakes of golden gorse and sprinkled thick with feathery birch trees, of all trees that soften the bareness of a mountain side surely the most graceful. From the straggling woods of ancient oaks, hoary with moss and deep in bracken, that dip here and there to the shores, the note of the cuckoo comes soft and clear. Upon the high rough pastures that fringe the moorland one hears all day long the bell-like trill of the nesting curlew, while in sunny thickets by the water side the thrush pours out its homelier gush of melody. A very paradise, too, is this lake for those little friends of the fisherman, the sandpipers, who splash and play and skim along the water's edge, and perform those graceful but transparent antics designed no doubt to mislead you as to the whereabouts of some four or five white eggs snugly tucked away under yonder bank.

But perhaps after all it is at sunset, when the day's work is over and

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the breeze is dead and we steal slowly homeward down the lake, that the spell of its strange associations is strongest. On the banks of Lough Neagh, according to Tom Moore,

> When the fisherman strays
> At the dim, cold eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining.

Surely we too, as we drift along over the steely surface of Lake Vyrnwy with the mountains darkling upon either hand and the crimson afterglow paling into green behind the rugged brow of Allt-yr-Erydd, may indulge in reveries justifiable as those of Tom Moore's fisherman. We may behold in the glass beside us, with the eye of memory, at any rate, if not of fancy, the cheerful homesteads of Llanwddyn, that now lie ruined and sodden beneath the seventy feet of water over which we glide. In the village street big eels are now sliming in the mud; over the old hearthstone of the Powis Arms, that welcomed with its cheery blaze so many generations of travellers from the cold passes of the Berwyns, this is surely a mete occasion to drop the tributary tear. Where hedgerows bloomed gay with wild dog-rose and honeysuckle, huge trout, that human eye never beholds, but angling fancy fondly pictures, sail lazily around, no doubt, amid dank and trailing weeds. The old church that St. Wyddyn founded in the sixth century and the knights of St. John of Jerusalem rebuilt of stone in the twelfth, should surely have some message to send us up from the depths. In the Duke of Beaufort's famous progress through Wales, in the reign of James the Second, his secretary tells us how the bell in its little belfry "jangled for loyalty with such strange noise and such good affection" as his Grace passed, that the writer was impelled to enter the church and discover of what material it might be fashioned. Surely there is an opportunity here for the sparse residents of the shores of Lake Vyrnwy that should not be missed. Supernatural possibilities, however, apart, it is not given to many people to catch trout seventy feet above the fields where they have once shot partridges and the bogs where they have once killed snipe. A story is told, too, of a native of Llanwddyn who, after years of wandering in foreign lands, thought he would have a look at the old home. Not being of a communicative turn of mind no hint of the fate that had befallen his native village reached his ears on his way from the sea-coast; his sensations on surmounting the hills above the Vyrnwy, and seeing nothing but a waste of waters beneath him, may be left to the imagination. The form which the surprise of this unsuspecting seaman took is differently reported, but at any rate he survived the shock. Perhaps the disappearance of the Powis Arms, being the only public house in the entire district, was not the lightest part of the blow.

Both legend and history have been tolerably active in this old-world corner, though the latter is hardly of a kind that Lord Macaulay or Mr. Green or any other popular authority has dealt in. It is unlikely, for instance, that many people, east of Offa's Dyke at any rate, know who the red-haired banditti of Mawddy were. A legacy of the Wars of the Roses, this great band of outlaws held the centre of Wales in constant terror for two or three generations; and the site of Lake Vyrnwy seems to have been one of their favourite resorts. It is pleasant too to think that the cell of the saint, who gave the church and valley its name, has just escaped the deluge; for its site is said to be where the Ceunaut waterfall splashes down

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towards the lake. That this holy man, however, was no St. Kevin, the marvellous tenacity of Welsh nomenclature has provided us with incontestable evidence. A path is still called Llwybr Wddyn, along which he used, so tradition avers, to walk to the cell of a certain pious lady, St. Monacella, who had fled from her home in Ireland and established herself at no great distance up the valley.

If this place were in England or Scotland one would need no assurance that the fish-poacher was kept at arm's length; and as a matter of fact there is so much at stake at Lake Vyrnwy that he is successfully defied. But the Welsh fish-poacher, as an incorrigible ruffian, stands in a class by himself. And by poacher, we do not mean that comparatively innocent and sportively inclined individual, who throws his fly or pitches his worm where he should not. The Welsh poacher cares nothing for sport either with fly or worm. He plies his evil trade at midnight, and his most innocent weapons are the otter and the net; if these fail, or are inconvenient, lime and even dynamite come equally ready to his hand. He has no equal in the three kingdoms as a wholesale destroyer of the fertility of lake and river. The vice seems hereditary, distinguishing more particularly certain districts and certain families; and it must be remembered that there is work at good wages for every man in Wales who is willing to work. There is not even the poor excuse of want therefore to be urged in the defence of these marauders. The man who idles and poaches in Wales does so for choice, and yet no Bench in the United Kingdom has been so fatuous in its treatment of these enemies, not of landlords merely but of the public. For in North Wales at any rate most of the fishing is made over by its owners, either directly or indirectly, to the common weal. By the former term I mean that considerable number of lakes and rivers which are free on payment of a few shillings a year for a conservancy licence; by the latter, those waters which for a higher payment are intended to appeal to the English visitor and strengthen the attractions of a country drawing a great and deserved revenue from the tourist, a revenue which is distributed among all classes. I use the word *deserved* designedly, because the Welshman does not cheat tourists, and is moreover a most admirable host. In former days, and I believe it is still the case, a great deal, in fact most of the trouting-water on the Scottish border was free by immemorial custom, though as much the property of riparian owners as the best reaches of the Kennett or the Test. But I have plenty of documentary evidence (though the ink, alas, is sadly faded) that as good baskets could be killed in these frequented streams as the heart could desire. In short the Scotch public were their own keepers; the trout-thief, with his net and lime bag, would have had short shrift on the Tweed and its tributaries. The Welsh public are even more deeply interested in the suppression of this particular vice than the Lowland Scotch, for it is not only the humble angler in common with his well-to-do brother that suffers from it, but every hotel and lodging-house keeper in the country, in fact, the whole trading class. But the Welsh public are not so stout-hearted as the Scotch, and the Welsh poacher has grown by long immunity to be the most brazen and audacious of his kind.

As a mere instance to the point, most of the once prolific streams in the western peninsula of Carnarvonshire are now absolutely free to the populace. It was accounted, and in theory rightly accounted, an admirable

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thing that the village tailor, postman, carpenter, or pedagogue should have this chance of a recreation that, properly practised, could do no harm and much good. It was a Radical movement that urged the concession, be it noted, though in friendly fashion and in the same spirit it was met and granted by owners of the other political persuasion. The result is lamentable. These beautiful streams have been practically ruined, not by the honest village angler who is more out in the cold than ever, but by gangs of idlers who have found it easier to make a few pounds by liming and netting trout than by working; and it is a pursuit they can now follow with impunity, for though there are many to protest there are none to protect. The Celt will suffer much at the hands of his own people, however despicable they may individually be, before he will bring them into court.

But now comes the last word to be said, which may somewhat excuse the apathy of the humble anglers of Wales and may well cause the preservers of fish to despair. We have nothing here to do with certain political developements that, in Wales perhaps even more than elsewhere, have altered the character of the magistracy. The point of view with which a Nonconformist Radical would regard an onslaught on the pheasants of the Duke of Omnium is at any rate conceivable; but that very considerable adjunct to the Welsh tourist-trade, trout and salmon fishing, one would suppose to be outside either politics or social rancours. The Welsh Bench, however, wherever influenced by the new element aforesaid, have for this long time been taking the poacher to their bosoms. Again and again men have been caught red-handed in their work of spoliation, and as often been released with the trumpery fine of five shillings and costs. If this is not a hearty and thorough-going encouragement to the fish-poacher, it would be interesting to know what greater one could be offered by a justice of the peace. The culprit goes on his way, not merely rejoicing but triumphant, and proclaims his sense of security not only upon the housetop, but in the very court itself. If, as the result of one night's work, he can sell several pounds' worth of fish in Dolgelly or Carnarvon, and has only occasionally to pay ten or fifteen shillings for the privilege, he would be an absolute fool, as he frankly avows, if he took the question of risk into consideration at all. In some districts no attempt at conviction is now made, and the rivers are netted in open day; on others you can almost trace their course on dark nights in winter by the fires of the salmon-spearers. It is truly said that nothing short of a regiment of soldiers could cope with the state of things that now prevails in certain districts. And it may well be doubted whether it would be profitable to call out that gallant corps, the Welsh Fusiliers, if its prisoners were to be turned upon the world again with the crushing penalty of five shillings and costs.

A. G. Bradley.

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GAVARNI.

GAVARNI has been compared with Balzac. The comparison is daring, but not inapt. Gavarni the artist and Balzac the novelist, each in his way, made Paris and her people his own; and the pencil of the one was as fertile and as indefatigable, as conscientious and as veracious, as the pen of the other. Both men had an enormous power of production, and both were scrupulous sticklers for the truth of things. By critics who would not, or who could not, judge him rightly Gavarni was sometimes dubbed a caricaturist. He took no offence, but he said quite truly that the description did not fit him. Satirist he was, and humourist, and philosopher, and an almost unrivalled delineator of types; but in the ten thousand designs which represent his work,[1] there is perhaps not one which is properly a caricature. In the vast range and variety of his performance, again, Gavarni stands shoulder to shoulder with the author of the COMÉDIE HUMAINE. All Paris came within his ken; he swept all Paris into his portfolio. High and low, here, there, and everywhere, Gavarni's pencil embraces all types: the aristocrat, the *bourgeois*, the banker, the lawyer, the money-lender, the borrower, the student, the *grisette* and all other women, the actor, the opera-singer, the dancer, the debtor in prison, the criminal on his way to prison, the young dandy, the old rake, the politician, the pawnbroker, the mountebank, the labouring-man, the clerk, the street arab, the *enfant terrible*, the *enfant prodigue*, the hawker, the *concierge;* and to each of these he attaches some little pungent legend of a line or two, the words of which seem to drop into the ear from the street-corner, the *salon*, the attic, or the *coulisses*, like the unfrozen words in Rabelais.

Sainte-Beuve reminds us, in the acute and sympathetic essay with which he prefaces the collection of MASQUES ET VISAGES, that Gavarni was a *nom de guerre*, a pencil-name. At the counter of the publisher Susse, to whom he had carried one of the first of his drawings which was worth printing (he had drawn, as Balzac had written, an incredible quantity of rubbish), it was suggested to him that he should give the work his signature. "People will buy a print with a name under it," said Susse. Posed for a moment, the artist bethought him of a certain valley of Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, where he had lived some hungry and happy weeks. Cutting off the feminine *e* from the name, he signed his sketch *Gavarni*, and thus was baptised, says Sainte-Beuve, all the work of his that was to come.

Guillaume-Sulpice Chevallier was his name, and he was born in Paris on the 13th of January, 1804. His father, Sulpice Chevallier, fifty-nine years old when this son came to him by a second wife, sprang from a substantial family of coopers, whose first home was in Burgundy. Old Sulpice had a taste of the Revolution, and kept a rather bitter memory of it. To his father and his mother Gavarni was always tenderly devoted;

[1] The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Gavarni's best biographers, say that he completed ten thousand pieces.

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at thirty-one years of age he wrote in his journal, on the 29th of September, 1835: "I am dishonoured in my own eyes. I had promised my father not to smoke until the 12th of October, and I have just smoked a cigar. Let me note it down against myself." He told the De Goncourts that, when a boy, he used occasionally to spend an evening in a wine-shop; one night the father followed, and, seating himself at a table facing his son's, regarded him silently with no recognition in his eyes. Gavarni never returned to the tavern.

His education was quite professional; geometry, design, linear design with a view to architecture, and some practice in that delicate branch of mechanics which is concerned with instruments of precision. At twenty he was drawing plans in a surveyor's office in Tarbes, spent some years there not over-profitably, and then set out upon a long and lonely travel through the Pyrenees (reduced at times to mending his shoes with bits of paste-board), determined to be a landscape-painter, or nothing.

His second epoch opens in Paris, in the year 1828. Up to this period we have it on the authority of the De Goncourts that Gavarni had failed very badly. A writer he might be, for the journals which he kept all his life showed him even now endowed with powers of thought and a real gift of style; but a landscape-painter,—no! He had scarce a notion of colour (he who, with the pen, could set out a scene glowing with harmonious tints), and his drawing of a landscape was stiff, jejune, and childish. But Paris was to find out the true stuff in him. He was twenty-four when he returned to it from the solitudes and silences of the Pyrenees, and that vast and varied human tableau moved him strangely, producing in him, as the De Goncourts say, "a kind of fever and burning curiosity." He saw that Paris was his world, and with his pencil he would conquer it. "*Il reste à être vrai* (it remains to be true, or, one must stick to life itself);" such a motto he had chosen, and to this motto his whole artistic life was entirely and unswervingly loyal.

But the stiff and formal hand of the surveyor's clerk, of the designer of instruments of precision, had still a great deal to unlearn, and a candid critic of the Gavarni of this date describes him as producing "only wretched little things." He did some vignettes for Béranger, a set of grotesques for a dealer, and a number of Pyrenean sketches,—all of which are properly forgotten. His best work at this time was buried in his note-books; sketching like a madman in the streets, the *cafés*, the theatres, the tea-gardens, the public ball-rooms, he stored his memory with faces, figures, types of every kind, till, in later years, he was able to dispense altogether with the living model. In his prime he could reproduce the likeness of a man whom he had seen in the street twenty years earlier, and all his best and most characteristic figures have the air of having never sat for the likeness that betrays them. The artist has taken his models unawares; their attitudes are the attitudes of life itself. This is the happy outcome of those years of study, patient at once and frantic,—morning, noon and night—in all places where the human subject was to be observed in his proper and easy habit. When his pencil grew nimble, the sketch was made (in outline, at least) before the unconscious sitter was aware of it. He designed a great many fashion-plates for Emile de Girardin's new venture, La Mode, and evidently with much success. Gavarni had a passion for fine clothes, clothes which were a part of the distinction and individuality of the wearer.

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In his own attire he was original, elegant, and not a little dandified; and he would say, when the money ran short: "I don't mind pulling the devil by the tail, but I mean to do it in yellow kids." His work for La Mode is unknown to me, but the De Goncourts declare that such fine, curious and delicate fashion-drawings had not before been printed.

In 1832 appeared the two series of Les Travestissements and Les Physionomies de la Population de Paris; and now, at the age of twenty-eight, Gavarni was a known and appreciated talent. The Press took note of him: Eugène Sue wanted his pencil; and Balzac (by whom he had been commissioned to illustrate La Peau de Chagrin) made him the subject of a long and appreciative article in a newspaper of the day. In the first of these series Gavarni shows himself the *fantaisiste* of costume. "All the light, and colour, and gaiety of the *bal masqué*," wrote Balzac, "sparkle in these designs. Any one of these costumes would confer distinction and originality upon the most insignificant wearer. The ladies will be longing to don them; their husbands will insist upon their doing so." Les Physionomies had an instant and signal success, and over these Balzac waxed yet warmer. "It is not so much that Gavarni poses his subjects as that he *confesses* them," says the delighted critic; "he makes each one of them tell his little history."

Society began to invite the young artist abroad. Duchesse d'Abrantès constituted herself his patroness, and at her house he met pleasant and famous people. He is all at once in the whirl of it: dinners, suppers, balls, the opera, the theatre, the race-course; so much and so continuously in the whirl of it that he notes in his journal, —"Actually slept at home last night."

Despite his *bourgeois* birth and rearing, Gavarni, as Sainte-Beuve insists, was always a polished gentleman. He had an air and manner of his own; something of reserve, something even of *hauteur*. He abhorred in everything the little and the commonplace, and the originality which was stamped upon his work was no less a character of the man. He talked well, easily, and freshly, and was never wanting in ideas. Théophile Gautier, whose acquaintance he had just made, has left a description of Gavarni at twenty-eight, which brings before us a tall, slender, graceful and handsome young man, with a quantity of fair hair, moustaches curled and pointed in the military style, arrayed in the height of fashion, with a certain English severity of detail (*avec quelque chose d'Anglais pour la rigueur du détail en fait de toilette*), and possessing in the highest degree the sentiment of modern elegance.

What Gavarni wanted now was a paper of his own, and after infinite pains, and apparently without a *sou*, he brought out number one of Le Journal des Gens du Monde (one did not dine at Duchesse d'Abrantès' for nothing), to which his own airy and charming pen contributed the leading article. Alfred de Vigny wrote for it, and so did Sainte-Beuve, and Gautier, and the elder Dumas, and Victor Hugo, to say nothing of titled amateurs with the faithful Duchess at their head; and Gavarni flooded it with the humours of his pencil. But when an artist begins a newspaper, the wicked fairy is always present at the birth; and the new journal, for all its high-sounding title, died in the throes of its twentieth number. It left Gavarni the heritage of a debt which, with the inevitable renewals, hampered him for years. In 1834 he was scouring Paris for money, and, not finding enough of it, the end of

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that year saw him an inmate of the debtors' prison of Clichy.

If Dickens had not written LITTLE DORRIT, it would be interesting to write of Clichy; but Clichy and the Marshalsea seem to have been almost the same prison, with the same little cliques, the same little idle etiquette, the same little strained humours (in the easiest of prisons nobody laughs from his heart), and the same little genuine tragedies which can never be quite covered up. Gavarni, a natural philosopher, fell back on his philosophy in Clichy, and missed nothing of the sordid panorama. Restored to freedom, he went to work at once upon the series known as L'ARGENT, in which he has set out all the acrid wit and all the lowly and unromantic pathos of the relations of borrower and lender. From the smug money-lender, wondering that anybody should grumble at his thirty-five per cent., we pass to the seedy and desolate figure of his victim, the broken debtor, standing disconsolate against the door of his cell, digesting the "first quarter of an hour of a five years' sentence." The cares of debt notwithstanding (for debts began anew after Clichy), Gavarni was producing rapidly in these days. Most notable amongst the series were LES FOURBERIES DE FEMME (the Tricks of the Sex), and the theatrical sets of the MUSÉE DE COSTUME, the COULISSES and the ACTRICES. In LES FOURBERIES he dealt with some of the whims, faults, and vices of the society of his day; but Gavarni's satires were never brutal and never cruel; and as for women, whom he fascinated all his life, though he himself seems never to have been very seriously in love, the artist is always on the side of chivalry. After these came the famous and witty gallery of Students (ÉTUDIANTS DE PARIS) a collection of some sixty plates wherein are preserved for our entertainment an existence and a world of the past. For the student of Gavarni's epoch (the more or less civilised descendant of the mad crew of Murger) has disappeared from Paris as utterly as his true old Latin Quarter, that "Paradise of misery and capital of hope." Here he is, however, in these delightful and veracious pages; the student of fifty years ago, a little State within the State; the future of France in an extraordinary hat or cap, and yet more extraordinary trousers, the *redingote* buttoned to conceal the absence of waistcoat, long-haired and decidedly fantastic; the student who is the personal enemy of all *sergents de ville* and other guardians of order; the student who is habitually penniless, but who has his own *cafés*, his own quarters, his appointed place in the theatre, his immemorial usages, and his "religion revealed by Béranger"; the student who pawns his velvet smoking-cap, or his favourite meerschaum, or his entire library, to have the wherewithal of a night at the Bal de l'Opéra, where, as fast as one dance is forbidden, he invents another and a wilder one, to the despair of authority in a three-cornered hat.

Carnival-time, by the way, threw Gavarni into a veritable fever. He complains in his journal that he cannot sleep at night for excitement and the twitchings in his legs after incessant dancing; a notice on his door told his friends that the Saturday gossip was suspended, and wherever the *cotillon* was, Gavarni's heels would be flying. Sainte-Beuve says that Gavarni re-created the Carnival and made it young again. He set a new fashion in costumes for the *bal masqué*, which, before his time, had followed year after year the traditional types of the old Italian comedy, Pierrot, Arlequin, and Company. How many costumes Gavarni designed for this

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wear, he himself could not have said, but it is certain that everybody wanted a hint for one from his pencil. Sainte-Beuve thinks he may have borrowed a notion now and then from Watteau, but is sure that his happiest inspirations were always those of the fairy in his own brain.

In the three unrivalled series of LE CARNAVAL, LES DÉBARDEURS and LA FOIRE AUX AMOURS, we are flung into the midst of the unique nocturnal life of that surprising festival. The De Goncourts say that the *bal masqué* of this era was a kind of *gymnastique enragée*, or acrobatism run mad; but it had its graceful as well as its extravagant and clownish sides, and if the humour was often Pantagruelian, it was sometimes also as fine as a *mot* of Voltaire.

Here, in these rare albums, is the whole frenetic, many-voiced and many-coloured Carnival for you, the Carnival of Paris and Gavarni, the Carnival that was and that is not, the Carnival that will be no more: the storm and whirl of music and the daring dance; the brassy lights; the tossing, foamy sea of the white bonnets of countless Pierrots; the dominos of silk and velvet; the shimmer and flutter of ribbons and laces, the nodding of plumes and feathers in the yellow dusty air; the *grisettes* in black silk masks, zouave jackets, and wide velvet trousers reaching to the ankle; the spangled harlequins; the monkeys with tails half pulled off in the *mêlée;* the bear taking his head off in a corner to cool himself, and discovering the homely and spectacled visage of a middle-aged citizen; the savages whom no savage region would acknowledge; the false noses of all shapes, sizes, and colours; the false beards, and goggle eyes, and pasteboard cheeks; the mock generals, with a hearth-brush or a poker dangling from the sword-belt; the bawling of an ultra-sentimental song to a guitar out of tune, heard for a moment above the hubbub; the sale by auction of an Adam and Eve "who have lost the money for their return to Eden, and will refuse no offer in reason;" the noisy appeal of a reveller from the ledge of a box, to the crowd below, to tell him the address of the maiden aunt with whom he had promised to spend the evening quietly; and of another, imploring the master of the ceremonies to pay off his debts and set him up in business as an ambassador; the fierce burlesque quarrels; the ceremonious salutes prefacing some ridiculous or impudent request; the invitations to supper; the final galop, that galop of *Lénore* in which the revel attains its grand climacteric; and then, at last, the pouring out of the motley throng into the pale streets at daybreak.

His innumerable pictures of the Carnival set out at his best Gavarni's genius for the grotesque. No one has ever contrived to get so much expression out of a false nose; no one has made a dead mask speak as these masks of Gavarni speak. The false nose in these cartoons becomes a live feature, which declares the identity it would conceal. The mask of tinted pasteboard observes, listens, meditates, and utters itself in epigram.

The phrases in epigram, attached to the cartoons, were as deeply relished in Gavarni's Paris as were the cartoons themselves; and he gave a world of pains to them. They were always (with two very trivial exceptions, I believe) of his own invention, and the best of them defy translation. He had a taste in letters as exact and scrupulous as his taste in art, and a nice and witty phrase haunted and possessed him. Someone said that if a happy *mot* were dropped at table, Gavarni would pick it up and dine on it. Balzac not excepted, no one

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has handled the spoken language of the day,—the language of the streets, the shops, the music-halls, the *cafés*, the *coulisses*, the studios—as Gavarni has done; that language within the language, non-academical but national, clipped, brisk, pointed, coloured, and ever-changing. By this time he had conquered and had made his own the Paris of his heart. His drawing, in this or the other illustrated journal, was the artistic event of the day; it was demanded at the *café*, it was discussed at the club.

In 1847 Gavarni found himself in London. His renown had gone before him, and the De Goncourts tell a curious story, which has the air of apocrypha, of the Queen and Prince Albert, "in their Palace of Windsor," seated on the floor like children, culling Gavarni's drawings from a pile of French newspapers, and cutting out and pasting in an album those they liked best. It is certain, however, that society in London was quite prepared to lionise the distinguished satirist; but Gavarni had other plans. He was never of a very social or expansive habit, and during his lengthened stay in this country the drawing-rooms of fashion did not see him. Thackeray called, and was anxious to do for him the honours of the West-end; and Dickens followed Thackeray; but Gavarni's extreme reserve chilled them both, and they left him to himself. He found his pleasure in making studies of the common folk (of which THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS published many), and it is interesting to note how soon and how thoroughly he seized the English physiognomy. His sailors, costermongers, hot-potato-men, hawkers, and the victims of gin are not inferior in truth and exactness to the types which he had been sketching all his life in Paris.

Gavarni's voluntary isolation did not irk him in the least, and he liked England and the English. "England," he wrote to a friend in Paris, "is the most charming country in the world for the purely material life, but beyond that the heart seems to have nothing to lean upon. It is their lack of heart [an odd criticism, this, from a native of Paris] that makes the English so easy to get on with (*si peu gênants*)." Of the women he says: "I would tell you about them if I could, but I really don't know what an Englishwoman is. I have an idea, however, that in full attire, she is no longer a woman but a cathedral (*ce n'est plus une femme, c'est une cathédrale*)." Since he deliberately withheld himself from society in London, it would be incorrect to describe Gavarni's visit there as a social failure; but he was guilty of one glaring breach of etiquette and the polite usages which would have made success in the great world ever afterwards impossible. It appears that he had been commissioned to make a sketch of her Majesty, and that, at the very last moment, he had the bad taste to forego compliance with the royal behest. Palette and brushes had actually been despatched to the palace, and Gavarni was following, or on the point of following, when he suddenly decided not to go. The gigantic rudeness of the decision compels an unwilling laugh; but let me hasten to add that Gavarni, a man of the sincerest natural politeness, never pardoned himself for that unpardonable solecism, and that, in making confession to the De Goncourts, he assured them that he could not say what mad impulse had inspired him. The offence was, nevertheless, remembered against him in this country, and when, some years later, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, THE TIMES published a leading article in protest.

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Back in Paris, after a tour on foot through the Hebrides, Gavarni found the calls upon his magic pencil as numerous as ever. He was happy in finding also that advancing years in no way stayed his powers of production. He not only retained at fifty the physical freshness, vigour and vitality of thirty; but, at this age, his fecundity of imagination and facility of execution enabled him to furnish for the Comte de Villedeuil's new journal, PARIS, three hundred and sixty-five cartoons in three hundred and sixty-five successive days, a feat perhaps unrivalled. Never a sheet was wasted on a rough sketch, nor had the artist anything before him to assist his memory; yet the works of this period, begun and finished at a sitting, and without the intermission of a single day, include the series of LES LORETTES VIEILLIES (the sombre and sometimes sordid humours of decayed and decrepit love), L'HISTOIRE DE POLITIQUER (fine and penetrating satires on politics and political persons abhorred all his life by Gavarni),[1] LES PARTAGEUSES (a series which discovers anew his extraordinary knowledge of the woman and women of Paris), LES PROPOS DE THOMAS VIRCLOQUE (ragged cynic and philosopher, a "Wandering Jew of moral Doubt and modern Desolation," the gravedigger of mundane illusions and social unveracities), and LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

From his quarters in the Rue Fontaine St. Georges, where out of a vast chamber with thirteen windows had been contrived the very oddest collection of little rooms and cabinets, Gavarni had betaken himself to Auteuil. Here he had become the possessor of an ideal retreat; a snug house, a retired garden, and a perfect little park enclosing them. In this cherished spot, his artist's fame at its height, Gavarni had but three wishes: to work as it pleased him, and no longer at the bidding of editors and publishers; to dream dreams; and to enrich and beautify his little property. Years of quiet living, and enjoyment of his own, had wedded his heart to this placid homestead; and his terraces and avenues of chestnuts, his hills and valleys in miniature, had drained his coffers of hundreds of thousands of francs. On a sudden, warning came that he must quit. They were building a new railway, and that blind inflexible line was destined to cut Gavarni's existence in twain. He appealed by letter to the King, but his letter (never received, perhaps) was never answered. He saw the roof stripped from his house, his studio hurled in ruin and confusion, his beloved garden bruised and crushed.

He was in failing health at the time, and his leaf withered quickly. He bought a dreary big house in Paris, which he did not want, and which he could no longer afford to maintain. Here, within a pace or two of the teeming, brilliant life which no pencil had ever rendered quite as his had done, he made himself a living sepulchre. He became, the De Goncourts say, a man for whom time had ceased; a man who knew neither hour, day, nor month. He scarcely crossed his own threshold, and scarcely suffered it to be crossed. He died on the 24th of November, 1866; and his tomb bears the simple, proud inscription: GAVARNI.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

[1] In the matter of politics he had a fixed and statutory formula: "*Ce qu'on appelle esprit public est la bêtise de chacun multipliée par la bêtise de tout le monde* (the thing they call public opinion is your stupidity and mine, multiplied by everybody's)."

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THE FAMILIAR OF MEGAT PENDÍA.

A DOZEN years ago there lived on the banks of a large river, which flows into the Straits of Malacca, a King and the King's heir. The latter was not the King's son, but only some form of cousin or nephew; for in the State where they lived the succession is arranged somewhat curiously. There are three great officers in this land, the King, the King's Heir, and the Bendahâra; and when in the fulness of time the King dies, his heir succeeds him, while the Bendahâra attains the rank of next in succession, and the dignities of the Bendahâra's post meanwhile fall to the lot of the eldest son of the deceased monarch. The virtue of this system is that the ruler of the land is always the eldest son of a King, has had ample time to outgrow the rashness and the unrestrained passions of early youth, and has further qualified himself for the throne by years of service in subordinate positions. There is so much to be said in favour of this system, that it cannot but fill one with admiration for the excellent theorist who devised it in the beginning. In practice, however, it has some obvious disadvantages. A Malay King has usually an instinctive horror of his heir, even when the latter is his own flesh and blood; and when the man, who occupies this position, chances to be a mere relation, this aversion is multiplied exceedingly. The King feels that his own son is being unfairly treated, and, since he holds power in his hands, he is sorely tempted to use up his heir and the Bendahâra more speedily than nature intended, thus adopting a simple method of raising his son to the rank of King's Heir with as little delay as possible. When this has been accomplished he may begin to perceive that another of his sons is the more worthy, and since he has got his hand in by practice upon the vile bodies of the late heir and the deceased Bendahâra, he may experience some difficulty in drawing the line at the proper place, and in refraining from sending his own son to hob-nob with the injured ghosts of his predecessors.

This system of succession has another disadvantage, for the King's heir is not bound by very close ties to the King, and if the latter developes signs of unseemly longevity, mere murder, and not the more horrible crime of parricide, is necessary for his removal. This represents an obvious temptation difficult to resist, and the Bendahâra who has two people between him and the throne finds himself exposed to it in a twofold degree. At the time of which I write, however, primitive ideas of the fitness of things had been put somewhat out of gear by the presence of the calm and strangely impassive British Government; and though all men hated the King, no one dreamed of aiding nature to remove him from the earth, to which his presence was an obvious insult.

The King lived on the left bank of the river, and the Heir had his home on the right bank, two hundred yards across the running water. This was in a way symbolical, for the King and his Heir were in constant opposition, and the latter was invariably on the right side. A few miles up stream, in a long straggling village which

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lined the waters of the river for a couple of miles, lived Megat Pendîa, a thin and sour-faced man, with bleared, blood-shot eyes, shifty and vicious. This individual was much feared in his village and for many miles around, for he was reported to be a wizard; and one day a petition, bearing some hundreds of signatures, was presented to the Resident, praying for his expulsion from the State. The petition gave chapter and verse for a dozen deaths, each one of which could be traced to the Familiar Spirit which, speaking from the mouths of the stricken folk, hailed Megat Pendîa as its father.

The petition was obviously ridiculous, and no sensible man, of course, would lend an ear to it. How can educated Englishmen, who know so many things, and are withal so thoroughly enlightened, take any serious view of such an absurdity? But the State in question had then but recently come under British protection, and the wise man, who was at that time its Resident, cared far less for the opinions of educated and enlightened Englishmen than for the the peace and happiness of the people over whom he ruled. He saw at once that action of some sort must be taken in order to allay the fears of the superstitious natives; he knew that it was hopeless to attempt to persuade them that Megat Pendîa was no wizard, but merely a mild, though evil-looking old gentleman with bleared eyes. Therefore, as he was too just a man to allow Megat Pendîa to be driven from his house, or to be otherwise punished, he instructed me to aid the King's Heir in reprimanding the wizard for his evil practices, and in solemnly warning him of the troubles that would fall upon him if he did not mend his ways.

The natives were loud in their prayers that Megat Pendîa's neck might be fixed in the fork of a bough, and that he might then, for a space, be held under water with his face in the mud; were this done, they declared, the swarm of grasshoppers that would arise from out the water would abundantly prove his guilt. I fear that I, in my youthful curiosity, regretted that the Resident could not see his way to applying this simple test, for I had so often heard Malays speak of this phenomenon as an invariable result of the immersion of a wizard, that I was anxious to witness it with my own eyes. This, however, was not to be, and accordingly one sunny afternoon Megat Pendîa was called before the King's Heir and myself to receive his warning. The Heir was in a woeful fright, and nothing could hide the fear in his eyes, while I found it difficult to maintain the solemn face which the occasion demanded.

Megat Pendîa shuffled in and squatted humbly on the ground, but his wicked little eyes blinked and glared at us most evilly. I had no doubt that the man firmly believed himself to be a wizard, and I was determined that he should be taught that there was risk in trying to frighten people; wherefore, as this part of the business had been allotted to me, I held forth glibly upon the wickedness of witchcraft in general, and of Megat Pendîa's conduct in particular, with the withering pungency to which the Malay language lends itself. The Heir grew obviously more unhappy as the talk went on, while Megat Pendîa glared at us with his sullen, angry eyes, and from time to time the Raja broke in with words designed to propitiate and conciliate the wizard. In the end our victim promised solemnly, with many heavy oaths, never again to allow his Familiar One to feast on

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the blood of men. "If he craves milk or eggs I will supply them," said the Heir, for all men know that Familiars can live, almost happily, inside a bamboo cane, if they be given these things to eat in plenty. But Megat Pendîa took no notice of my friend's offer, and strode away muttering sullenly to himself. I had not a doubt of the expediency of what we had done, for without it Megat Pendîa's own life might not have been too safe, and the people of the district would have known little ease or peace had no notice been taken of their petition. Nevertheless I felt somewhat sorry for the disreputable old creature, who had probably done little evil, even though he believed himself to have dabbled successfully in black magic.

For a time I heard nothing more of good or bad concerning Megat Pendîa, but a month or so later I chanced to cross the river to pay one of my many business visits to the King. He was an exceptionally unpleasant person, but for some reason, which I can never explain and which I dimly feel was undoubtedly to my discredit, he and I were on very friendly terms. Accordingly all minor business which had to be transacted with him was usually entrusted to me, and I was as familiar a figure in his house as were any of his own people.

I found him as usual sitting cross-legged on a long rattan chair, bare to the waist, with no cap or kerchief on his shaven head, and with a bulging quid of coarse Javanese tobacco wedged in between his gums and his lips. In his hand he held a pair of nippers, attached to a long silk handkerchief, with which, from time to time, he plucked a hair from his chin or body. Before entering his compound I could hear his roar, and the queer break of the notes when his voice ran up the scale in its excitement to a perilously high pitch. I gathered from this (for I knew my King well) that he had recently done something mean or wicked, and was proportionately angry with his victim, whom he was now denouncing to all who sat within his gates. As I climbed up the stair ladder I could see his arm, and the fist which held the nippers, waving about his head to mark the periods of his speech; and he only dropped his voice to greet me before breaking out into a fresh torrent of abuse and self-justification One of his people brought me a chair, and I sat down and listened.

Megat Pendîa, who was not present, was the cause of all these loud words and angry gesticulations. The wizard looked as though he was a contemporary of Merlin, and it was therefore something of a shock to me to know that his mother had till quite lately been living. I was somewhat reassured when I ascertained that she was now dead, for extreme age is more unlovely in a Malay woman than in any other of God's creatures; and when I learned that her son had made her funeral a pretext for an attempt to borrow money from the King, I began to understand the reason of his wrath. Megat Pendîa's mother was, in some sort, a relation of the King's favourite concubine, and, as he sat roaring in his long chair, the monarch was evidently aware that he had behaved shabbily in refusing the loan. Perhaps, too, he was a little afraid of the wizard's powers, though courage was the one and only virtue which relieved the Egyptian darkness of the King's character. But above all things the King was a miser, and the sense of duty and expediency had alike been lost sight of when the right thing could only be done by opening his beloved money-bags.

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His present state of excitement needed no explanation, for when the Oriental Bank broke a few months before I had seen the frightened, naked soul of the miser looking out of the King's eyes, while he sat panting and wiping the beads of sweat from his face and neck, as pile after pile of greasy, flabby notes in turn came up for examination and sentence. I had known him do a thousand meannesses to those who might well have looked to him for kindness in return for long service and deep devotion, and I had never yet witnessed an occasion when his love of money had found a conqueror in any other purer emotion.

Megat Pendîa, I was told by the frightened inmates of the King's compound, had returned to his home muttering angrily, and presaging grievous trouble for the King in the guise of visitations from another world; and though the people hated the master whom they served, they had no wish to see him die. "Where shall the vermin feed if not upon the head?" asks the Malay proverb, and a man of rank can always find a crowd of idlers to cluster about him, just as the leanest pig in the jungle has no lack of parasites.

Shortly afterwards a woeful illness fell upon the King, and while he was yet conscious he sent word to me to cross the river and join the crowd that sat about his head. He lay on a mat in the *bâlai*, or reception-room, of his house, that he might die as publicly as possible, with many to help him "through the strait and awful pass of death." The room was large and bare, with no furniture on the mat-covered floors, save only the thick mattress upon which the King lay, a brazier filled with red-hot embers, and one or two large brass spittoons. Two or three badly trimmed oil-lamps hung smoking from the ceiling, throwing a bright light upon the sick man, and filling the corners of the room with shapeless masses of shadow. The place was crammed with Malays, of both sexes and all ages and conditions. The Heir had visited the sick-room earlier in the day, and genuine tears of compassion had borne testimony to the known goodness of his heart; but his presence had occasioned such a paroxysm of wrath on the part of the King, that he had been hustled somewhat unceremoniously out of the compound. The room was abominably close, and the air was heavy with the pungent smoke from the brazier and the reek of kerosine oil. Outside, under the open sky, the thermometer stood at about eighty; indoors it cannot have fallen far short of a hundred.

For many nights I sat by the King's side, sad at heart now that in truth my old friend was dying, pity for his sufferings effacing for the time the memory of his manifold iniquities, which were indeed as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. But none the less the somewhat grim humours of the scene appealed to me irresistibly, and I observed all that passed around me as very quaintly illustrating the various characteristics of this strange people.

The King was for the most part unconscious; and from time to time a twitching of all his extremities, followed by a rippling of the muscles under the brown skin, like a gust of wind passing over the surface of a pool, ended in a fit of strong convulsions, when we, who sat nearest to him, laid violent hands upon him, to restrain his struggles and to shampoo his tortured limbs. Between whiles we sat speaking to one another in low tones, but, as there were near a hundred people present, the buzz of conversation made a considerable stir. The younger concubines of the King

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behaved in a manner which may have pleased a few, but certainly can have edified nobody. While the convulsions held the King, they aided others in shampooing him in a somewhat perfunctory manner, and, unless I am much mistaken, they made this part of their duty serve as an occasion for touching and pressing the hands of one or another of the young Rajas whose devotion to their dying monarch had ostensibly called them to his bedside. When the fit had passed, they sat a little back, and entered with spirit into what the Malays call the game of eye-play with such of the visitors as chanced to take their fancy. And all the time their King and husband lay within a foot or two of them, fighting for his life with rending pants and gasps. Only one of his wives showed any real sympathy with his sufferings, or anxiety to stay his ebbing life; she was his Queen, and her rank and importance both hung upon the length of the King's days.

Those who held themselves to have deserved well of the King, those who had aided him in his evil doings, those who had followed him in good and bad fortune alike, those who had pandered to his many vices, and the survivors of those who had been his teachers when he was young, were all present, longing for an hour of lucidity, when the generosity borne of the fear of death might unloose the strings of the royal money-bags and make any one of them a rich man. I could mark the hunger in their eyes, the hatred of one another that filled them, and the boding anxiety lest the King should not recover consciousness in time to serve their purposes.

The medicine-men were in full force, for the European doctors had pronounced the case beyond human skill. The King was suffering from tumour on the brain, they said, and in a day or two at the most his life would be required of him. But among a superstitious people hope is never lost; a fiend causes the ailment, and if he can be routed all will in the end be well. So the medicine-men pattered charms and exorcisms unceasingly, and when the fits seized the King, the most daring and the most mendacious among them would cry out that he beheld the *Bâjang* (the Familiar One) and his horrible spouse the *Lang Sâir* (the Weird Kite-Hag) sitting over against the body of their victim. I could see a shudder of fear ripple over the listeners when this cry was raised, and those nearest to the King would loose their hold on him, and draw back suddenly, so that his head fell with a slap, like that of the excellent Mantalini when released from the grasp of his startled footman.

Every now and again the King would regain consciousness, and at such times he would gurgle out vows never again to do evil, to pray with regularity and precision, to forego gambling and other pleasant vices, to spend much money in alms, and generally to be a credit to his ancestors and a glory to those who would come after him.

Once he asked faintly for his *gurn*, a little, shrivelled pilgrim who had taught him in his youth to read the Koran and to understand a few of the tenets of his faith. The *gurn* came with alacrity, his face wreathed in smiles, while his advance through the squatting crowd was followed by angry, envious glances from a score of eyes. The old man sat down at the head of the mat upon which the King lay, and the silence of eager curiosity fell upon the listening people.

"Majesty, thy servant is here in thy presence," whispered the pilgrim in the King's ear.

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The King glanced up at him, with heavy, tired eyes, upon which the film of death was already forming.

"*Gurn*," he said in a hoarse faint voice, "*Gurn*, is it thou? Thou hast ever been a good *gurn* to me."

The *gurn's* smile widened till his red, betel-stained gash of a mouth extended almost from ear to ear. Then very slowly and painfully the King lifted up his hands until they rested upon his breast, and with the fingers of his left hand he began to draw off a magnificent diamond ring which he wore upon his right. It came easily enough, for the King had lost much flesh during his illness, and presently he held it up before his eyes in the full glare of the lamps. The *gurn's* face was a study, as it worked with eagerness and avarice, while he seemed hardly able to keep his hands from clutching at the blazing gem. A sigh of admiration of the stone, and of disgust that it should be wasted upon the *gurn*, swept over the crowd who sat about the King, and for full two minutes the ring twirled and flashed before our eyes, while a dead silence reigned.

Then the King spoke again. "*Gurn*," he repeated, "thou hast been a good *gurn* to me." Then very, very slowly he replaced the ring upon his finger. "May God reward thee, oh *Gurn!*" he said piously, and, calmly closing his eyes, pretended to fall into a deep sleep.

The master passion of the miser was strong in death, and the *gurn's* face wore a very sour look as he shambled back to his seat among the watchers. The little incident seemed to have raised the spirits of every one present with the sole exception of the *gurn* himself.

On the next night the King again regained consciousness for a space, and once more called for the *gurn*. He was now terribly weak, and the hour of death seemed to be drawing very near.

"The Familiar One of Megat Pendîa," said an old medicine-man, "is passing strong. He will have his will of the King, and I, even I, am without the power to drive him forth. No man other than Megat Pendia can save the King now; he has caused this grievous sickness, and he will not stay his hand until the end has come. Therefore the King will die; and Megat Pendia will go unscathed, for that is the White Man's law. *Sa Allah! Sa Tûhan-ku!* All our eyes are alike black, but the fate of each man differs from the fate of his fellows."

This time, when the *gurn* came to sit at the head of the King's mat, his face wore no smile of hope and expectation. He was very glum and sullen, and when the King enquired of him concerning his chances in a future life, he was profoundly depressing.

"Shall I be saved?" asked the King in that thin, far-away voice which sounded so strangely from his lips.

"God alone knows!" ejaculated the *gurn*, with the air of one who took the most gloomy view of the situation. "All who are saved see the *lam-alif* at the hour of death. Dost thou see it, oh King?"

The *lam-alif* are the letters which form the first portion of the profession of Mahomedan faith, and the dulled eyes of the King sought the dingy ceiling-cloth above his head in the hope of seeing there the characters which betokened his eternal salvation. At last he said: "*Gurn*, I behold the *lam-alif!*"

"Then, oh King, thy hour is come," was the answer.

The King lay staring at the ceiling-cloth with lack-lustre eyes, but with an eager fascination very curious to

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see. Then his limbs stiffened slightly, his eyes closed, and his jaw fell.

The silence, which had held the people during this last scene, was shattered to fragments in a moment. "The King is dead! *Sa Allah*, the King is dead!" cried everyone. The women set up their discordant lamentations. The Queen threw herself upon the mat at the King's side, and screamed shrilly for the life which in passing had shorn her of rank and power. The concubines let down their back hair in as becoming a manner as they could, and made belief to pull it, while their bright eyes flashed love-glances through their waving tresses. The self-seekers, who now saw their last hopes blighted, groaned aloud, and for full five minutes the noise of mourning was indescribable. Then suddenly a voice came from the corpse. "I am not dead yet," it said. The King's eyes opened, his mouth closed, and in a faint whisper he asked for unleavened bread and molasses. They were brought to him, but he could only eat a mouthful, and soon after he again relapsed into a state of unconsciousness, from which it seemed probable that he would never again recover.

At dawn I left him, and returned across the river to my house. I took a bath, and, as it chanced to be a Sunday, I thought that I would go and look for a snipe before turning in. My way led up the right bank of the river, through the long straggling village in which Megat Pendia dwelt. As I passed through the fruit-groves in the cool freshness of the early morning, the strong contrast to the stuffy, squalid place in which I had spent the night, made it difficult to realise that the two scenes could be part and portion of the same land. The trees and shrubs and all the masses of greenery about me were drenched with dew, which glistened and shone in the bright sunlight; the chorus of the birds, all joining together in their splendid morning song, the purest music ever heard, fell gratefully on my ears; a pack of monkeys were whooping and barking in the jungles across the river. Everything was cool, and sweet, and pure, and all the world seemed newly washed with dew. I revelled in the beauty of the scene, and found it difficult to believe that the sordid death-bed of the King, with all the greed and lasciviousness which had made it hideous to witness, could find a home in such an enchanting land.

Presently I met a Malay hurrying down the path in the direction from which I had come. "Whither away?" I asked, for this question is a cordial greeting among Malays.

"I go to summon the washers of the dead," said the man, halting to speak to me.

"Who is dead?" I asked.

"My father, Megat Pendia," replied the man; "he died an hour ago."

"What ailed him?" I asked.

"I know not; but he was a very old man. He died from old age, I fancy."

I did not go on to the snipe-grounds, but turned back to the station, and sent a dresser to examine Megat Pendia's body, for I feared that he might have met with foul play. In due course I received the dresser's report, and his certificate left no doubt that death had been due to natural causes.

In the afternoon I crossed the river to see how it fared with the King. At the gate of his compound I met one of his people. "The King is better," said the man. "Megat Pendia died this morning, and the Familiar One hath departed."

The room, in which the King had lain stretched during his illness, was empty now, save for four or five

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women who ministered to him. I had been warned that I should find him better, but I was not prepared for an almost complete recovery. The King was sitting on the long rattan chair, as of old, eating unleavened bread and molasses ravenously. His concubines, very demure and sober, with their modest eyes pinned to the floor-mats, squatted around him, tending him with extreme assiduity. He said that he was weak and very hungry, but otherwise quite well.

"I am told that Megat Pendia died when the day was dawning," he said significantly. "It was at that hour that the Evil One left me."

The King lived to break all his pious vows, and died a couple of years later with a heavy load of new crimes to bear before the Judgment Seat. But at that time I was far away on the east coast of the Peninsula, and I know not whether the *lam-alif* came to comfort his last moments with an assurance of certain salvation.

The European doctors, never at a loss, explained that the growth of the tumour on the King's brain had been suddenly arrested, and the case was quoted as one of unparalleled interest. But the Malays say that the King went near to lose his life at the hands of Megat Pendia's Familiar, and that the timely death of its owner alone prevented the Evil One from completing its work of destruction. Both these views have a good deal to recommend them; but the narrator of these coincidences has a leaning to the Malay theory, and until we know a little more than we do at present about what passes behind the veil, it would perhaps be rash to express a final opinion.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

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THE TRUE MILITARY POLICY.

"If ever you think upon political subjects," wrote Southey to Ebenezer Elliott in February, 1811, "I beseech you read Captain Pasley's ESSAY ON MILITARY POLICY, a book which ought to be not only in the hands but in the heart of every Englishman." Some two months later, when writing to Scott, he said: "No doubt you have seen Pasley's Essay. It will be, in the main, a book after your own heart, as it is after mine." The ESSAY ON THE MILITARY POLICY AND INSTITUTIONS ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE, to give the full title, was much in Southey's hands and mind during those months. He wrote an article on it for THE QUARTERLY REVIEW of May, 1811, which has been rashly attributed by some to Canning, though its history is to be found at large in Warter's selection from his letters. Higher authorities suppressed some severe remarks about the Court of Palermo for fear of offending King Ferdinand's minister, Castelcicala (so Southey declared), and inserted matter not his, which was one in the long story of his grievances against the interfering editor. Therefore, Southey in high dudgeon refused to be answerable for a bantling smeared by the editorial paw, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his advocacy, coming as it did with all the authority of the QUARTERLY REVIEW, helped to persuade Englishmen to take Captain Pasley's Essay to their hands and hearts. It went through three editions between November of 1810 and 1812. During that great crisis it unquestionably helped to confirm Englishmen, with whom, saving the reverence of patriots north of the Tweed, we include the author's Scotch countrymen, in the resolution to support the policy for which he pleaded, namely, the manly and energetic pursuit of the war in Spain.

A book which has had a strong influence in a great crisis will always be historically interesting, even if there is no more to be said in its praise. But this will rarely be the case, since the truths which are fruitful at one time can never be of merely temporary value. Pasley himself had a higher ambition than only to say what would be useful then and there. In his preface he boldly demands to be tried by the higher standard. "It has been my object," he says, "without confining myself exclusively to the present prospects of Great Britain, to endeavour to analyse the spirit of military policy and institutions in general, so that if I have succeeded in the inquiry, something may be found applicable to all times and circumstances." In other words, he applied himself to teaching Englishmen how to use an army. If his ideas were sound, his argument was good, not only for the years when all the courage of the brave and all the sagacity of the wise were needed to keep the hand of England to the plough in the Peninsula, but also in our changed times and circumstances.

The memory which remains of General Sir Charles William Pasley is not so strong as to render some little account of him unnecessary. He came of a good Scotch stock of Eskdalemuir in Dumfriesshire, was born on the 8th of September, 1780, and was a cousin of the naval and Indian

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Malcolms. Pasley, the four Malcolms, and Sir John Little were the six Knights of Eskdale. He took up the "honourable profession of arms" at the Military Academy at Woolwich, and gained his commission in 1797. During the early years of this century he served round the Mediterranean, and was therefore eye-witness of a series of operations which unquestionably set him on the train of thought to which we owe his MILITARY POLICY. In 1808 he began to put his ideas into shape. His first intention was to start by an examination of our military institutions, which was to introduce the policy. But soon the need for persuading Englishmen to make an intelligent use of the forces they already possessed, appeared to him so pressing that he postponed the institutions, and applied himself wholly to the policy. Service on the staffs of Sir David Baird and Sir John Moore, and then in the Walcheren expedition of unhappy memory, in which he was badly wounded, brought delay. The POLICY appeared in 1810, and the institutions were left to follow in some hour of leisure which never came in a life of good service prolonged to 1861.

When we look back now at the great struggle between England and the French Revolution in its Republican, and then in its Imperial phase, we see first the long series of naval campaigns, from Howe and the First of June, down to Nelson and Trafalgar, and then the Peninsular War and Waterloo. The part of the soldier seems to be the complement and the consequence of the achievements of the sailor. It appears an inevitable deduction that without the second the first could never have been. This is good doctrine, but, like others, it needs to be followed with discretion. No doubt it is true that the superiority of her navy alone made it possible for England to send armies over sea, and then to keep them supplied with stores and reinforcements. The premise is sound, but it is not therefore a legitimate deduction that it was necessary for us to wait till Napoleon, by perhaps the most positively foolish and wicked of his many crimes, which were also blunders, had given us the Spanish peninsula as a battle-field. The fact is that, even before Howe's victory of the First of June, there never was a time when we could not have transported an army anywhere we pleased. The Duke of York's futile expedition to Holland did not prove a failure from any want of sea-power, but for other reasons. If our campaigns on the continent were unimportant, we must look for the explanation of their weakness elsewhere. Even the want of good leaders, though it accounts for much, will not explain all. Abercrombie, Lake, Stuart, and Moore may not have been great generals, but they were excellent officers, far better than the Prussians, Austrians and, putting aside Suwarrow, the Russians, whom the French had to fight, and by whom they were frequently beaten. It would be difficult to prove that Moore was inferior to the Archduke Charles, and there was this in his favour, that he did not suffer from epilepsy. Indeed the determination of the nation to persevere in Portugal preceded, and did not follow, the discovery that it possessed a consummate leader in Wellington. But for the change in our way of looking at military operations he would have missed his chance. Now the historical interest of Pasley's book lies in this, that he defines and sets forth for us what this alteration in the national way of thinking was, displays before us what we had done, and expounds the principles on which we were to act. Before his book appeared, in November, 1810, the country had blindly, and

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more through courage and innate common sense than by reasoning, come to much the conclusions set forth by Pasley. Yet he supplied many who, though they saw right, also saw dimly, with arguments; and he helped to form the indomitable resolution which carried us through to the end. In the process of doing this he laid down certain principles of military policy not less applicable now, though the circumstances be changed than they were then.

In every book written to serve an immediate purpose there must be a part applicable only to the exact case dealt with by the writer, be the permanent value of his ideas what they may. This part is inevitably large in the MILITARY POLICY. Pasley wrote when the empire of Napoleon was as yet unbroken. His call to write came from his patriotic desire to show Englishmen how alone they could destroy their enemy, and his pleading may be condensed in some such way as this.

You have, he says to his countrymen, in front of you a military empire of immense resources, governed by a man of great faculty, energy, and an entire absence of scruple. He has vowed your destruction, and you know it. You know it so well that you have ceased to believe peace with Napoleon to be possible. Now he disposes of the services of sixty millions, and you are eleven millions. Moreover, he subordinates everything to military efficiency in a way impossible for you. Hitherto your fleet has guarded you against invasion, and may continue to do so for years. But you must not rely too much on your fleet. It can indeed for the present protect you, but it cannot destroy him. If you rely on your ships alone, trusting to accident or the efforts of other nations to bring down your enemy, the war may drag on till sheer fatigue compels you to make peace. Then a very few years will enable your enemy with his sixty millions of inhabitants to train fleets proportionate to the size of his empire. Unless you alter your method of fighting, the alternative is a war which may last far into another generation, in which you will be for ever on the defensive, and for ever burdened. If you wish to escape this fate you must come down into the arena yourselves. You must use your armies as you have always used your fleets, in sufficient force and, what is more important than mere force, in a truly martial spirit. There must be an end of these trumpery little expeditions scattered in their transports from the Levant to the Baltic, sent out to make hurried inroads here and there on a small scale, and with instructions to hasten back to their ships so soon as the danger becomes really serious. It is a change of method you want, an end to this desponding spirit, to this timid evacuating policy, to this poor half-hearted style of using your army. Once make your mind up to be as much in earnest with your soldier as you are with your sailor, and you will get as good results from your army as you do from your fleet.

This, stated in one's own words, is Pasley's case, which experience was to show to be sound. Fault may be picked with his demonstration here and there. He was impatient with the capture of colonies which he considered as in most cases a mere burden, giving us no help, and distracting our military forces. To send soldiers to take Martinique when we ought to be launching them in a mass at the heart of Napoleon, appeared to him contrary to common sense. Perhaps he did not sufficiently remember that if the taking of a French colony did nothing else, it stamped

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out a nest of privateers and protected trade. Yet could we but have brought Napoleon down, the privateers would have come with him. Here and there we are reminded that no man jumps off his shadow. Pasley was a very thinking soldier, who quoted Polybius in the original, and much to the point too, and who knew Cæsar as well as Captain Fleullen himself, but he was after all first and foremost a soldier. The Roman ideal is always in his mind, while on occasions he sinks to the Napoleonic, as when he proposes a certain short way for dealing with unsatisfactory allies. Even this, however, though rightly accepted by his contemporaries with reserve, has its historical value as showing what response Napoleon was arousing in the breasts of right-minded English gentlemen. Then, too, in view of what the Emperor did, it does not seem rash to rely on the possibility of taking most continental kingdoms of that day. As for what Pasley has to say about the course to be followed with the Neapolitan Bourbons, of whom he writes with an overflowing scorn which rejoiced Southey and frightened Gifford, we need find no fault with that. In the first place we did in the end find it necessary to take Sicily out of the hands of Ferdinand, and to put his virago of a wife under lock and key; and then it would have been so much better for Sicily if we had never given it back to its worthless dynasty.

Those passages in which Pasley abounds in his own sense, or magnifies his office, do not in the least affect the essential value of the book; perhaps they even aided the arguments to tell. Englishmen were little likely to be tempted to embark on a course of continental conquest, but they may well have been encouraged to use their army with more vigour when they heard an officer, who was manifestly no mere blusterer, vindicating its capacity to meet Napoleon himself on equal terms. And it was of this that Englishmen needed to be persuaded. We, who come after the Peninsular War and Waterloo, cannot without an effort understand our fathers' doubts. But that they existed is certain, and moreover they were not wholly without excuse. When Englishmen of 1808 looked back on the sixteen years of war, with one very brief space of mere truce, which had now lasted since 1792, the part of the soldier must needs have appeared to them very small. Once only during that period had we fought a serious campaign with adequate result, namely, when we sent Abercrombie to Egypt. Our success then ought to have encouraged us, but the expulsion of the French from the Nile Valley remained for years a solitary example of military vigour. It was after this expedition that we sent General Fraser with five thousand men on a wild-goose chase to Egypt, which was to end in defeat and capitulation. Abercrombie's campaign excepted, what our army had to show for itself after sixteen years of warfare against France, were either utter failures as in Holland, in Fraser's foolish raid, and in the attacks on Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, or barren victories as at Maida, followed by retreat to our ships, or success in some remote sugar-island. The Indian fighting lay apart, and Englishmen, not unwisely, declined to argue from victory over Asiatics to the capacity to defeat disciplined Europeans. That our men were brave nobody denied, nor did we question the mere courage of our officers. What we did doubt was the fitness of our army to operate on a large scale, and of our generals to rise to the level of the admirals. The doubt was unjust, but it was felt by men who assuredly had the honour of our arms at heart. Sir

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Gilbert Elliot's impatience with the "high lounge" of the soldiers is echoed by Scott in a letter to Ellis, when the news of the retreat from Corunna left him "nothing better to do than to vent my groans." "I distrust what we call thoroughbred soldiers terribly when anything like the formation of extensive plans of the daring and critical nature which seems necessary for the emancipation of Spain, is required from them." Would Scott have distrusted a thoroughbred sailor when a great fleet had to be greatly used? Yet he thought thus, and many thought with him.

It was to Scott, to Elliot, and to all who thought like them that Pasley spoke. Is it our fault, he says in substance, if we soldier officers are not the same daring self-reliant men as our brothers and cousins of the sea service? No, it is not wholly our fault if our campaigns are limited to hasty inroads which produce, at best, a barren victory, and are followed by retreat to the ships. That this has been the rule I allow down to this last unnecessary embarkation at Corunna. On this event, by the way, Pasley is an admirable corrective to the impassioned sophistry of Napier. It is true that our generals do not take as their model Wolfe, who saw in the difficulties of conquering Quebec only a stimulus to greater exertions. Like poor Sir John Moore, we see in difficulty an excuse for retreat. And why? Because, except when a colony is to be conquered, you ask nothing better from us, and give us few chances of doing anything better. You send your admiral out with a good force, and tell him that he must not come back with a tale of a lee shore and of the danger to His Majesty's ships. You send your general out with an insufficient force, and you impress upon him that he is not to run it into hazard, as if any one can fight to good purpose who is not to venture. The fact is that you treat your navy in a truly martial spirit, but you play with your army. If a squadron of war-ships were lost, the country would be stirred to indignant effort from one end to the other; but if one of the little armies you send out is beaten, you only comment with weary disgust on the folly of operations for which your army is not fit. It is this very belief which causes the unfitness. You have chosen to rely on others to fight your battles on land, and have made a picture for yourselves of the terrible prowess of Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and what not. When they are beaten you form an awe-inspiring idea of the force and skill of the French, and are terrified by a scarecrow of your own making. For what are these same French? When Flaminius (for Pasley was fond of a classical case in point) was told of the hosts of Antiochus, he compared them to the dinner of pork which the skilful cook dressed to resemble all meats, saying that after all they were but "effeminate Syrians." So these "Nageurs and Voltigeurs and other fantastic names, which since the time of the Revolution they have changed almost as often as their uniforms," do but cover the same old French. Attack them by land as you have done by sea, in serious force, at a vital spot, and in a martial spirit, and you will see that we can beat them. Give up your odious and poor-spirited policy of encouraging the inhabitants of this country, or of that, to resist, and then leaving them in the lurch when the peril becomes pressing, till no man any longer believes in your word or trusts your loyalty. War by sea and war by land are not so different, but that if you pursue the second with the vigour you have shown in the first, victory will reward you there also. And we

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soldiers, knowing you to be in earnest and resolute in demanding great deeds from us, will look forward, and not turn our eyes over our shoulders to watch the road which leads back to the ships. If we do not, then let your wrath be visited on us, as it has been on the sailor,—for Pasley remembered Byng, though he did not name him. In one luminous passage he sums up the history of sixteen years of ill-directed land warfare.

> Independent of (what may be called) the artificial inadequacy of force produced by the causes treated of in the last chapter [our evacuating policy and want of martial spirit in our direction] it will appear, on examining into most of our military expeditions, that the numerical forces sent, and means employed, have generally been calculated on too small a scale for the object in view. This may have arisen, partly from the imperfect or erroneous information upon which the British Government may have acted; partly perhaps from erroneous reasoning upon such points of our information as were accurate; and partly from our injudicious colonial system, which has tended to waste our resources.
>
> But it must be observed, that if not at the time when most of our expeditions sailed, we have always, at least before they finally disappointed our hopes, had a great surplus of disposable force, so that necessity can never be admitted as a just cause of the remarkable inadequacy of numbers employed by us in our wars by land. It is no economy, either of money or of lives, to make war by driblets. As views and maxims drawn from commerce seem to have had great influence in our military operations, we ought to have adopted the true principles of commerce, and dealt in war by wholesale. In imitation of the great and enterprising British merchant, we should have sent out our armies by fifties of thousands at a time, in order that we might have had princely returns; not by tens of thousands, like the timid trader, who risks little, but whose gains are trifling; or who, by cautiously shifting his capital from one branch of commerce to another, sees bolder competitors outstrip him in them all; and perhaps ruins himself at last from a fear of bankruptcy.

With far more illustrations than I can quote here, and a wealth of argument I can only indicate, Pasley stated his case to his own time; and at the same time he laid down principles as applicable now as then.

The essay is built upon two great fundamental doctrines. Of these the first is that the navy of itself cannot do the whole work of protecting the country. The trident of Neptune may be the sceptre of the world, but only when it strikes home, which it cannot do unless it has the means to go beyond the hostile shore. Now this can only be done by an army which the navy transports and lands. The second is that the army, on which we rely to help in protecting us, must not stand idly at home with its arms by its side waiting till the enemy comes, but must strike at him, giving him that to do in his country which will prevent him from endeavouring to come here.

The first of these doctrines is not at present popular. Whoever maintains it is in some danger of finding himself accused of not appreciating the resource of sea-power. That Pasley overrated the danger that our fleet would break down is, and was seen at the time to be, true. Yet whoever remembers how terrible was the strain on England in 1810 will see reasons for thinking that he was right in fearing that we might be constrained to make peace. In that case our enemy would have had leisure in which to arm and drill fleets, and war would have revived on worse terms for us a little later. This did not happen because the empire of Napoleon was brought to the ground, partly by the prolongation of the war in the Peninsula, and partly by the campaigns of 1812, 13, and 14. Captain Mahan has said that it was the sea-power of England which drove

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Napoleon on to his fatal mistakes in Spain and Russia. Many have repeated his words. But neither he nor they have explained how the sea-power compelled Napoleon to endeavour to conquer Spain, instead of ruling it through Ferdinand as he might have done, nor how it forced him to offend Russia by refusing to let her take Constantinople. If we had not intervened in Spain in the fashion recommended by Pasley, the Emperor might have subdued the whole country and have obtained full possession of its resources. In that case it is doubtful whether even the Russian campaign would have brought him down. The sea-power could not have averted such a disaster of itself. Or again let us look back, and ask what might have happened if our first campaign in Holland in 1793 had been conducted on sound principles of military policy; if an army of sixty thousand men had been sent; if there had been a country behind it which demanded a bold spirit from its generals; if we had insisted that allies who took our subsidies should also take our orders. In that case the allies might well have marched to Paris, and have rescued Europe from many years of misery. We saved neither money nor blood by making war in driblets. The sea-power, in short, is the indispensable foundation of a real martial policy for England, but a foundation is not a building. The thoroughgoing disciples of Captain Mahan are fond of insisting that volunteers or militia, or even regular troops drawn up on the shore, can never replace the navy; and they are right. But while enforcing the truth of their case, they are a little apt to overlook another truth, which is this, that neither can the navy replace the army, which by invading the enemy gives him work at home, and so effectually aids in the defence of England. The war in the Crimea supplies a test case. Without the naval superiority of the allies the armies could not have besieged Sebastopol; but the navies could not have taken the town of themselves, and if it had only been blockaded, which was the extent of their power of injury, Russia would not so soon have been forced to seek peace. The trident of Neptune is shorn of half its power if it cannot be stretched over the land.

Pasley's second doctrine, that the army which truly defends us is the force which can advance and strike, is also not so generally accepted but that it needs to be preached. Within the last few weeks Mr. Balfour has been talking to the Volunteers of the possibility of an invasion in which they would play the part of defenders. Now, to say evil of the Volunteers is one of the last things which any sane and patriotic Englishman would wish to do. Their services to the country, direct and indirect, are considerable, and they have their place in any complete system of national defence. Yet there is more than a touch of the spirit of "the timid trader" in Mr. Balfour's words. He seems to contemplate as sufficient for our needs a condition of armament in which we present to a formidable European enemy first the fleet, and then behind that a stay-at-home army which cannot prevent invasion, but can only fight at bay when invasion comes. Pasley would have said, why not strike at your enemy first before your navy suffers defeat? Depend upon it he will not invade you if his hands are full elsewhere, and by taking that manlier course you avert the disgrace and loss which must come from the presence of an enemy on your soil.

By pushing this line of argument to what people, who commonly know very little about logic, are fond of

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calling its logical extreme, it is no doubt possible to topple over into absurdity. It may be objected that it would commit us to the formation of an army on the continental scale. But this is not so. If we were engaged in war with France or Germany without an ally, then it would unquestionably be necessary for us to use only the fleet. Even then, and supposing our navy to fail us in some such way as Mr. Balfour rather vaguely indicated, the enemy would be much more effectually deterred by the knowledge that four army corps of real soldiers were waiting for him than by the prospect of having to overcome any conceivable number of men who, by the very nature of the force they belong to, must needs be amateurs. Such a body may be well able to deal with mere raids made by small bodies of soldiers, and yet incapable of fighting battles. All the history of war proves that the superiority of thoroughly trained troops over irregulars and amateurs increases in geometrical proportion with the numbers engaged. Irregulars who are brave, possess local knowledge, good weapons, and some discipline, have often defeated detachments of a few hundred regulars. But ten thousand real soldiers have rarely found much difficulty in routing any number of irregulars. Therefore, though the Volunteers could probably stop incursions of the stamp of the French landing in Fishguard, no general in Europe would hesitate for a moment in attacking any number of volunteers with fifty thousand soldiers. He would calculate that their liability to fall into confusion (with which comes panic) would increase with their numbers, and he would be right. Even in the case supposed by Mr. Balfour it is on the soldier we must rely, not on any possible civilian substitute.

But wars between Power and Power, single-handed, have been the exception in Europe. As a rule the great conflicts have been between coalitions, and as all presumption of time future must needs be memory of time past, we are entitled to consider that as it has been, so it will be. When alliance is opposed to alliance, it will be wisdom in us to go back to the lessons of the ESSAY ON MILITARY POLICY, to use our army with vigour in the greatest mass we can accumulate, at the right place, and in no desponding, evacuating spirit. Nor is there the slightest reason why, if certain conditions be fulfilled, we should not weigh as heavy in the balance as in the past. In 1814 there were seventeen hundred thousand men in arms for and against Napoleon; of these a bare fifty thousand were English, nor was that number of our race ever collected in one field of battle. Yet we helped not ineffectually to drag down the Italian tyrant of the early Middle Ages, who came to life again to complete the French Revolution. Let us double the numbers for the next great war, and suppose that thirty-four hundred thousand take the field, of whom one hundred thousand are English. There is no reason why they should not tell as much as Wellington's army did, if the needful conditions be fulfilled. Is it necessary to add what they are? That our army should be of as good material, and as full of fight as it was in the Peninsula, and that it should be used in a truly "martial spirit."

DAVID HANNAY.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1898.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE eleventh of December has come!" That was my first waking thought when I opened my eyes next morning, and I confess that even my seasoned nerves, which had endured so many trials and vicissitudes, shrank a little from the strain of carrying me through the task which I had imposed on myself. I registered on this particular morning a solemn vow (to which I have since rigidly adhered) to the effect that this should be the very last elopement with which I would have anything to do. The earlier hours of the day passed, and about twelve o'clock I thought I would stroll down to the old Port to see if the Stella had come in; by careful and discreet observation, too, I hoped to discover whether I was really being followed or not. The morning was bright and sunny, with a clear blue sky after the damp and overcast weather of the few previous days, and I took this as a happy augury of our success. At the same time I remembered with many misgivings that nothing had been heard from Ancona, and that, instead of having, as I had intended, decoyed Baron Mancini from Soloporto on the eve of his daughter's arrival there in the onion-boat, we must carry out our plans while he was still in the same town, and worst of all, where I personally appeared an object of suspicion.

The air was fresh and pleasant as I made my way towards the old Port, and my spirits rose a little, until by careful observation I discovered that Carlo had beyond a doubt been right in what he had told me the night before. A man inconspicuously dressed, and with a pale face and blue shaven chin, was certainly to be seen whenever I stole a look round. But the bright weather had put heart into me, the tacit opposition roused my spirit, and I swore I would not be baulked. I slightly altered my plans, however, and instead of going along the quay to see if the Stella was in I walked on much further towards the station, and then, turning sharply, met my spy almost face to face. He was perforce obliged to walk on for a few minutes instead of turning at once after me and thus betraying himself, and by dint of dodging down byways I contrived to shake the fellow off. But I did not dare to go round again by the old Port, and so soon as possible plunged into the steep streets and purlieus of the Ghetto, intending to return to the Corsia Giulietta by striking a way across the steep hill on which the old town stands, and descending again on the other side to the more modern thoroughfares. As I climbed one of the narrow alleys

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which form the only picturesque portion of the Soloporto of to-day, I overtook a woman hurrying on ahead, and then my heart sank indeed within me—it was Bina Kovavich! "Bina!" I cried, seizing her by the arm, "what are you doing here? Didn't you promise me not to leave Signorina Iridé while she was on the boat? Where is the Stella? Where is your mistress? What is the meaning of all this?"

"I was coming to the Corsia Giulietta to try to see you," answered Bina breathlessly, "after I had been to the *campagna* of Signor Willoughby. I have only just reached Soloporto by train."

"By train!" I echoed. "You must be mad! Where is your mistress? Did she come by train too? Holy Madonna!" I concluded irritably, "you women are enough to drive a man of any sense crazy. Why don't you say something?"

We were nearing the Cathedral of St. Giusto as I spoke, and had indeed reached the broad flight of stone steps which gives access to the Piazza on which the big church is built. "Let us go up," said Bina; "there are stone seats under the trees, and there I can sit down and tell you everything."

I assented, though with some impatience, and in a couple of minutes more we were sitting down comfortably and Bina commenced her tale.

"I came back to Soloporto by train because I could not come any other way," she began.

"But surely," I interrupted, "you could have come on the Stella with your mistress, or——"

"I couldn't," said Bina blushing. "Toni's wife found out who was Signorina Iridé's maid, and she swore that, if I ventured to set my foot on board, she would fight me first herself, and then go up to the *campagna* and tell Signora Bartholi all about what was going on."

Fool that I had been to forget a woman's jealousy when I had made my arrangements with Toni! That unfortunate water-melon had faded completely from my mind when I engaged Bina's services. "Do you mean to say then that your mistress has been allowed to come here alone in the boat?" I said sternly.

"No, no," said Bina; "I told Toni's wife that of course I should not go in the Stella if she did not wish it, but at the same time I told her that someone must go with my mistress to wait upon her, and that she had better go herself and keep an eye on her husband. Good gracious, how jealous she is!" concluded Bina, throwing up her hands and her eyes together. "Poor Toni is much to be pitied!"

"Now tell me," I said; "where is your mistress?"

"If she is not in the old Port in the Stella, she must be very near now," said the girl. "The boat sailed with a good wind, and Toni expected to reach Soloporto in good time; he may be in now."

"How is it that Signora Bartholi has never telegraphed to Baron Mancini about missing the Signorina?" I enquired. "To-day is the third since the boat left Ancona, and no message has come yet."

"She did not telegraph because she did not know," said Bina. "Nearly a week ago the Signora was seized with illness; the doctor said it was an erysipelas and infectious, and that the Signorina must not go near the room. So every morning I went to the door and called to her that all was right, and my mistress well and happy. Last night I told her that to-day her niece was going to spend the day with a friend, and that I should not therefore come to her room in the morning; I left very late last

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night, and so she will not expect to hear me give news of my mistress again till this evening. No one is with Signora Bartholi but a Sister of Charity to nurse her, and all the food is cooked and the work done by the peasants at the end of the garden. They won't say anything to the Sister, and no one else sees the old lady."

"Well," I said, brightening up, "things are not so bad after all, but I am rather bothered with a little matter at this end; however, perhaps I can overcome the hindrance. Then you must be ready to start to-night for Vienna, Bina; you'll soon be back here again, you know."

But this consideration had absolutely no effect upon Bina, who roundly declared that nothing should induce her to leave Soloporto again before her marriage; scolding, coaxing, and threatening were alike useless. Iridé had paid her her wages and the promised gratuity of sixty florins, and the girl did not see the least need for exerting herself further in the matter. I was therefore confronted with the necessity for myself escorting Iridé to Vienna, and the prospect filled me with apprehension. Suppose the girl fainted, or became hysterical, and swore she could go no further, what should I do? Worst of all, supposing I was unable to shake off my spy, or that the latter in some way contrived to have me detained in Soloporto, everything must miscarry, and poor Iridé be dragged back to her father's house and to a loveless fate. Upon these gloomy possibilities, however, philosophy forbade me to dwell; instead, a way occurred to me in which Bina might be superlatively useful.

"Well," I said, "of course I can't oblige you to go to Vienna if you don't wish it; but I suppose you have no objection to helping me a little to-day in Soloporto?"

"Oh no!" said Bina cheerfully. "What do you want me to do?"

"You must go in about an hour's time to the old Port, and, if the Stella is in, you must go on board, and give Nina a message for me. Say that she is to take your mistress to St. Andrea railway-station at seven this evening; she is to be there not more than a quarter of an hour before the train goes. If the Stella is not in, you must go down again later; but my message must be given, or everything may fail. I cannot come myself on board to fetch the Signorina, but I will meet her at the station. She must wear warm clothes and a thick veil, and thick warm boots; if possible she must bring a rug, but no luggage that cannot be carried in one hand."

Bina swore that she would do as I had told her, and that my message should run no risk of miscarrying; and then, being assured that now she had seen me she need not run the risk of going to Thomas's *campagna*, she went her way, and I remained alone under the trees. They were chestnuts, and, though December had well advanced, the season had been so mild that a few of the yellow blotched leaves still remained on the branches. It is always very quiet up on the Piazza St. Giusto, where the ordinary sights and sounds of humanity seem somehow toned to the ancient grey walls and the low square tower with its deep-voiced bell. It was one o'clock and everyone in the old town was eating a mid-day meal, or taking a mid-day rest. From where I sat I could see the time-worn walls within which so many generations had passed to prayer and praise, to baptism, marriage, and burial. Nay, before the God of the Christians had set his seal upon the Latin world the summit of this hill, and the very site of the cathedral, had been sacred to

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Jupiter and Minerva. Since civilised man had planted his foot on this spot the *piazza* had been a place of worship; there, in my sight, were the hoary remains of the columns that had once adorned the heathen temple where perchance many a young heart had beat faster beneath a Roman breastplate as its wearer breathed a vow for some maiden far away in sunny Tuscany, and many a girl had brought her garland, or dedicated her prayer, for the lover who had ridden forth to serve with the Roman legions beneath the shadow of the Pyramids or in distant Asia. They were dust now, Roman youth and maid; nay the very walls where they had worshipped had crumbled; only a stone here and there remained to mark what once had been; and yet down in the city, whose hum rose like a distant murmur, the same eternal river of human feeling was running its course; men and maidens lived and loved to-day just as in those dim forgotten centuries, and soon they too would be dust, and none would remain to tell of them! What matter to them that life is short, or that joy is fleeting as the sun's kiss when he gilds the rippling wheat for an instant from behind a cloud? What matter that age brings his palsy and death his stiffened cheek? Youth and strength and love are for to-day; what matters to-morrow! And so the great cradle of the world with its weak burden of Humanity rocks up and down, up and down, to the changeless lullaby of Time; and the old nurse Nature watches warily over us and bids us cease our struggles and lie still to listen to the endless croon,—to the song of birth and growth and decay,—of the rising and setting suns and the circle of the seasons,—to the song of the years and the centuries with its burden of love and hate, of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear. And when we grow tired of Time's voice, when even our deaf human ears catch some faint echo of a nobler music, when, grown wise and weary, we creep to the edge of the cradle and stretch forth our feeble hands towards the vast Unseen, a Power, of whose place we know not, of whose might and majesty we dare not dream, will lift us out and carry us—whither?

Imagination had for a time invaded the realms of philosophy, or perhaps I had been asleep and dreaming a little under the chestnut trees on the quiet *piazza;* at any rate I woke with a start from my reverie, and returned once more to practical matters. I started for home at once, and reached the Corsia Giulietta without let or hindrance from my spy, whom I found, as I had anticipated, watching for my return not far from Baron Mancini's house.

Of course I had hitherto been quite guiltless of offending against the law in any particular, and therefore the spy, though his presence might be most unwelcome, could have no legal right to interfere with me. In thinking the matter over, however, a very unpleasant idea occurred to me; what if the Baron suspected me of harbouring some design for carrying off, or aiding and abetting in carrying off, his daughter,—and what if that repulsive-looking person, with the pale face and the blue chin, was armed with powers which would enable him, supposing he tracked me to the station, to cause my detention there and then? I think I must have been rendered nervous by all the worries and anxieties to which I had exposed myself on my friend's behalf in a manner which was hardly philosophical, but which was partly born of my honest and deep regard for Thomas Willoughby, and partly of a grateful remembrance of that bitter night

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when, in spite of hunger and threadbare raiment, one gentleman had recognised another. After to-night's adventures I should consider myself entitled to cry quits on that score, but not till then; and I drew myself together, and summoned all my cunning and courage for this final effort. I had little to do before it was time to start for the station, and I went about my usual duties unconcernedly enough. At five o'clock, just as I had lit the gas on the staircase, the Baron came in, and I could not believe it was imagination which made me detect a peculiar cunning look of triumph in his oblique, heavy-lidded eyes, nor a veiled mockery in the voice in which, with unprecedented courtesy, he bade me good-evening. I do not think philosophy ever achieved such a triumph on my behalf as when, that evening, she persuaded me to stay my hand upon Moses Lazarich, and to wait with such patience as I could command till his time came.

At six o'clock I made my preparations which were very simple. I wore my best coat and hat, put a fur cap into my pocket, and also the last of Baron Mancini's signed cards permitting me to absent myself; filling this up for twenty-four hours' absence and dating it, I placed it in my inner pocket together with the pass-key for the railway-carriage and an extra one for the Baron's front door, which it struck me I might need to open without assistance from within. I took five pounds in money and a small flask of brandy. Then I set out, and found, as I had foreseen, that the spy was ready to follow me. I had allowed myself a quarter of an hour extra in order to make a flank movement if needful and thus give him the slip, and for this purpose I entered a *café* at the far end of the Corsia Giulietta, which I knew ran through the whole width of the house and had a second entrance giving access to a street running parallel with the Corsia. I entered this *café* and sat down to drink a glass of beer, the spy, as I had expected, following and drinking also. When I had finished, I rose and strolled in a leisurely fashion towards the door opposite to that by which I had entered. Once outside, however, I went swiftly into a grocer's shop on the other side of the road, and, while buying a tiny loaf, had the satisfaction of seeing the man with the blue chin emerge from the door of the *café* and, after a glance round, hurry away down the street. My little manœuvre had succeeded!

I had still five minutes to spare, during which I lingered about in the vicinity of the *café*, to give the spy a chance of conveying himself from the immediate neighbourhood. Then I set off by as roundabout a route as time allowed for the station, arriving just as Nina came up with a tall girl simply dressed and closely veiled. Toni's wife went away immediately, without attracting attention by more than a simple farewell, and I was left alone with Iridé, fairly started upon my hazardous adventure. I took our tickets (first-class) to Vienna, and on passing the barrier on to the platform, soon discovered the guard who had drunk with me a few days before.

"Good-evening," I said; "I have a lady in my charge here to escort to Vienna. Unfortunately her maid could not come at the last moment. Can you keep the *coupé* for us?"

"I will try," he answered, pocketing the florin I had produced. "I do not think anyone else will require it from St. Andrea to-night, but at St. Peter, or even Divacca, there may be passengers who will insist. However, I will do my best." He shut and locked the door as he spoke, and all would have gone well if I had not been so imprudent as to stand

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up to look out of the open window. As I did so, with the light of the station-lamps full on my face, a man hurried on to the platform, and leaning forward scanned the passengers hurrying towards the train. There were many peasants among them, for several of the intermediate stations in the neighbourhood were mere country villages, whose populations carried their market-produce to Soloporto and returned by train. Before I had realised my folly in exposing myself, I had seen, and been recognised by, the spy, who instantly disappeared into the station, returning with a ticket with which he passed the barrier. I had withdrawn from the window and closed it, and I saw plainly enough that the fellow climbed into the first-class compartment next to ours only a few minutes before the train began to move.

Here was a complication with a vengeance! The man would get out at the nearest station where there was a telegraph-office and send his news to Baron Mancini, who would doubtless also by telegraph ensure our meeting with an unexpected reception in Vienna, where his lawyers resided. Iridé, utterly unconscious of the special danger that threatened us, sat silent, and still veiled, in her corner, as I had whispered to her not to speak till we should be clear of the station. What was to be done next?

As the train rolled on up the steep gradient of the mountain-line the thoughts crowded so quickly into my head that I positively jumped when the carriage-door suddenly opened; but it was only the guard to punch an additional hole in our tickets.

"When will you want to see these again?" I asked.

"Oh, not till the other passengers join the train at St. Peter," he said, "in another two hours; and if no one wishes to get into the *coupé* I will not disturb you even so soon as that if the lady wishes to rest."

"Thanks," I said; "and which is the nearest station from which we can send a telegram?"

"From Divacca, an hour and a-half away," he answered; and then he shut us up again, and I had now a fact or two to go upon. The ruffian next door could send no message back to Soloporto for another hour and a half, before which time there was little chance of our privacy being interrupted by the entrance of anyone else into our *coupé*. It was clearly no use to go to Vienna and walk straight into the trap which would inevitably be prepared for us there; but how and where to stop or what to do, I could not for the life of me think. Then, in taking out my handkerchief I touched the pass-key, and rejoiced. We could get out at any moment we pleased, provided the train was not moving; and having got this clue I began to consider at which places the train stopped.

We were toiling up towards Borst, a lonely village set on a shelf among arid mountain-steeps near the sea. Here I knew there would be a three minutes' halt, but there seemed no earthly reason for getting out where there was not even such an inn as one might take a lady to. Draga came next, still higher up, overhanging a fertile valley between barren mountain-scarps; it was very much the same sort of place as Borst. Then came Herpelje-Kozina, and here at any rate there was some sort of a hotel and a restaurant, though it was but a small station on one side of the line only. Why should we get out there? And then suddenly I felt like one who has long been trying to solve an enigma at last so plainly revealed to him that he wonders it could have ever puzzled him at all. I remem-

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bered Padre Cristoffero! I looked at my watch. Within the next thirty minutes I must explain our danger to Iridé, tell her how we might avert it, for the present at any rate, find out if she had courage enough to meet my proposals, which were indeed our last resource in desperate circumstances, and take the first steps to execute my idea. Thirty minutes is not a long time under these conditions, but the case was an extreme one and I was on my mettle.

"Do you mean to say that my father may possibly stop me in Vienna?" enquired Iridé, when she had heard who was in the next compartment.

"I think he is almost sure to do so," I answered candidly.

"And how are we to avoid it?" enquired the girl, turning a little pale.

"You would do a good deal for Thomas Willoughby, would you not?" I said. "Well, you must anticipate your marriage a little, and become an Englishwoman within the next half-hour,—that is, you must do what I could ask an Englishwoman to do. Can you walk six good miles over a rough country road?"

"All alone?" she asked, shrinking a little.

"No, surely not; with me," I answered.

"Certainly!" she said, without a trace of hesitation. "I will go anywhere with you. I will walk twelve miles with you, if you think it needful."

She laid her small hand in mine, as a child might have done; her dark eyes glowed like jewels with hope and love and trust, and her mouth was firm set in its crimson curve. She was a lovely woman truly, and as I looked at her I said to myself that Thomas was a lucky dog.

We had but a few moments left, and then the lights of Herpelje-Kozina station gleamed into sight round the great curve the line makes here, and we drew up beside the platform. I let down the window of the *coupé* and noted, without looking towards him, that my neighbour did the same. I looked out nonchalantly for five minutes or so smoking a cigarette, then I drew up the glass again and pulled down the blinds. I took off my hat and put on my fur cap. Iridé had brought a shawl, and also a rug and an umbrella. I put the hat on the end of the umbrella, placing the latter in the seat near the window, then I disposed the shawl round it in such a manner that the shadow cast by the ceiling lamp on the blind was not unlike that of a man leaning back in the corner. Next I felt for my brandy-flask and the little loaf, which was likely to prove useful, though it had only been bought as an excuse for entering the shop. Then I took Iridé's rug on my arm, and applying my pass-key soon swung the door open. I had one second of terrible apprehension lest the spy should look out of his other window, but his attention was naturally firmly fixed on seeing that we did not escape him on the platform-side, for he knew that the other door must be locked. There was no one on the three sets of metals that gleamed in the cold moonlight between the train from which we had just emerged and the low bank that skirted the rough ground beyond the line. We crossed the track, dodging for shelter behind one or two empty trucks that stood there, and in another moment were crouching behind the low rough wooden screens that are here erected to catch the drift of the whirling snows that prevail during the winter, and prevent it from blocking the line. Here we stayed for ten minutes after the train left, till the station-lamps were extinguished and the place itself de-

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serted save by one night-porter and the signal-man, who were too much interested in their own conversation to notice the two figures that stole silently away from the shadows of the snow-screens lying black in the white moonlight.

CHAPTER XV.

I THINK that until the moment we began to leave the neighbourhood of the station, neither Iridé nor I had realised that our plan was actually being attempted. We had been compelled to put it into execution so immediately after conceiving it, that, speaking for myself, I felt as though I was in a dream. A glance at my companion, however, was enough to dispel that illusion: her face was set forward; her head held high with a poise of exultation or defiance, I was not sure which; and I felt that, so far as she was concerned, I should have no flagging spirits to keep up, nor any failing courage to stimulate. Girls of Iridé's position in Soloporto, and indeed in Italy also, are not brought up to undergo any personal exertion greater than that involved in attending a ball, or doing a little shopping in the Corso; hence I felt the more admiration for the courage with which this woman, who had never taken a long walk in her life, prepared to drag herself over six miles of rough country road late at night.

For a short distance our way lay over ground strewn with large stones, between which the dead growth of coarse grass was matted and slippery with frost, and I was terrified lest Iridé should stumble and sprain her ankle. Twice she fell, and twice she got up before I could help her; but I breathed more freely when this open bit of waste was safely traversed, and we were once more on that curve of the high road which intersected it. Here the going was much easier and we pushed rapidly on. We passed a large shallow pond, gleaming like a mirror in the moonlight, and then began to descend the steep road leading to the little village of Klane, a mere handful of houses scattered under the flank of the great mountain that skirted the pocket-like valley. The entire population of the place, some hundred souls in all, was sound asleep; but a wakeful cur barked in an outhouse, and a marauding cat fled like a passing shadow as we went steadily onward, up the now rising ground. Three miles from the station we came to a fork in the road where stood a lonely cottage, and leaving this to our left we quitted the highway and followed the rough and stony track to the hamlet of Ocisla. A few yards down this I called a halt.

"Are you not tired?" I asked.

"I have not thought about it," she answered; "I can go on still, if that is what you mean."

"Well," said I, "we will go on for another quarter of a mile; then we will rest a little, and you must eat and drink something;" and so we went on our way again.

We had now passed the more fertile portion of the land hereabouts, for but little of the Karst is capable of cultivation. The floor of this great belt of limestone is naturally porous, and, save in the valleys which serve as pockets to catch the soil that drains from the hills, there is neither earth nor water enough to render agriculture possible. At irregular intervals, however, the whole of the Karst is studded with curious circular depressions varying in diameter from a few feet to several hundred *metres*, and in depth from a slight sinking to a well-like slope with expanded sides down which it is needful to cut zigzag paths for descent. These hollows, called *doline*, are all well furnished with rich red earth,

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and each brings forth its fruits in due season, thanks to the industry of the Slav peasant who farms it. Some of these patches are so small that a vine and half a dozen cabbages only can find room for growth, while others contain large fields.

The road along which we were passing brought us in a very short time to the tinkle of a spring, the village water-supply in fact, for in this waterless part of the world wherever there is a spring there is a village. Close by was a wayside shrine, and sitting down on the low stone wall opposite to this I drew forth the loaf and my flask of brandy. I dipped my metal cup in the spring, and adding some of the spirit I made the girl drink it and eat a slice of the bread, while I refreshed myself at the same time in a similar fashion. We were both pleasantly warm from walking, and the air was so perfectly still that we felt no chill. The ground sloped rapidly away beyond the wall to a depression in the rolling land, and the houses of the tiny village clung against the slope as swallows' nests cling to a house. Everything lay clear in our sight, for the moonlight was intensely brilliant and, save for the skirts of a wood some two *kilometres* away to our left, there was neither bush nor tree. In the nearer reach of this wild space the bare stones, strewn over the land beneath us, gleamed white as silver where here and there their bleached surfaces caught the cold light. The atmosphere, sombre yet full of luminous haze, was like some magician's veil that, hanging over this wilderness, hid all its gaunt and arid nakedness, revealing only the magnificent rolling sweep of the bare downs that rose gradually from the depth below to surge along the horizon,—a splendid limit beyond which might lie anything, or nothing. Away to the right, invisible in the halo of the distance, lay St. Servolo, where we were to seek refuge; but I did not point out the spot to Iridé, lest she should begin to imagine that I was setting out for the end of the world itself.

We soon resumed our journey, treading warily down the rough track that led between the silent unlighted houses, with their blank windows staring at the moon; the steep was a very sharp one, and brought us at last to a wide bed of coarse limestone detritus, washed over the road by the winter overflowings of two pools, in the level below the village. Having ploughed through this, we found ourselves fairly upon the last stage of our road, which wound ever upward over the bare downs. We had not gone half a dozen steps before a strange sigh passed in the air, stirring it for an instant then sinking into silence again; but my companion was so much absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not notice anything. Again that sigh, this time with the faintest shrillness in it, rose, flickered through space, and died once more into nothing. This time Iridé stopped for an instant in her steady but slow walking to ask, "What was that?"

"Oh nothing," I answered, as carelessly as I could; "a slight breeze, I suppose." But my heart sank while I said the words, for I knew that the only danger that existed for us on this flight was very near at hand. The Bora was upon us, and we could not retrace our steps to court certain discovery.

Iridé had been born in Southern Italy and brought up at Ancona; this was her first winter in Soloporto, and no one who has not lived in that place or its neighbouring coast-line can have any idea of this terrible wind. The girl walked on steadily after my answer, for she had all the courage which ignorance of risk often

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brings, but the last sigh of air had hardly died away before it was succeeded by a wild moaning sound that wandered between earth and heaven like the voice of some spirit seeking rest and finding none; then came a sudden little gust that smote the face with a chill, and then again the moan.

"What is that odd sound?" demanded Iridé, pausing once more.

"I am afraid," I said, "that the wind is rising, and it blows very strongly hereabouts; we must make the best of our way to St. Servolo, and try to reach some shelter before it becomes a gale."

But I knew only too well that in no circumstances could we hope to escape without great toil and risk, and more battling with the tempest than I cared to anticipate for Iridé. We mended our pace a little, but fast as we walked the wind rose still faster. What an unearthly combination of sound it was! How it whined and gibbered along the ground, and then rose shrieking with triumph to the very arch of heaven, how it assailed us with a steady onslaught of pitiless strength, and how cold, ah, how cold! And of all that terrible clamour, as of devils broken loose, there was no outward sign whatever. The bleached boulders lay motionless under the clear moon that sailed serene in the starry skies; the sparse wiry grass between the stones was too short and too matted with frost to stir; there was not a bush nor a tree within sight; only from the dark skirts of the wood in the distance we caught at fitful intervals the dull roar of the wind as it fought among the branches. Within sight, only ourselves were in visible motion amid the unearthly force that was abroad. Long before the wind had reached its full force Iridé was clinging to me, and I to her, to prevent ourselves from being swept entirely apart or thrown to the ground. Our bodies were all aglow with the exertion of fighting our way, and as we panted our parted lips drew in the intensely cold air that throttled one with a sense of moving ice. Every now and then the blast swept more immediately about us like a live thing that sought to envelope us, to tear us from our foothold and fling us down; then, as we strained every muscle to stand our ground, the gale would suddenly leave us, and we could hear it rend a screaming track through the distance, only to return the next moment for a fresh onslaught. Deafened by the ceaseless roar, and half blinded by the fierce and wolfish cold that stung eyes and faces, we struggled on, fighting for every step of our road. Sometimes the terrible force that was about us was such that we could only stand still, not daring even to lift a foot for a further advance. Often we were compelled to stop suddenly and crouch on the ground lest we should be flung on our faces. Sometimes we were assailed from one side, sometimes from another, for the furious gale blew from every northern quarter and shifted with varying uncertainty. The clamour was so fearful that I was compelled to shout encouragement to my companion who, with a silent bravery that compelled admiration, fought her way along at my side.

My greatest fear was lest we should be driven off the road, which was hereabouts so rough that little save the absence of grass distinguished it from the land on either side. If once we wandered I felt that we were practically in imminent danger of our lives, for no living thing could long survive without shelter of some description in this hurricane.

Padre Cristoffero always burned a light the whole night in a certain little window of his cottage, and I

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looked out eagerly for this, in order to shape our way towards its kindly twinkle that meant rest and safety, for otherwise than by this tiny beacon it would have been difficult to distinguish the rough building from the boulders and stones that surrounded it on every side.

Slowly we advanced, breathless and weary, till at last, just as my straining eyes again sought fruitlessly for the ray of light, Iridé clutched me still more tightly by the arm and put her lips close to my ear. "I can do no more," she screamed, and the shrill desperation of her voice pierced my very heart with fear and pity.

"Courage!" I shouted, as I felt her begin to reel and sway. "Courage! it is nearly over, we cannot be far now. Come, put out your strength."

She struggled bravely, and gathered herself together to respond to my urgent words; but I felt that she was exhausted, as she clung to me trailing her limbs in the effort to move forward.

"Shelter!" she shrieked in my ear; "only a place to fall and die in!"

Frantic with fear, I wound my arm round her waist, and half carried, half supported her. I could see nothing as yet of Padre Cristoffero's light, which after all might have easily been extinguished by the wind in such a storm, but a few yards off the road on our right I saw three or four huge boulders thrown together, and towards these I dragged her, thinking we might crouch beside them. As we drew nearer I saw that they rose at the deeper end of a small decline which sloped gently upward. I made the best of my way hither, feeling Iridé fight against her weakness yet grow every moment more helpless; and at last managed to get her and myself into the partial shelter of this hollow. It was but a few yards in length, and as I struggled to its deeper end, whence rose the great grey boulders I had seen from the road, a black rift in them came suddenly into view. In spite of my fears, in spite of our danger, in spite of everything, I gave a cry of exultation,—we were standing at the entrance to St. Servolo's grotto! We were saved!

A very few seconds passed in the partial shelter of the hollow sufficed to give us pause to recover our breath, and to hope once more; I even felt Iridé's slight figure straighten itself, as she tried to reanimate her exhausted limbs. The narrow, irregular rift in the rocks was closed by an iron gate, which, out of deference to Padre Cristoffero's wishes, was unlocked. I soon swung it back, and we began to descend the score or so of steep rough steps that led to the floor of the grotto. This was so far beneath the external surface of the ground that when we reached it the bars of the iron gate were some eighteen feet above the level of our heads, and were clearly outlined against the clear night radiance without.

There was a strange sense of peace and security about our refuge, a sense the stronger for the distant sound of the raging wind that reached us faint and muffled. The temperature was equable, and felt warm after the terrible cold without. Iridé sank down on the first step of the rude altar where the good Padre said his daily mass. For myself I was glad to take a seat upon the last of the steps composing the staircase, for spirit and flesh are sometimes willing together, though the latter may fail, as in my case, from being older than the soul it encloses, which is quite a possible thing though it sounds a paradox. All my sense of youthful chivalry and daring, all my device for mastery over untoward circum-

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stances, all my resolution to carry through my wild project, had combined within the past hour to make me oblivious of my sixty years, that had nevertheless contributed not a little to my illusion by bearing me loyally through the stress. Therefore now that it was over, now that a comparative haven had been attained, and that my object was in part accomplished, I had time to become conscious of a certain lassitude and exhaustion. For two or three minutes I sat in silence, then, "How do you feel now?" I asked.

There was no answer, and with a vague sense of alarm I rose, groped my way across the uneven earthen floor, and felt for the girl, whom I found as I had feared, prostrate. I rummaged behind some stalactites for the lantern and matches that the Padre habitually kept there, and drawing them out soon struck a light. Iridé was lying on the ground, an inanimate form, her long black hair, escaped from its fastenings, streaming over her shoulders. Lifting up her head I pillowed it on the rough steps; fortunately the flask of brandy was not quite empty, and after pouring a little of the spirit between her lips, I soaked her handkerchief in St. Servolo's spring and bathed her forehead. In a few minutes her large dark eyes opened and she stared about her, first in bewilderment, and then, as her glance fell upon me, with dawning memory. I helped her to a sitting posture, and made her drink a spoonful of the raw spirit.

"I must have fainted," she said apologetically, with the ghost of a smile. "How very stupid of me! I never did such a thing in my life before."

"Very possibly not," I answered; "but I venture to doubt whether you ever took a walk like this before."

"No, certainly not," she said; "I never could have dreamed that anything could be so awful," and she shivered a little, partly at the recollection of the storm, partly with the chill that was beginning to creep over her now that the violent exertion had ceased.

"You cannot stay here," I said, "at least not without a mattress and some warm covering. Will you be afraid to remain alone in the grotto a little while I fetch help?"

"No," she said, "I am not at all frightened; but surely you had better stay here also, or perhaps you will be killed or injured if you venture out again, and then what could I do for you?" and she smiled upon me in the kindest fashion.

"Oh, I am old and hardened; besides, I can get along quicker if I am alone without you to look after. Also it seems to me that the wind is going down a little; sometimes it lulls for an hour or so, and then begins again. I will try to find my friend, whom you will certainly hope may be your friend also as soon as you see him;" and buttoning my coat closely about me I prepared to mount the stair again.

Iridé still sat on the step, while the lantern stood on the stone slab that did duty for an altar, and, as I slowly climbed my way outwards and paused at the gate to turn and close it, the sight below was an unearthly one. The light shone full upon Iridé's beautiful face, throwing it into strong relief, and casting grim black shadows of the fantastic crags and stalactites upon the floor in a dapple of grotesqueness. The source of the light was invisible from the entrance where I stood, and I would have forgiven any wandering stranger, who had chanced upon the scene, for vowing that the era of fairy tales was not yet over, and that in this benighted wilderness there yet lingered a lovely

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and enchanted princess, confined by some magician's spell in a darksome cavern underground.

Outside the gale had slightly abated, and by dint of great effort it was possible to walk without feeling every instant that you were about to be thrown down. Nevertheless my way was a very difficult one, and in some respects more dangerous than had hitherto been the case, by reason of the fact that I was obliged to steer a more or less uncertain course across the rough upland where no road nor track existed. I slipped over the tussocks of frozen grass; I bruised my feet and strained my ankles among the innumerable stones, small and large, which bestrewed the ground; and all the time I had to keep some sort of a look out lest I should accidentally miss the low rough dwelling of Padre Cristoffero.

It seemed hours before I at length stumbled accidentally upon the place I sought, and in reality I had gone a certain distance out of my direct way in my vagrant search after the building, which I took at first for an unusually large mass of boulders. A nearer inspection, however, showed me that the unshapen stones were piled together in a rude order, and in my fear lest I should be mistaken in that which seemed too good to be true, I drew one of my shoulders all along the windward side of the house. At the corner round which I felt for the door a blast swept round the angle and knocked me down. I crawled forward on hands and knees, skirting the width of the house, and scraping all the skin off my benumbed hands against the stones, till having in quadruped fashion passed the next corner, I stood upright again and leaned panting for breath against the door, upon which I battered as loudly as my grazed hands would permit. On this, the lee side, of the house, there was comparative calm, and I was glad of a pause for breath. Visions, however, of Iridé alone, and perhaps terrified at something unforeseen in the grotto, prompted a second application of my knuckles, which was followed so immediately by the sound of footsteps that I was at once certain that the Padre had not sought his bed that night. Another moment, and with the sound of a grating key the door opened and I stepped inside.

Padre Cristoffero carried a little lantern, which had no sooner showed him my face than he started so violently that he nearly dropped the light. "Holy Virgin!" he cried, "Romagno! What in the world are you doing here?"

"Why did you open the door so immediately without finding out first who was knocking?" I asked. "Suppose I had been a thief now, you might have been robbed and perhaps murdered without anyone knowing it."

The Padre smiled, his own peculiarly gentle smile that lent to his face that serene and benevolent expression which was its chief charm. "One can only die once," he said simply; "besides on a night like this one should not keep even a thief outside. Old Anna is sleeping here too, as she goes by train to-morrow to Soloporto if the storm abates enough to allow her to walk to the station." The Padre gave this last information with a species of innocent triumph, as though the old woman-servant from the village a mile away was a warrior armed to the teeth to protect him. "But what are you doing here?" he repeated, leading the way to his tiny kitchen, where a glorious fire of logs was piled on the square hearth built against the corner with low benches round it, whence anyone sitting might thrust his very boots into the flame if so minded. An old Slav woman got up as we came in.

"I am here, Padre Cristoffero,

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upon an errand which I think it is best not to explain too fully, and I am not alone."

"Not alone!" cried my host in amazement. "Why, who is with you?"

"A woman," I answered, "a young and lovely woman."

The good priest's face clouded a little, and a puzzled, almost pained expression crept into his blue eyes. "But, Romagno," he began, with some hesitation, "this sounds all very strange, and—I am not versed in the ways of the world but still—er—this—er—young female—is—is—that is, she is not I suppose er—a person of ——,"

In my earnestness and intimate knowledge of the matter in hand I had entirely overlooked the possible and very natural interpretation of my words which Padre Cristoffero had put upon them. In spite of everything I laughed out loud, and the sound seemed to comfort the priest whose troubled face began to clear. "Set your mind at rest," I said; "I am sixty years old and might almost be the lady's grandfather. She is an honest woman, beautiful too as I have said, but unhappy, and I am trying to help her, for the sake of one dear to us both."

"But where is she?" demanded Padre Cristoffero, still puzzled, as well he might be.

"She is in the grotto, and I have not a moment to lose in returning to fetch her; but I came to beg a warm covering of some kind and food, in case she should not be able to get here for some hours. You will take her in, will you not?" I concluded.

Padre Cristoffero looked a little doubtful for a moment. "You see, Romagno," he began, with a slight hesitation, "I cannot well, being a priest, entertain this young lady; still—if only I could have consulted one or two brethren——" he went on, rubbing his chin doubtfully.

"But surely," I began, dismayed, for I confess this possible aspect of the case had not occurred to me, "you will not leave the girl to perish of cold so near to shelter; why, you said just now you would not even shut out a thief on such a night."

"Of course, of course," he answered, his charming smile once more irradiating his face; "you are quite right, Romagno. I fear that I am sometimes prone to follow the letter of the law and to disregard its spirit; it is a fault against which I must struggle," he continued, as though he were not the incarnation of benevolence. "It is plainly my duty to succour those in any need of help, either spiritual or corporeal. As a Christian gentleman I will willingly offer my hospitality to this unfortunate lady; let us go at once," and he began to bustle about.

But here Anna interposed, having listened to the foregoing dialogue, which takes much longer to read than to speak. "I will go with you both," she said; "but his Reverence must wear his thickest coat and his warmest skull-cap. I will first boil some milk; the fire is hot, and in a trice it will be ready; the pan is now close to the embers."

She was an active and sturdy old woman, and had soon got the priest into a heavy coat and a thickly quilted round cap, over which she insisted upon tying a black silk handkerchief. Then she put a candle in her pocket, and taking up a warm shawl in which she had wrapped the bottle of milk, she threw another log on the fire, and we all three went out into the storm and the moonlight once more.

(To be continued.)

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THE OLDEST GUIDE-BOOK IN THE WORLD.[1]

Some seventeen centuries ago an old gentleman of antiquarian temper and simple faith set out upon a journey through Greece. Wherever he went he kept his eyes and his ears open, and though he was not gifted with the power of vivid observation he heard and remembered the reckless gossip of a hundred local guides. Fortified, moreover, by the study not only of Thucydides and Herodotus, but of as many county histories as he could find, he resumed in his proper person all the historical and geographical knowledge of his time. Whether or no he believed the book which he compiled after his many tours a masterpiece of literature, remains uncertain; but no immodesty could have persuaded him that his compost of legends and itineraries was destined to outlive the manifold shocks of time and chance. But while the wave of oblivion has overtaken Sappho, whom he quotes, and Menander, whose grave he reverently contemplated, his Description of Greece has been flung, like an old shoe, high upon the beach.

Nor does his good fortune end with his survival. He not only lives; he lives in the light of day. No modern guide-book to Greece can be compiled without his aid, and even the tourist is familiar with his name. Moreover, the subject of his treatise has made him a plaything of scholarship, and you might fill a library with books and pamphlets based upon his researches. The Germans have contemplated him from every point of view. They have tested his dates, and doubted his credibility. To this professor he has seemed a faithful voyager; for that one he is a charlatan, collecting from books the experiences of others. He has known praise and blame, honour and contempt; but never, for all his lack of pretence, has he encountered neglect. And now, in Mr. Frazer's monumental edition, the last tribute of respect has been paid him. Translated into English, far more limpid and readable than his own cramped Greek, equipped with a commentary five or six times greater in bulk than the mere text, he takes a place in the scholar's library which does not yield in dignity to the position occupied by Mayor's Juvenal or the Sophocles of Professor Jebb. For Mr. Frazer is a prince of editors. A scholar, who is also a man of letters, an antiquarian without pedantry, a traveller, who has not hesitated to test his learning on the spot, he has made Pausanias the excuse for an invaluable work upon the history, legends, and archæology of Greece. While he recognises the importance of Pausanias's work, he does not magnify his author into an impeccable hero. On the contrary, he is alive always to his limitations and defects, and from the fulness of his own knowledge he checks and amplifies the traveller's statements at every page. Of course he has overlooked none of the German authorities, but his method of argument is not theirs. He sees through the printed word to the meaning it conveys, and shows by many a modern

[1] Pausanias's Description of Greece; translated with a commentary by J. G. Frazer. In six volumes; London, 1898.

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instance how futile is Teutonic pedantry. For example, at the very beginning of the first book Pausanias notes that there were ship-sheds at Piræus down to his time. Even more: the township was so flourishing, says Pausanias, as to possess two colonnades together with sanctuaries of Zeus and Aphrodite. Whence Herr Kalkmann argues without more ado that Pausanias is not describing what he saw, but is merely pilfering from the books of his distant predecessors. And why? Because it is notorious that the docks of Piræus were burnt and its walls demolished under Sylla, and because Strabo declared that the place, as he knew it, was a rubbish-heap. The argument implies that nothing can be rebuilt that has once been pulled down, and that two centuries of prosperity are unavailing to repair the savagery of war. "This," says Mr. Frazer, with excellent sense, "is much as if a traveller who visited Magdeburg in 1831 should be expected to describe from personal observation the blood-stained ruins in which Tilly left the city after his ferocious sack in May, 1631." The parallel is perfect at all points, and should be enough to reduce to absurdity the method of criticism which prevails in modern Germany.

For another reason Mr. Frazer is better qualified than any other scholar of his time to elucidate the text of Pausanias. In the province of folk-lore the author of THE GOLDEN BOUGH has few competitors; and since, as we shall presently see, this ancient tourist was a tireless collector of legends, his text provides abundant material for commentary. Thus for the story of the rifled treasury, of which Pausanias makes Orchomenus the scene, and which is best known in the version of Herodotus, Mr. Frazer has collected some thirty parallels, while he has treated the familiar legend of Bethgellert, which has its counterparts in Phocis and ancient India, with the same fulness of illustration. Similarly there is no custom recorded by the Greek traveller which Mr. Frazer cannot match in Java or Sumatra, in Abyssinia or the islands of the distant Pacific. One may doubt whether the industrious collection of parallels can prove anything more than the unanimity of human minds; one may not doubt the ingenuity or learning of this, the final, edition of Pausanias.

Wherefore, if it be permitted to Pausanias to look back from the land beyond the grave, he must be filled with a proud surprise. For here he is, as simple an antiquarian as ever set pack upon his shoulders, treated with the respect and erudition generally reserved for historians and poets. Who he was and what, to whom this good fortune has befallen, is unknown and probably unknowable. He was born in Lydia and flourished in the second century under the Emperor Hadrian, "the Prince," he declares, "who did most for the glory of God and the happiness of his subjects." For the rest, we must infer his character from his book, and since he chose to hide his personality, either from natural modesty or fear of the critics, the inference is naturally partial. But it is evident that he was serious even to pedantry, incapable of humour, and far more skilled in research than in observation. That he visited the places which he described is obvious, and it needs the wrong-headed ingenuity of a German professor to prove him an impostor; but he is seldom touched by the sentiment of mountain village or wooded valley, and you picture him rather poring over a manuscript than amazed at the masterpieces of Phidias. Before all things he was a Pagan, as became a contemporary of Lucian, and

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you read his DESCRIPTION as you read the TRUE HISTORY, firm in the belief that Athens was still the capital of the world. Not even conquest killed the glory of Greece, and six centuries after Pericles the city of Sophocles and Plato, of Æschylus and Aristophanes, retained her influence. From beginning to end of THE DESCRIPTION you will find no word of Christian encroachment, no word of the literature which had made the Tiber famous. Pausanias, who is constant in his reference to the poetry and history of Greece, knows nothing of Cicero or Virgil, of Livy or Plautus. Once, indeed, he records a visit which he paid to the imperial metropolis. "I saw white deer at Rome," he writes with a curiosity worthy of Samuel Pepys, "and very much was I surprised to see them; but it did not occur to me to enquire where they were brought from, whether from continents or islands." That is all, and it is an eloquent commentary upon the persistence of the Hellenic ideal. The casual reader is only too apt to chop the history of the world into separate blocks, and to forget that a definite separation is impossible. Rome climbed the summit of her power, and even faced the descent, while Greece still remained the lawgiver of the intellect. Pausanias, then, was a Pagan, and if he does not accept all the ancient legends, he records them without smile or comment. He fathers one athlete upon a river, another upon an apparition, nor does he attempt to distinguish between myth and history. Now and again he shows the cloven hoof of rationalism. For instance he explains the fable that Procne and Philomela were turned into a swallow and a nightingale by the plaintive and dirge-like song of these birds. And worse still, he rejects the story of Narcissus, because it is folly, says he, to suppose that a person who has reached the age of falling in love should be unable to distinguish between a man and his shadow. This, indeed, is the childishness of scepticism, but Pausanias does not often err so gravely, and he actually wrote a confession of faith in his maturer years. "When I began this work [the passage is in the Eighth Book] I used to look on these Greek stories as little better than foolishness, but now that I have got as far as Arcadia my opinion about them is this: I believe that the Greeks who were accounted wise spoke of old in riddles and not straight out, and accordingly I conjecture that this story about Cronus is a bit of Greek philosophy. In matters of religion I will follow tradition."

So this subject of Hadrian followed the tradition of the Greeks, and even at the first his scepticism was reluctant and transitory. He proposes an implicit faith in the gods; he believes that Apollo competed at Olympia, and that Hephæstus was an artificer in bronze. On the other hand, he was as determined to reject the possibility of hell as our own emancipated clergy. "It is not easy," says he, "to believe that the gods have an underground abode in which the souls of the dead assemble." But this doubt did not prevent a cordial faith in were-wolves and ghosts; in brief, as he said, he followed tradition, reserving to himself the privilege of occasional dissent. In one other respect, also, he resembled the best of his remoter ancestors. He had a heart-whole distrust of politics. Though he was inclined to believe with Candide that he lived in the best of all possible worlds, and that the Emperor Hadrian was the best of all possible emperors, nothing would have persuaded him to take any part in public affairs. Demosthenes is still an awful warning, and it is the orator's fate which prompts the following

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passage: "Well, methinks, the man who throws himself heart and soul into a political career and puts his trust in the people never yet came to a good end." Thus he preferred travel to government, and set out upon his voyage full of confidence in the autocracy that governed the world. But even upon his journeys he carried with him his customary gravity. He did not travel for travelling's sake, nor for the mere delight of the eye. History rather than sensation engrossed him, and he was as remote from jocularity as from enthusiasm. Once he permits himself what in another writer might appear to be a joke. "The moon, they say, loved Endymion," so he writes in his history of Elis, "and he had fifty daughters by the goddess. Others, with more probability, say that Endymion married a wife;" but we dare not press the point, and perhaps the jest is unconscious. In yet another respect he separates himself from the mass of travellers. He does not tell you how he journeyed from place to place, and he is severely silent on the innumerable incidents which colour the least adventurous voyage with amusement or disappointment. There is no word of ships or saddle-horses; no reproach for ill-stocked inn or rapacious custom-house. Nor may it be pleaded for Pausanias that the austerity of his time did not permit these innocent freedoms. You cannot think that Lucian would have travelled through Elis or Attica without noting the bad roads and the hospitality of the natives. Moreover in Dicæarchus, freely quoted by Mr. Frazer, we have evidence enough that the Special Correspondent was familiar to Greece centuries before Pausanias.

For Dicæarchus (a pupil of Aristotle, if the attribution of the work be correct,) was as jaunty a tourist as ever wore a tweed suit or slung a field-glass over his shoulder. His flow of spirits was unfailing, and his humour would have been new to-day. For him the eye was more important than the brain; he recorded what he saw rather than what he had learned, and therefore he is an entertaining companion. His account of Athens would have gained an instant success in a halfpenny paper, for it is witty, superficial, and highly spiced. He at least did not approach the greatest of all cities in an attitude of admiration. No; he found its houses mean, and its streets "nothing but miserable old lanes." Moreover, the place, so he said, "was infested with a set of scribblers who worry visitors and rich strangers." But these scoundrels were not tolerated, and the people, if it caught them, made a speedy example of them. Oropus he denounced for a nest of hucksters. "The greed of the custom-house officers," he complained, "is unsurpassed, their roguery inveterate and bred in the bone." Worse still, the citizens were coarse and truculent in their manners, and reform was impossible, since all the respectable members of the community were knocked on the head. But it was at Thebes that he reached the culmination of his displeasure. The inhabitants of the Bœotian capital were, in the estimation of this traveller, rash, insolent, and overbearing. Their face was set against justice, and lawsuits commonly lasted thirty years, so that fisticuffs took the place of reason and "the methods of the prize-ring were transferred to the courts of justice." As for the poet Laon, who praised the Bœotians, he "did not speak the truth, the fact being that he was caught in adultery and let off lightly by the injured husband." Thus, indeed, does Dicæarchus sum up the vices of the hated province: "Greed lives in Oropus, envy in Tanagra, quarrelsomeness in Thespiæ,

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insolence in Thebes, covetousness in Anthedon, curiosity in Coronæa, bragging in Platæa, fever in Onchestus, and stupidity in Haliartus." Here is a pretty indictment for us, framed in the true modern style.

But Pausanias is not esteemed for the qualities which give a value to the vivid pictures of Dicæarchus. The Lydian traveller indeed was a steady, conscientious, elderly pedant, incapable of recording or even of receiving quick impressions. He belonged to that class which is born middle-aged, and you cannot imagine his sluggish soul stimulated to excess by anger or admiration. Were he alive to day he would tramp round Europe with a kodak and a green butterfly-net, and if he were persuaded to write a book, the book would have to be hidden away for two or three hundred years before it attained its proper value. Such literature, in fact, is like red wine, the better for keeping; but Pausanius has endured the test of time, and his work has acquired a mellowness, which he, good soul, could never have hoped for it. Even his style proves the modesty of his ambition. Clumsy and parenthetic, it is ill-suited to the expression of sentiment, and rendered him happily incapable either of cant or of word-painting. Yet now and again you wish that he had warmed his frosty temper at the fire of enthusiasm. For his virtues of restraint carry him too far in the opposite direction, and to read his book from chapter to chapter is to recognise that his narrative is very often dry and uninspired. Though he listened with credulous attention to the guides who accompanied him to temple and picture-gallery, the anecdotes which he records are drawn from myth and history. Hence, with few exceptions, they are familiar and impersonal, though when he does break out into romance, the rare interest makes you regret his limitations the more bitterly.

It is a temptation, however, to which he does not often yield, for he is, in truth, a Bædeker, body and soul. None the less, where he was interested he showed himself a patient and conscientious workman. Above all he had a passion for religious rites and superstitions, and, if he cared little how his contemporaries looked and lived, he zealously enquired how they worshipped and what they believed. He amassed strange facts with the same zeal wherewith Robert Burton gathered strange citations. Indeed his intellect resembled, on an infinitely lower plane, the intellect of the ingenious Anatomist. Mr. Frazer has collected a nosegay of the traveller's superstitions, and very curious they are. Thus this Pagan, who was half a sceptic at times, notes that within the precinct of Zeus on Mount Lycæus neither men nor animals cast shadows, and that whoever entered the enclosure died within the year. Still more fantastic is the legend of the trout in the river Aroanius, who sang like thrushes, and Mr. Frazer's note tells you that the legend is still believed. And with a like faith Pausanius relates that he who catches a fish in the lake near Ægiæ is straightway turned into a fish called the Fisher. So at Marathon the dead warriors rise from their graves and fight the battle over again, while neither snakes nor wolves can live in Sardinia. These are but a handful of the superstitions you will find recorded in this strange compilation; and they are no more interesting than the descriptions of worship and priestcraft, which prove that in the second century after Christ the priests still made rain by dipping an oak-branch in a spring, and poured the warm blood of beasts into tombs that the dead might not suffer thirst.

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What matters it, then, that our guide is silent over the natural beauties of the landscape, when he has preserved for us so vast a wealth of legend and story?

But Pausanias was something else besides an amateur of folklore. Like the excellent archæologist that he was he never passed by a building or a monument without a description. He had a subdued passion for sculpture and architecture, and how faithful was his dull observation of sites and temples has been proved at Athens, at Olympia, and elsewhere. But he seldom offers a decided judgment upon the works which he examines, and his criticism is as far below the alert enthusiasm of Lucian as it is above the vague preciosity of Philostratus. Being by temperament and habit an antiquarian he preferred the old to the new, and if now and then he takes pleasure in mere archaism and betrays a taste which nowadays we should call Pre-Raphaelite, his preferences have been justified by the wisdom of all the ages. However, though he never commits the sins of false admiration and shallow dilettantism, it is in the matter of Greek art that his sedulous moderation is most irritating. He who might have told us so much tells us so little. For example, he had the opportunity to solve some secrets of Greek painting. True, a lost art which appeals to the eye can never be recovered through the medium of words; but an artist full of enthusiasm for line and colour might have given us news of those masterpieces, whose mere memory has conferred a kind of immortality upon Polygnotus and Panænus. A strange fatility has destroyed well-nigh every trace of ancient painting, and but for the critics and historians we should not know that Zeuxis ever existed. And thus a superstition has grown up that the Greeks, supreme at all other points, were deprived of the sense of colour, that the Athens of Pericles, in fact, was all white marble and blue sky. This superstition is exploded, no doubt, but we are still ignorant of Micon's art, we still mistake the coloured aspect of Greek cities. Now Pausanius, had enthusiasm and technical knowledge come to his aid, might have given us some enlightenment. He visited the Stoa Poikile, he describes the famous Pinacotheca; he saw pictures of Scyrus captured by Achilles, and of Ulysses approaching Nausicaa and her maids as they washed their linen by the stream. But absorbed in the subject he looks upon these works as so many poems in the flat, and contents himself with contrasting Homer and Polygnotus as exponents of mythology.

However we must not ask of a guide-book more than it can give us, and with all its shortcomings Pausanius's DESCRIPTION is unique and invaluable. It is great, perhaps, rather on account of its author's opportunities than on account of his talent. He had the good fortune to visit Athens and Olympia (for instance) before the final desolation overtook them. The account of the Parthenon occupies but a few lines, written without the smallest emotion. Yet the reader may feel some of the enthusiasm which should have stirred this industrious Bædeker. For when Pausanias visited Athens the images still stood upon their pedestals, the many shrines were still unviolated. The chryselephantine statue of the goddess still glittered within the cella of the Parthenon, and the traveller passed through the superb Propylæa to the rock which held the glories of the world. But since the time of Pausanias the Acropolis has known the shocks of war and superstition. The Parthenon, in turn, has been a Christian church and a Mahomedan mosque: the

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Erectheum, converted for a while to a temple of Divine Wisdom, degenerated into the harem of a turbaned Turk; the destruction, which the explosion of a powder-magazine commenced, was increased by the bombardment of Morosini and his Venetians. Then followed a period of carelessness and neglect; the priceless sculptures were targets for the heedless Turks, and might have been utterly destroyed had not Lord Elgin, Byron's Vandal, carried them away into safer keeping. And now, where once the Turk was supreme, there reigns the German archæologist, who is as remote from the simple faith of the Pagan Pausanias as was the Moslem soldier. In fact the last sad indignity has overtaken what once was a living citadel, and temple and tower, spared demolition, have become so many specimens in a vast museum. The specimens are cared for, it is true, and reconstructed by the scholarship that can pierce many mysteries. The scholar of to-day understands their meaning and purpose as well, perhaps, as the Athenians who passed them by in idle gaiety of heart. The most crabbed inscription is deciphered and explained; the scantiest indication of a column is sufficient for the reconstruction of a temple. But even a temple is half dead without its worshippers, and when once the life of Athens ceased, the Acropolis was no more than a body without a soul. But in the time of Pausanias the citadel of Athens was still animated, and you read his work with the respect due to one who has known an experience which can never be yours. After all, no guide-book has been written since which is likely to remain, after seventeen centuries, a unique treasury of fable, history, and criticism; and surely thus Pausanias deserves the learning and skill Mr. Frazer has devoted to him, with an untiring thoroughness which proves how ill-judged is the common reproach that modern work is done only for the day. And as for the subject of so much labour, his own conclusion justifies his many difficult wanderings. "Many a wondrous sight may be seen," wrote he, "and not a few tales of wonder may be heard in Greece; but there is nothing in which the blessing of God rests in so full a measure as the rites of Eleusis and the Olympic games." The worst is, that, being initiate, he is silent, as in duty bound, concerning the mysteries, and that you can feel the spirit of the Olympic games more intimately in one ode of Pindar than in all Pausanias's faithful record of innumerable competitors and their forgotten triumphs.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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ON CIRCUIT AT THE CAPE.

THE lives of eminent lawyers, if narrated with even moderate skill, rarely fail to contain much that lay as well as legal readers find interesting. The field of experience traversed is a wide one; *nihil humani alienum*. In many cases, especially in the last and the earlier portion of the present century, some of the best reading is to be found in the anecdotes and reminiscences of circuit life, with its humorous incidents and occasional adventures, the play of rival wits, the stories of exciting trials and sensational catastrophes. The perils of the post-chaise, the humours of the road, the fun of grand night at the circuit-mess, all these have become little more than legendary. Counsel now run down from London by the night express, and hurry back so soon as their case is over; and where there is anything like a steady stream of work, it is nearly monopolised by the local Bar. Some of the characteristics of circuit-life in Scotland,—'twas sixty years since or thereabouts—are graphically described in Lord Cockburn's CIRCUIT JOURNEYS, which, with the inevitable repetitions of a diary, and not a little *crambe repetita*, fit exercise for the art of skipping, still contain much to please the taste of the lawyer, the antiquary, or even "that beast, the general reader." Such pages preserve the aroma of manners and customs, of ways of life and habits of thought, now obsolete or fast becoming so. If we turn to the Colonies, we may there find a reproduction, modified by its environment, of some of the quaint features of the old circuit-life at home. The old assertion that there is no law south of the Tropic of Cancer is somewhat too sweeping. The Englishman, when he sets up one of John Bull's branch establishments, includes in his kit a copy of the British Constitution; the lawyer soon follows with his wig and gown, and sets up his Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and goes circuit with his Archbold's PLEADINGS and Taylor's EVIDENCE, his Stephen's DIGEST and the latest edition of the RULES OF COURT. He will find himself amidst surroundings which, with some picturesque diversity of detail, yet in many respects resemble those of circuit-life, in England or Scotland, in the brave days of old.

Let us take the Cape for example. Here also we have begun to speak of the "old days," when there were only three Judges of the Supreme Court, all sitting beneath the shadow of Table Mountain. They were the successors of the Senators of the old Dutch Council of Justice, who, with their peaked beards, flowing robes, and big silk ruffles, with three-cornered hats on their heads and long pipes in their mouths,—a sensible habit, which minimised that tendency to judicial interruption of forensic rhetoric of which in these latter days we sometimes hear complaints—administered Van Diemen's Code. Anthony Van Diemen, under whose auspices Tasmania was discovered, and who gave it its original name still occasionally used by old-fashioned people, was at one time Governor of Batavia, and of Batavia the Cape was reckoned a *buiten-comptoir* or outlying trading-station, till the English annexation

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in 1806. Under the Statutes of India the advocates and attorneys seem to have been kept well in hand, as the following regulations will show: (1) They shall enter into no agreements with their clients to share in the proceeds of the suit. (2) Advocates may keep their hats on when the judges do; attorneys have to appear bareheaded. (3) Advocates shall not argue after the judges have passed sentence. (4) They shall not run after clients for cases. (5) They shall not take more cases than they can expeditiously manage. (6) Their pleadings shall be short, without unnecessary verbiage or repetitions. (7) They shall take good care not presumptuously to assert what they cannot prove. (8) They shall not take cases on condition not to receive money before the suit is gained. (9) They shall attend Court whether they have cases or not.

Circuit-Courts in the various districts of the Colony were established by the Charter of Justice signed by William the Fourth in 1831; and the judges took it in turn to administer itinerant justice throughout the land. Each circuit lasted some three months, and they were held twice a year. The judge travelled in a light wagon or "spider," the advocates, usually in pairs, in Cape carts. The monotony of the road was relieved by plenty of shooting and a little hunting; there is still a fair amount of sport to be had, but unfortunately far less leisure for such diversions. There is a story, of a comparatively recent period, of a little argument between the present Chief Justice, then a junior at the bar, and one of his predecessors, a great authority on railway-law, whom Downing Street accordingly despatched to the Cape, where no questions of through rates or complications as to terminals, were at that time likely to trouble the Bench. Mr. de Villiers (says the late Mr. Justice Cole, in a lecture on his Reminiscences, delivered some years ago at Grahamstown) one day brought down a fine *paauw* (a sort of bustard) which he sent as a present to Sir William Hodges. They did not meet again until the Court had closed and they were once more on the road. Sir William came up: "I have to thank you for that *paauw*, De Villiers; it was a very fine bird indeed. But, I say, is it not out of season?" "Oh but, Sir William, travellers are specially allowed by the Ordinance to shoot both in and out of season." "Ah, yes; but doesn't that mean for their own consumption?" "Well, Sir William," was the reply, "when I sent you that bird I thought, of course, you would invite me to dinner."

In those days there were sundry perils to be encountered by flood and field; but apart from such incidents, the travelling must have been rather a tedious business, though it was done in a leisurely and comfortable fashion. There was a good deal more pomp and circumstance than at present about the reception of the judge and his retinue, whom all the leading citizens came out to escort in a long procession, sometimes headed by a band, into the assize town. Now the judge often arrives by train at some unearthly hour, and the sheriff makes a virtue of having sat up extremely late or risen extremely early, and generally eaten the bread of carefulness, in order to greet him on the platform. There are now nine judges in the Colony, and three circuits—the Eastern, Western, and Northern, each held twice a year and lasting several weeks. Many parts of the Colony are still beyond the reach of the railway. Some years ago a learned counsel, now a distinguished judge, determined to do his duty and earn his fee as prosecutor for the Crown, had to swim a flooded river in order to reach his

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court; and it is still an occasional experience for judges in the Transkei to have to be hauled across the rivers in a box or basket suspended from a rope of wire. I have myself, on reaching a railway station in the evening, some miles from the circuit-town, found no conveyance awaiting me and been compelled to pass the night in my travelling-saloon, owing to the interruption of communications by a stream in flood. *Judex expectat dum defluat amnis;* fortunately next morning the river was down and we were enabled to open the Commission without any serious delay.

In the Transkeian districts, comparatively recently annexed, the rude barbarian still occasionally plays jokes of a very practical order. On one occasion the learned judge who used to be such an adept at swimming rivers, on reaching the place for the mid-day "outspan," found that a native chief had anticipated him with a peremptory requisition for supplies, and calmly appropriated the fowls which were on the spit for the judge's lunch. Some of these natives, Pondos and Tembus, Gaikas and Galequas, have a ready wit and plenty of humour. They are great rhetoricians and often, when they happen to find themselves in the dock, prove ingenious advocates and deadly cross-examiners. From the same conspicuous position they have been known to exhibit their sporting propensities. The other day such an one offered to lay the judge half a sovereign that he would not get off. The jury eventually acquitted him; but instead of leaving the dock, as usually happens in such cases, with a great shout of gratitude and triumph, he was observed to be fumbling in his pocket. When told he could go, he explained that he had lost his bet and was quite prepared to settle. The judge however seems to have thought that the dock was probably a "place within the meaning of the Act." He was doubtless aware of the decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins and his colleagues, which Lord Esher and his colleagues had not then upset, and the proceedings went no further.

There are still great stretches of country to be traversed by road. The judge usually has a "spider," a sort of light coach, or strong Cape cart, with four horses, a wagon with eight horses, or mules, for the servants and supplies (mainly consisting of a good stock of wine and cigars, an adequate supply of groceries and other travellers' necessities, and the irreducible *minimum* of books and papers) with a couple of saddle-horses to relieve the tedium of the journey by occasional equestrian exercise. The transport is usually in the hands of Malay contractors, good, trustworthy men, but with a propensity for starting at daybreak, giving their animals plenty of rest on the road, and arriving before sunset at the journey's end. These Malays are strict Mahomedans; and the only time when their good-humour and cheerfulness are apt to fail them is if the circuit should happen to fall in the month of Ramazan. To travel from sunrise to sunset, amid heat and dust, without bite or sup, involves some strain on the system, and the horizon is anxiously scanned for the first glimpse of the new moon. They are skilful drivers and, for business reasons, very careful of their equipage and merciful to their beasts. If anything goes wrong with the harness, a *riemptje*, or little rope, will usually serve as a stop-gap, but it does not do to let the animals fall sick or sorry. We outspan perhaps, for the mid-day rest, at some way-side farm, where one usually meets with a courteous and hospitable reception. The Boer takes you to see his prize ram, while the goodwife, with equal pride, shows you over her garden.

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Water, of course, is essential, and the journey must be so planned that at reasonable intervals the horses can be halted to enjoy a roll and a drink. There are many scriptural allusions to the subject which the reader can scarcely thoroughly appreciate unless he has travelled either in North or South Africa, in the Australian back-country, or in the East. It is only amid such scenes that he feels the oppression of "a dry and thirsty land where no water is" or really learns how grateful is the aspect of "rivers of water in a dry place and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." When one realises how precious is the commodity, one can feel little surprise at the obstinacy of the disputes about irrigation. In some districts the advocates think themselves aggrieved if the circuit does not yield at least two or three big "water-right" cases; and the controversies between riparian proprieters have been described as being as perennial as the streams themselves. Besides such cases, there are sometimes great fights about boundaries, involving much testimony from old inhabitants about ancient beacons, contests about inheritances and the construction of wills; "the village school-master who makes the will" is still a popular figure in the Cape Courts. Questions of trespass and rights of way, and other servitudes, are not infrequent, and there is the usual miscellaneous assortment of broken contracts and debated accounts, false imprisonment and malicious prosecution, libel and slander, insolvency and divorce.

I have referred to the long and weary pilgrimages through the Karoo. The characteristic features of this arid tract, with its scrub-covered plains and stony hills, have been vividly sketched by various writers, and once stirred the enthusiasm of the late Lord Carnarvon, when travelling through it in a special train between Cape Town and Kimberley. In the long run it becomes a trifle monotonous to the circuiteers jolting day after day over what by courtesy are called public roads. There are however many fine bits of scenery by way of a change, as for instance in the well wooded and watered regions of the Transkei. In the highlands of New England one might fancy oneself in Scotland, though the names of the mountain farms, Pelion and Ossa and Olympus, are suggestive rather of Tempe's vale and men who strove with gods. There it is said to sometimes snow at Christmas, and Christmas is midsummer at the Cape. Over the mountains between Prince Albert and Oudtshoorn is a splendid twelve hours' drive, if it hold fine weather, reminding one of the Tyrol. We pass through the Knysna forest, where elephants still tramp, and down the Montagu Pass, a real bit of Switzerland, from Oudtshoorn, which Italians would call Oudtshoorn *la grassa*, a district rich in corn and wine, tobacco and golden grain, to George Town and Mossel Bay, where the limbs of the law refresh themselves with bottled stout and succulent oysters at three and sixpence a hundred. Along the Cedarberg range to far Clanwilliam, where the Olifants River winds below and the baboons chatter in the *krantzes* above, is another picturesque two days' journey.

But descriptions of scenery are likely to prove tedious reading, unless enlivened with an artistic touch beyond a dull lawyer's pen; and the study of mankind is to many more attractive than the beauties of nature. The characteristics and idiosyncracies of the people are nowhere better illustrated than in the proceedings of the law-courts.

Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.

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At the Cape the presence of the Dutch element, and the existence of a large and thriving native population, produce some special features rich in local colour. In many districts the primitive Boer still holds the field and owns the land. He reads little but the Bible, is much under the influence of his Minister, whom he generously supports,—the Dutch Reformed church is usually the principal building in the place and the parsonage the finest house—lives a patriarchal life and regards the aborigines much as the Israelites regarded the children of Canaan, whom, under divine guidance, they had dispossessed. In charging a country jury any literary allusion, however trite, would fall very flat; but a scriptural illustration is always quickly seized. The Circuit-Court sometimes falls at the season of the quarterly *nachtmaal*, or evening communion, when half the countryside come to town for the special services. On one occasion, when we happened to be staying over Sunday, and attended the Dutch church, the Minister, on entering the pulpit, observed that, in view of the presence of the judge and jury, he should select a topical subject for his discourse, and proceeded to preach on Pontius Pilate on the judgment-seat!

The country farmer, though he occasionally gets into trouble for assaulting his servant,—servants are apt to be provocative, especially where there are facilities for obtaining drink —or for stealing the sheep of his neighbour, as a rule is a very law-abiding person, and is usually to be seen in the jury-box, dressed in his Sunday-best. He is often very proud of the distinction implied in the receipt of a special invitation from the Queen to assist her in that capacity, and, especially since a modest fee has been awarded for his attendance, cases of absence or excuses from serving have become extremely rare. The Kafir or Hottentot appears as a witness or prisoner, and in the latter event often prefers, for more reasons than one, the honour and glory of appearing before a "red Judge" and a jury, with a large and appreciative audience, to the more expeditious and less ceremonious justice dispensed in the court of the Resident Magistrate. The prisoner of course has the right of challenge, and this sometimes requires a little explanation. When asked whether he has any objections to the jury, he sometimes asserts that he "objects to the lot." On one occasion an old woman challenged a highly respected farmer, and, on being afterwards asked whether she had had any special reason for her selection, explained that she thought she was bound to object to some one and had therefore picked out the ugliest. Another prisoner expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the jury; *his* objection was to the "*ou baas in de rooi rok* (the old master in the red robe)" on the bench. On one circuit, many years ago, for such objection plausible grounds might have been alleged. The Judge was a very learned man but of an irritable temperament, which advancing years and frequent attacks of gout had not improved. One day he was in a very bad humour. A prisoner, who had pleaded not guilty, was tried and convicted. The Judge said the case was a clear one; the prisoner had only made it worse by denying his guilt and implicitly charging the witnesses with perjury; such conduct demanded a severe sentence, which he got. The next offender, warned by what had happened, promptly pleaded guilty to the indictment. "What?" said the Judge. "You not only commit this crime but you seem to glory in your shame. Such brazen effrontery requires exemplary punish-

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ment;" and this also he got. Both sentences were probably deserved; but it was felt that on that day the Judge was rather *kwaai*, or hard to please. He ended his days in harness, and was long since laid to his rest in the quiet cemetery of a little circuit-town where he had arrived, to try and do his work, in a dying state. I believe that the notes are still preserved of his last case, a capital one, in which the verdict and judgment are recorded in the straggling characters of one who felt that for himself too the last sentence had arrived.

Errors of procedure still sometimes occur and the heresy of confounding the persons is not unknown. Cupido, a hideous Hottentot, is arraigned, when Adonis, whom he strongly resembles, is the delinquent really wanted; or Booi Jan is momentarily mistaken for Jan Booi. A prisoner was once placed in the dock, and the Crown solemnly alleged that on such a day and at such a place he did wrongfully and unlawfully assault one Piet, with intent, &c., and did beat him on the head with a *kerrie* or other blunt instrument, and other wrongs and injuries to the said Piet then and there did; all which being duly interpreted, on being invited to acknowledge or deny his guilt, "*Nie baas*," was the reply; "I am not guilty. I am the boy that stole Mr. Marais's horse." Such matters are soon put right; others involve a grim mixture of tragedy and comedy, as when a prisoner, after a long trial, had been convicted of the crime of murder, and the usher, a muddle-headed Irishman, who had to proclaim silence in Court for the imposition of the capital sentence, proceeded, to the Judge's horror, in a stentorian voice, to call upon the good men and true, who had been summoned to serve on the jury, to answer to their names and save their fines.

Other local officials are sometimes a little forgetful in the performance of their duties, and there are anxious preliminary consultations with the Registrar on the etiquette of the Circuit-Court. At one place, where there had been no sitting for some years, it was intimated to the Sheriff that, when preceding the Judge into court, he should if possible be provided with a staff. Accordingly he marched in next morning with a very palpable billiard-cue, converted by a liberal application of chalk into a humorous parody of the white wand of office. At another place, where the Judge was supposed to be rather a thirsty soul, the Sheriff, prompted by the junior Bar, marched up to the bench, in the course of the sitting, with a long glass on a salver. "What's this, Mr. Sheriff?" said the Judge. "Brandy and soda for your Lordship," was the reply. "Well, Mr. Sheriff, I'll take it;" and so the situation was saved. A junior member of the Civil Service was once being examined as to whether he could state the precise hour of a certain occurrence which he had happened to observe. "Oh, yes," he said, "because I had just gone out for the morning-drink." "And when do you do that?" asked the Judge. "Eleven o'clock" was the reply, with ill-concealed contempt for such a display, or affectation, of judicial ignorance in regard to a custom at once general, reasonable, and notorious. When, however, as sometimes happens, a native witness can only give the date of her daughter's birth as "the year of the great snow-storm in September, when the old master, the father of the present master, lost all his lambs at the out-station," or "the year before the last time but one that the locusts came," chronology ceases to be an exact science. Such witnesses often cause much trouble by their impenetrable stupidity and invincible ignorance. A Kafir of defective memory,

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on being pressed with contradictions between his evidence at the trial and his statements at the preliminary, usually explains that the magistrate must have made a mistake in recording his depositions. One, however, I remember, boldly took the bull by the horns with the retort, "Well, if my head *is* a shell, is it my fault?"

On one occasion a native prisoner, on the conclusion of the case for the Crown, being asked whether he proposed to address the jury in his defence, replied that to them he had nothing to say; all he wished to do was to ask the judge, if the jury found him guilty, to bear in mind, in passing sentence, that he had on several occasions been previously convicted. What was the exact idea he had in his mind, I never felt quite sure; perhaps it may have been that experience showed that in his case punishment had no salutary effects. Confessions ("from St. Augustine to Rousseau, from Rousseau to Lord Ribblesdale") are always interesting, and sometimes pathetic; but I fear this very candid revelation did him no good with the jury. In another case a gang of Hottentots, who had broken into a grocer's shop and possessed themselves of miscellaneous spoil, all pleaded guilty and expressed a desire to be punished summarily and then, as some sort of consolation, to be allowed to keep the things they had stolen! This proposition, however, did not commend itself to the police, and still less to the grocer.

Juries also sometimes find rather eccentric verdicts. A coloured servant-girl was once charged with attempting to poison her mistress, and the evidence was pretty conclusive. They retired, talked the matter over and came back with the verdict, "Guilty of murder." This, the Judge explained, he could not accept; the complainant had fortunately recovered and, as they had seen, was now alive and well. The jury again deliberated and presently returned with another decision, "Guilty of suicide." "But," said the Judge, "not only the complainant but the prisoner is alive; whatever the case is, it is not one of *felo de se*." The issue was again explained but the jury thought there was no pleasing the Judge and the only way to make an end of it was to bring in a verdict of "Not guilty," which they did. In another district a young woman was charged with perjury. Cases of perjury are always rather technical, and in this there were some special complications, as to what had to be alleged and what was, both in fact and law, sufficiently proved, which had to be explained as carefully and simply as the facts admitted. The jury, after considering the matter for some time, sent for the Sheriff. The Sheriff came back with the message, "The jury present their compliments to your lordship and would feel much obliged if you would decide the case yourself." This was scarcely feasible and more debate resulted in a verdict of "Guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy." The Judge presumed that the recommendation was based, as it fairly might have been, on the prisoner's youth and sex but, to be on the safe side, before passing sentence, asked for the grounds. "Well, my lord," said the foreman, "we agreed to recommend her to mercy, as two or three of the jury are not satisfied that she is guilty." This again could scarcely be accepted as an unanimous *uitspraak*; and, as in the other case, in a verdict of acquittal was found the ultimate solution of the problem.

Of the country juryman it may be said, speaking broadly, that, as a rule, he tries to be fair and, if judiciously handled, led, not driven, generally succeeds in the attempt. Diversities of race and colour of course complicate

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the situation; but experience shows that, where the prisoner is a native and the complainant a European, even in cases where class-prejudice might be anticipated, juries as a rule take a sound and impartial view, and, if there is room for a reasonable doubt, the prisoner gets the benefit. Where a European is in the dock, the result is more uncertain. The Boer is naturally reluctant to send one of his own class (probably an acquaintance, possibly a connection,) to herd with Kafirs in the local gaol, or at a distant convict-station, where however racial segregation is carried out as far as practicable. Some jurymen are inclined to regard their verdict as a sort of franchise, to be exercised according to their predilections, no man saying them nay. At one place, a farmer was being tried for the theft of his neighbour's produce, and the case was a fairly strong one. He was, however, on bail and was allowed to go out during the mid-day adjournment. In the end he was acquitted and I afterwards learned that he had joined a party of jurymen at a sociable lunch at their hotel. On the next circuit, at the same place, another farmer was charged with fraudulent insolvency. In view of the previous experience, I decided to detain the jury during the adjournment and instructed the Sheriff to supply them with refreshments. On inquiring whether any of them had felt aggrieved at the order, I was informed that the only dissatisfaction was on the part of the rest of the panel, who thought that they, like their colleagues in the box, and without any invidious distinctions, ought to have been treated to a lunch at Government expense. At another place I allowed the jury to separate, at the same time cautioning them not to communicate with any one about the pending case, that of a young Boer charged with assaulting a native herd. On my return to Court it was reported to me that one of the jury had been very busy trying to get the prisoner released on bail during the adjournment, his solicitude being explained by the circumstance that the accused happened to be his nephew. We had a little explanation on the subject before resuming the case, and in the sequel the jury, uncle and all, convicted the accused, recommending him to mercy, and the old gentleman was next day very busy organising a petition in favour of his young relative, which the Judge was invited to support. Still justice had been done, without favour or prejudice; and the local paper, in commenting on the incident, expressed an opinion that the millennium must surely be at hand.

Those who are acquainted with the working of "the palladium of liberty" in other countries, are well aware that the Cape is not the only region in which the element of racial feeling has to be borne in mind. A story is told of the late Baron Bramwell, when sitting on the Crown side on the South Wales circuit. Counsel for the defence asked leave to address the jury in Welsh; the case was a simple one and permission was given without demur. He said but very few words. The Baron also did not think much comment was requisite, but was somewhat startled by a prompt verdict of acquittal. "What was it," he afterwards inquired, "that M. L. said to that jury?" "Oh, he just said, 'This case, gentlemen, lies in a nutshell. You see yourselves exactly how it stands. The Judge is an Englishman, the prosecuting counsel is an Englishman, the complainant is an Englishman. But you are Welsh, and I am Welsh, and the prisoner is Welsh. Need I say more? I leave it all to you.'" Baron Bramwell, it was said, formed a higher opinion than he had

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previously entertained of M. L.'s acumen and resource; but he did not allow the experiment to be repeated of addresses to the jury in a vernacular which he did not understand. It should, however, in fairness be added that, in the Cape Colony, really perverse verdicts are quite exceptional, and severely reprobated by local public opinion, which regards them as casting a slur on the reputation of the district. They could almost always be avoided if the Crown, in cases where local prejudice might reasonably be apprehended, exercised somewhat more freely the power of applying for a change of venue, and brought on such cases for trial at one of the larger centres where the juries, almost invariably, are both impartial and intelligent.

Many of the best stories unfortunately would lose most of their point to a reader unfamiliar with the *taal*, the Cape Dutch in which proceedings are largely conducted in the country courts, where the interpreter, or *tolk*, plays a very important part, in translating the evidence from Dutch or Kafir into English and the speeches and summing-up into Dutch. These gentlemen are sometimes inclined to take a broad view of their functions and give the jury a very concise version of the rhetoric of the Bar and the expositions which emanate from the Bench. "The prisoner is not asking any questions, he is only making a long statement," they sometimes reply to an inquiry from the presiding Judge, after a protracted bout with a fluent Kafir in the dock. "Give us the gist of the statement and then we shall see whether it may not found a question to the witness" is the usual answer. Once, during a Judge's rather protracted, and possibly somewhat discursive charge, the interpreter seemed to be resting on his oars. "The Judge," he explained in answer to a look of inquiry from one of the jury, "is not saying anything just now which affects the case; as soon as he does I shall let you know." There is probably at the present day no Judge on the Bench so unacquainted with the *taal* as to make it safe for an interpreter to adopt this eclectic method with similar freedom and equal candour.

Until a comparatively recent period there were indeed many districts in which all the officials were English, while the great bulk of the inhabitants spoke only Dutch. Even now it is not an uncommon experience for a witness to be called, answering perhaps to the name of Smith or Murray, who can no more speak English than the next witness, a Du Plessis or a Joubert, can speak French. In fact, acquaintance with the rural districts leads one, so far from being surprised at the pertinacity of the claim for equal rights for both languages in Parliament and the courts of law, rather to be astonished at the patience with which a self-governing community so long tolerated a state of things in which they had to transact all official business with magistrates, tax-collectors, and other civilians, who could neither understand them nor make themselves understood without the services of an interpreter, often a man of colour, which to the average self-respecting Boer was an additional grievance and contumely. It is possible that the "patriotic" reaction, now that the Dutch have learned to use their political power, may have been pushed a little too far. In the Courts we sometimes meet with an affectation of nescience proceeding not from the Bench but from the jury-box. A witness, for instance, who claims to speak Dutch, if dissatisfied with the interpretation, or when warming to his narrative, often proceeds to explain himself in very fluent English; and in Parliament I believe it has been found neces-

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sary to make a rule that speakers must adhere to the language they choose as a vehicle in which to commence their observations. Some of the most enlightened and representative Dutchmen, among whom may be mentioned the present Chief Justice, endeavour, when an opportunity occurs, to quietly persuade their fellow-countrymen that the sincerest patriotism need not be inseparably associated with linguistic sentiment, and that those who deliberately shut themselves off from English, and restrict themselves to a *patois* comprehensible only in one small spot on the surface of the earth, are really burdening themselves with a crushing weight in the race both of mental improvement and material progress. It may here be added that, among the Cape Dutch, there is plenty of admirable raw material. Those of the colonial youth who do well at school and college, and then proceed to a course at a European University (the embryo lawyer usually goes to Cambridge, the medical student to Edinburgh), seldom fail to hold their own, have in many cases achieved marked distinction, and return to supply the colony with men of good professional capacity, recruited from the ranks of the native born. Till the introduction of responsible government, a quarter of a century ago, the Judges at the Cape were nominated in England by the Colonial Secretary; at present, of the nine members of the Bench, there is only one who was not born in the Colony. In the Australian Colonies the trend of things has, I believe, of late been in a similar direction. The lawyer of the twentieth century, if ambitious of a colonial career, should take the preliminary precaution of being born on the scene of his future labours.

P. M. L.

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THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT IN FRANCE.

In the town of Narbonne six *gendarmes* stand across a narrow street; it is Sunday afternoon, and the Narbonnais are out in force. "Not this way," say the *gendarmes*. The citizens go that way, nevertheless, the officers vainly trying to stop them by frantic dashes on the crowd.

"What's the matter?" asks a young man with the badge of a French touring-club on his cap and a British accent on his tongue.

"Don't know," says the *gendarme*.

"What's the matter?" asks the foreigner of half a dozen citizens in turn.

None of them know anything, except that the *gendarmes* have blocked the street, which is sufficiently evident. At last a shop-keeper comes to his door.

"What's the fuss about?" says the foreigner.

"It's a Cabinet Minister," says the shop-keeper.

"Which of them?"

"Don't know; but he's going to lunch with the Mayor and make a political speech afterwards."

The *gendarmes* pause in their absurd attempt to clear the street, and wipe their brows. The Mayor and the Minister are understood to be at their soup; and the crowd strolls on in peace.

On a hoarding close by are two bills. One is a proclamation by the Mayor,—a plain black and white document, as befits the severity of the law—bidding the populace obey the *gendarmes* and avoid certain thoroughfares on this Sunday afternoon, but saying nothing about the Minister. The other bill is a flaring coloured announcement that while the Minister is taking his lunch and preaching politics (these are not exactly the words used) the Government and laws of the country will be defied in the public arena. Six magnificent bulls will be fought in the Spanish fashion by the renowned Jarana, *matador de cartel*, and Colon, *matador de toros*, with four *picadors*, seven *banderilleros*, and all the rest of the gang complete.

Bent on seeing what the South of France has adopted as its national sport, the foreigner asks his way to the bull-ring. On the outskirts of the town he finds a large oval structure of naked boards, about thirty feet high, a feeble imitation of the Colosseum. Within, fourteen tiers of plank seats provide accommodation for six thousand spectators; but this afternoon scarcely four thousand are present, in spite of the rare Spanish sport guaranteed by the manager, who is discovered chatting in friendliest style with the police on duty at the entrance. Four thousand tickets, the lowest costing half-a-crown and the highest eight shillings, bring in a very tidy sum; but the Spanish heroes require a fee of £200 or £240 for an afternoon's exhibition of their prowess, and the manager is dissatisfied.

"It is too bad," says a commiserating friend; "that affair of the Minister is a nuisance."

"What," says the foreigner, "are people afraid to come because the Minister is in town?"

"No indeed, why should they be afraid? But they stay about the streets to see him. Think of it,—

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staying away from a bull-fight to see a mere Minister!"

The sun beats hotly down on two-thirds of the spectators, only the higher-priced seats being covered in. A little brass band plays in a spiritless fashion at one end of the arena, and can scarcely be heard at the other. Punctually at three the audience breaks out in a storm of whistling and stamping. "They would be more patient in your country," says a friendly Frenchman; but the foreigner does not seem very sure about it.

At the Imperial end of the amphitheatre, so to speak, a dozen seats are railed off from the rest, and the barrier is entwined with ribbon of the national colours. In this Republican royal box a stately individual presently appears, wearing a three-coloured rosette and brimming over with official importance. The whistling turns into cheers, the dispirited bandsmen grumble through the *Marseillaise*, and the official personage, bowing with much gravity, gives the signal for the show to begin.

A door under the band-stand flies open, and a couple of white horses canter into the arena. The riders are cloaked in black velvet, and ostrich plumes dance above their broad-brimmed hats. Heralded by these ornamental cavaliers, the renowned Jarana marches in, clad in purple and loaded with gilt embroidery. Colon, his young companion, —the Spoiled Child, as he is affectionately styled in the bull-ring—is even more gorgeous in light blue and silver. Half-a-dozen more of these butterfly footmen, gaudy in tinselled red, green, and blue, are followed at a respectful distance by a group of trim young attendants in clean white trousers and scarlet jackets. Bringing up the rear of the procession ride three *picadors*, in dark jackets and buff leather trousers, holding their lances aloft and trying to manœuvre their horses with some show of animation. The unfortunate animals have their bellies covered with leather; but nothing short of a full suit of armour would cover their miserable bones, and not even that could hide their senile debility and woful lack of spirit.

The procession marches round the ring; the black-plumed cavaliers ride out by the way they came in; the red-jackets leap over the five-foot palisade into the alley between the arena and the spectators, and only the combatants remain. Once more the gate flies open. A little brown bull, named Artillero, comes in at a brisk trot, and makes straight for the nearest horse. Being received by a prick of the rider's lance, the bull sheers off instantly to the next horse, and then, feeling a spear-head again in his skin, charges away across the arena to where the third *picador* awaits him. The spear misses, and Artillero plunges his horns into the quivering flesh of the passive animal before him. Rider and steed are hurled to the ground; the man jumps up unhurt, but the horse lies in silent agony and the sand is soaked with blood. The red-jackets crowd around and belabour the poor brute till it struggles into a standing posture and is beaten out of the arena on three legs, the fourth hanging loose and helpless under a streaming shoulder. Meanwhile the bull, after standing a few moments in doubt, has made up his mind for a fresh attack on his original foe. The horse has now just sense enough to be afraid, and tries to fly; but a couple of red-jackets hold and flog it till the swiftly-lowered horns come within striking distance. Then the *picador* digs his lance into the assailant's body, and, although Artillero is getting his blood up and gores the horse again and again,

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repeated spearings drive him off before serious injury is done.

So far the bull has ignored his human foes; but now the horses are led back to their stable and the *banderilleros* force the fighting. Fighting, indeed, is scarcely the word to use; the men are unarmed, nor do weapons seem to be required. Rushing in front of the bull, Antonio waves an old red cape, and the animal rushes blindly at it, though the man himself is completely exposed. Garcia dashes forward while Antonio takes to flight, and José follows suit as soon as the bull has freed its horns from Garcia's cape. So the game goes on for several minutes,—a graceful show, this second act, if only you can forget the brutality of the first. A judging eye and a nimble foot are more than a match for uncalculating force. If one man slips, which scarcely ever happens, another flashes in to the rescue; and the animal never follows up an advantage, never fails to be distracted by the newcomer's flaunting rag. The danger to life or limb is of the slightest.

The Narbonnais, however, have not turned out in their thousands to see a graceful game. It is blood they want, blood and danger. Cries of *Pique*, *Pique*, *Pique*, go up on every side. Jarana, who has been watching the play from a bench or step projecting from the sides of the arena, now picks up a pair of arrow-like darts, the shafts feathered all the way along with coloured paper, and walks boldly towards the bull. The cape-men fall back a little space, but hover around in case of need. The bull lowers his head and rushes at the purple apparition. Jarana holds his weapons aloft till the beast is almost on him, and then with a rapid downward sweep of the arms he drives both darts into the shaggy skin and jumps aside. The barbed arrow-heads stick fast in the flesh, and the crowd is noisily delighted as, smarting with pain and worried by the rustling of the darts, Artillero attempts to shake them off. For a few moments he nervously paws the ground, thereby increasing the pain and irritation, and then dashes in sudden fury into the midst of the footmen. The play of the capes is faster now than before, and the bull is not quite so easily baffled. Again and again he drives his tormentors vaulting out of the ring, and before one headlong charge the men are leaping the fence in all directions like a flight of gaudy grasshoppers. Now is the time for the Spoiled Child, left almost alone in the arena, to show his mettle. The light-blue *matador* and the dark-brown bull rush straight at each other. Down goes the shaggy head; the man pulls up short, steadies himself for a fraction of a second, lets fly his darts, and flashes away to the fence. The maddened bull springs after him, flings himself at the barrier, and nearly gets his forefeet over. Pushed back by a red-jacket in the alley, the beast turns sharply on Jarana, who has come up behind, and hunts him aross the arena. There is not a yard between them when the chase begins,—not a foot when the man bounds up at the fence. His legs are still hanging on the wrong side when the horns drive hard at them. Caught, surely! No, the bull has missed; the aim was too low; and by a desperate jerk to one side the fugitive avoids the second blow and drags his limbs out of danger.

Artillero now loses heart. He can think of nothing but the four barbed instruments tugging at his raw flesh. The *banderilleros* flit round him closer and closer, like the flies round a dying tiger. When the capes flutter right in his face he plunges forward and makes the human insects dodge their cleverest; but nothing can draw him

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on for more than a step or two. The sport drags, and the crowd loses patience. It is time for the final act. The purple champion advances with a sword in one hand and in the other a *muleta*, a stick with a bright red square of silk waving from it. Artillero braces himself for a last effort, and charges at the *muleta*. Jarana leaps from side to side till he sees his chance, and then with a skilful pass drives the sword into the animal's shoulder. The victim staggers to one side of the arena and falls on his knees. The *puntillero* now steps up, drives his dagger into the neck, and cuts the spinal cord. Without a sound the brave Artillero rolls over, limp and dead. A rope is fastened to his horns, and a pair of dray-horses drag him around the ring and out by the gate through which he entered so briskly twenty minutes ago. The victorious swordsman swaggers round the arena too, while the band plays something meant to be lively, and the crowd gives vent to heterogeneous applause. Some enthusiasts fling down at Jarana's feet their caps and canes, and call his attention to the fact till with a bow and a smile he throws the property back; others toss him cigars, which he carries off in his pocket.

"What do you think of it?" asks the friendly Frenchman, looking round at the foreigner with a curious smile.

"Brutal," says the foreigner.

"Well," the Frenchman says, "I really don't approve of it. Yet you see the men are in little danger."

"I wish they were," mutters the Briton.

"Yes? to tell the truth, so do I. The first time I saw a bull-fight there was a man gored to death, and I often find myself wishing,—well, the sport seems tame when nothing of that kind happens."

"I was only thinking it would serve the men right for torturing the other animals," the Briton explains.

"Oh! Well, no doubt it is a little cruel to the bull; but you know he is a fighting animal, and after all it only lasts twenty minutes."

"It's bad enough for the bull; but do you call that wretched horse a fighting animal? It would not be fit to face a dog."

"Ah, there you are right; there I have nothing to say."

"Does this sort of thing go on every Sunday?"

"Yes, every Sunday, and in a dozen towns. I belong to Nîmes. You know the grand Roman amphitheatre there? Well, six or seven years ago that was only a historical monument. But, as we say, *l'organe crée la fonction*. One day an enterprising manager thought he could make a great stroke by re-opening the arena for gladiatorial games. The old-fashioned gladiators were all dead hundreds of years ago; and as for the modern gladiators that you worship in England and America, our people would not like to see men smashing each other with their fists. So the manager advertised a bull-fight instead; and now it is all the rage. The Spanish fighters are the favourites, but plenty of Frenchmen have learned the business already, and their fees are not so high."

"And the law can do nothing?"

"The law does nothing, whatever it can do. Look at this." He pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and pointed to this paragraph:

At Toulouse last Sunday the Commissary who was present at the *course de taureaux* took the greatest pleasure in it. When it was over he hastened to congratulate Litri: "My compliments, *caballero;* you have been superb, and I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again in the *plaza* of Toulouse. Allow me to shake your hand. And now, *maestro*, you will forgive me if I am

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compelled to fulfil the duties, too often painful, of my office; I mean the *procès verbal* that the law demands. It is nothing much,—a pure formality, which will have no unpleasant consequences for you." The *matador* has departed, and the manager will pay the fine. This is ridiculous. If bull-fights are only prohibited as a matter of form, it is useless to leave a law in existence which is broken every Sunday in twelve or fifteen towns of France, under the benevolent eye of authority and presided over by legislators.

The gates re-open and two horsemen appear. One is as evil-looking a Sikes as ever went to the gallows. As a rule the bull-fighting physiognomy is hard enough; but this fellow's features are a picture of villainy. Colon is also an exception, but in the other direction, refined in feature and aristocratic in bearing. But here comes the bull.

"Ah," says the shrill voice of a little boy in a back seat, "the bull is white. What luck! Now we can see the blood!"

The lady on the foreigner's right looks round and smiles, but quickly turns back to fasten her eyes on the figures in the arena. Not a stab will she miss, not a drop of blood; her fascinated gaze follows every movement as keenly as if her soul was at stake; her exclamations of delight at a good stroke and disgust at a bad one are as eager as if her lover was in the ring.

The white bull trots forward and knocks over Sikes's horse; ninepins could hardly be easier. The truculent rider sprawls on his back and roars for someone to pick him up. This is done without risk, for the bull, disdaining to gore a fallen foe, is already attacking the other horse. The first blow of the horns is a heavy one. "*C'est bien!*" says the lady between her clenched teeth; she cares little for this *picador*, at any rate, and less for the horse. The spearsman prevents the next onslaught, and the third, and the fourth, till the bull, with three streams of blood pouring down his side, turns round in search of easier prey. The horse that was knocked over is on his feet again now, but Sikes cannot make him budge a step forward, and it is all the attendants can do to keep him from bolting. The equestrian part of the business, never more than perfunctory with such animals, has become ridiculous, and the *picadors* ride slowly off the scene. There is some delay in opening the gate, and while Sikes is waiting to get out the bull rushes after him and attacks the horse in rear. With a spasm of energy the poor old beast kicks out behind, and for a moment there is a brisk encounter of horns and hoofs. At last the assailant is drawn off by a flourish of mantles, and for ten minutes the *banderilleros* flit hither and thither, the disconcerted bull plunging first a few steps in one direction, then a few steps in another, driving his tormentors over the fence but never catching one. Some of them make a stand while they deliver volleys of *banderillas*, as the paper-feathered darts are called, till the bull has half a dozen of the barbed heads sticking in his flesh and tearing his nerves as he dashes from side to side. The light-blue swordsman bounds in front, and strikes; but only the skin is pierced and the weapon is whirled in the air, while the *muleta* is torn out of the *matador's* hand and trampled in the dust. After a little risky manœuvring, in the course of which a friendly *banderillero* is hissed for helping Colon with a cape, the Spoiled Child makes another thrust. The blow is not strong enough, and the animal carries the sword around, sticking half out of his body,—a ghastly decoration—till he happens to run against the palisade. A red-jacket reaches over, pulls the weapon from the wound and restores

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it to the shamefaced *matador*. A third time Colon advances, and by a supreme effort drives his sword up to the hilt in the enemy's shoulder. Murmurs of discontent change suddenly to rapturous applause. The bull stands dazed and shaking. The light-blue figure walks right up to him, and tries in every possible way to provoke an expiring flash of anger, even kneeling unarmed in bravado before him. It is no use; the senseless body rolls over on the sand, and the *puntillero's* knife is not required.

When the victim has been dragged around in the dust and the cheering has died away, the amiable Frenchman and indignant foreigner take up the thread of their conversation again. But her ladyship on the right, after a contemptuous preliminary sniff, feels that she can no longer leave the defence of her favourite sport to such a lukewarm champion. The only argument that occurs to her is the *tu quoque*, but she plies it for all it is worth.

"You have a game called football, is it not? Yes, I have heard of it. A brave *toreador* told me all about it. He went to Mexico, following his profession, and coming home by New York he visited the arena there. He saw two crowds of men, pretending to run after a ball, knocking one another down and throwing themselves on each other mountains high. Twelve men were wounded that day, and two of them so horribly that they could not play again. Now that is shocking, that is cruel! Bull-fighting is not cruel; it shocks nobody but a——"

In her momentary pause the foreigner saves her from an indiscretion. "Yes," he says, "accidents happen now and then at football, but those who suffer have gone into the game with their eyes open. Here the men seem to be safe enough, but the horses,—and even the bulls——"

Her lip curls scornfully. "Do you not use animals for your sport, then? Do you not keep deer, and hares, and foxes, and pigeons, just to get pleasure by hunting them, though none of them have power to defend themselves? I suppose that is what you call fair play! The *toreador* says you are very fond of fair play."

The foreigner seems a little uneasy, but he is valiantly beginning to reply when the third bull comes pacing in and saves him the trouble. Malatin is brown, like Artillero,—the brown of an American buffalo—and, like each of his predecessors, has a gay rosette pinned on the nape of his neck. He finds three horses in the arena; but one of them turns tail at once, and after a few minutes all three, having covered themselves with shame, are hooted into the outer darkness. The *banderilleros* flit their fastest, for the bull is the liveliest of the afternoon and is bent on mischief. Over the fence they fly in headlong haste, and warily they climb back. Under the cries of *Pique* the lad in blue dashes in among the fluttering capemen, but as often as he poises himself for a throw he is driven to sudden flight. At last he lets the weapons fly, but only one gets home and Malatin speedily shakes it out. The next throw has better luck,—one of the darts sticks firm and fast—and presently Jarana drives in a well-directed pair.

The pace is too hot to last. The fiery Malatin halts, with tongue out, panting hard and bellowing with baffled wrath. Jarana seizes the sword and marches confidently up to the bull; too confidently, as he soon finds out, for there is vigour in the wild beast yet, and with all the champion's nerve he dares not make a stand for victory. A pretty piece of dodging and doubling brings him at last for a moment into the right position, and

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his sword flashes in, but the animal jerks it out and clears the human hornet from his path. The younger swordsman runs in while the elder takes his breath, but slips, and falls on his knee, the weapon burying its point in the sand. Bellowing again, but more with pain than rage, the bull rushes blindly on the waving capes that José and Garcia fling before the fallen *matador*. Colon is on his feet in a twinkling, but Jarana now returns to snatch the final triumph, and this time the sword is driven home. Malatin halts again, looks out bewildered from under his bushy brows, and seems to beg permission to die in peace. Will they let him? No; the game must be prolonged, and so must the anguish. The *banderilleros* torment him still, dashing their capes in his face, and a flickering spark of pugnacity leads him staggering after them across the arena. Now he is sinking,—sinking,—but only to his knees. The tinselled warriors gather round to mock him, while the *puntillero* bends over and plunges the dagger in his neck. Will he not die, then? No, not yet; a second stab, —a third,—a fourth,—and not till the seventh blow does Malatin roll over dead.

The foreigner rises. There are three more bulls to be killed, but torture grows monotonous even when performed by graceful and embroidered executioners. On the great square the Narbonnais, whom that affair of the Minister detained for once from their favourite spectacle, are strolling and gossipping under the trees. Out of town, for several miles the eastward road is alive with gig-driving citizens; and the neighbouring villages swarm with laughing lads and lasses. At last the hum of life is left behind; the crimson twilight glows over the lower slopes of the Pyrenees; the full moon blazes white in a purple sky, and lights the way through endless olive orchards; a blue lagoon, the infant daughter of the Mediterranean Sea, lies sleeping at the foot of a sun-browned slope; and the silences of Nature sweep back the afternoon's excitement to the days of long ago.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

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HOW TRADER JEVONS WAS RESCUED.[1]

(A Story of the Niger Delta.)

On a scorching day in October Major Howard, who ruled over a wide district lying far away among the swampy forests surrounding the Niger creeks, in the name of the British Protectorate held a Court of Justice in the Kanu Consulate. Green lattices shut out the light but not the heat. Through the open doorway the yellow waters of a muddy river could be seen flashing like molten brass in the sun, while a punkah flapped noisily above the mass of naked black humanity which waited the Consul's pleasure.

Major Howard frowned as he glanced at the ebony faces and tattooed limbs of the negro crowd before him, for the temperature was that of an oven, and he was weary of listening to endless charges of wife-stealing, murder, and robbery of oil-canoes.

"It would require the wisdom of Solomon to get at the truth of these stories," he said, turning towards a haggard white man who lounged in a canvas chair.

"I shouldn't try," answered Lieutenant Wayne carelessly. "No one can think in this heat. Adjourn the court until it's cooler, or you'll go down with fever again." Then the speaker shivered violently and beads of cold perspiration stood out upon his forehead, for the grasp of the swamp malaria was upon him.

[1] It will be seen that this story was written before Consul Phillips's disastrous expedition to Benin last year, and the subsequent defeat of the King and capture of the city by the punitive force under Rear-Admiral Rawson.

The Consul raised his hand, and an interpreter slowly droned out a charge of firing on the mail-canoe against a group of naked river-men, while from the broad verandah came the tramp of heavy feet, as the black Yoruba sentries marched to and fro with loaded rifles in their hands.

Presently a tall sergeant entered the building, and behind him followed a negro, whose lighter colour and more regular features showed that a trace of the Arab blood of the North flowed in his veins. "A Haussa this time," said the Lieutenant sharply. "Let him speak, Major; it will be interesting."

The naked chest and arms of the new-comer were torn with thorns and slashed with the saw-edged blades of the plume-grass; his cotton garment hung in ribands about his powerful frame, and he walked stiffly and wearily, as one who had journeyed far in spite of fatigue and hunger.

"Who is this man, Sergeant?" said the Consul.

The negro raising his hand in salute, answered for himself in the vernacular. "I am of the Haussa people, and once served the White Queen in the Lagos bush. My master, the white trader who is lame, lies dying by the swamp of three rivers. The heathen carriers fled, stealing the canoe and much plunder; I would have slain them but that they stole also the cartridges. There is hurry, if you would save him alive; I have travelled fast for days to bring the news."

"This matter shall be seen to; you

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have done well," said the Consul in the tongue of the North. "Take him away, Sergeant, and feed him."

"It's that mad Jevons again," observed Lieutenant Wayne. "Some other insane scheme to get at the Benin ivory, though he knows the King has closed every creek against the white men. It's a wonderful place, Old Benin; full of ivory the niggers say, but only a few Europeans have ever been in it, and they were glad to get out alive. I can't understand how the crazy idiot ever got so far, now all the river-tribes are rising. How are you going to bring him back?"

Major Howard frowned. "Confusion to the traders!" he said. "They are responsible for half the bloodshed that goes on, while we get all the blame. I can do nothing; Charters is away with my launch and all the troops, investigating a report that the river-men are coming down to raid the factories. It's hard to ask you, when you're only a guest and sick too."

Lieutenant Wayne rose wearily to his feet. "I've nothing to do with this district, thank heaven, and my head seems filled with fire instead of blood; but I can't let the poor wretch die in the bush. Tell that sable liar to continue, and I'll start now," he said. Then the two men shook hands, and the Lieutenant went out. Presently a bugle-call awakened the echoes of the cotton-woods; the scream of a steam-whistle followed, and, leaning forward, the Major saw his visitor's white-painted launch churning her way up the muddy stream.

Two days passed, and on the evening of the third, Lieutenant Wayne lay beside the iron tiller, gazing anxiously ahead as the launch steamed through the heart of the shadowy forest. The sun had dipped behind the wall of foliage which hemmed in the muddy stream, leaving the western heavens blazing with orange and saffron, against which the tufted fronds of the tall palms overtopping the cotton-woods stood out black and sharp,—a lace-like tracery of ebony upon a setting of red-gold—while in the lurid, crimson light the water gleamed like a river of blood.

"Be very near now, Sah," said the Haussa.

"About time we were," answered the Lieutenant peevishly. "It will be dark in half an hour; the frogs are beginning already. There's a leopard too," he continued, as a long, dismal howl rang out from the shadowy bush and echoed from palm to palm.

Presently the sunset splendours paled and faded; dense wreaths of white fever-mist spread their ghostly trails across the oily current, and darkness settled down over the rustling palms. At last the Haussa signalled to stop, and the launch was steered against the bank. Wayne stepped cautiously ashore, and crawling along a network of arched roots overhanging measureless depths of evil-smelling, bubbling slime, at last stood upon dry land. Moving slowly forward through the gathering mist he followed the Haussa until the latter pointed with his hand to something glimmering white among the buttress-like roots of a huge cotton-wood. The Lieutenant stopped when his eyes fell upon the little shelter-tent. Everything seemed so unnaturally still, and his nerves were shaken with fever and want of sleep. Then, bracing himself to meet what might be inside, he drew the canvas apart and entered.

"Thank goodness, here's a lamp," he gasped, and striking a match, the smoky, yellow glow shone down upon the shrunken figure of a man lying on a roll of palm-mat, with processions of

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many kinds of creeping things crawling over him. The stranger opened his eyes, and, blinking in the unaccustomed brightness, pushed the matted hair back from his streaming forehead, as Wayne said cheerily: "It's all right now, we'll look after you; you're trader Jevons, I suppose."

"Yes," was the feeble answer, "I'm Jevons. Ten cases of gin, forty pieces of cloth, two tusks,—all gone—where's the headsman's staff?"

"It is foolishness; the fever is upon him," said the Haussa in the vernacular; then, stooping down, he handed the Lieutenant an ebony staff curiously inlaid with ivory and gold, whereat the officer marvelled, for he knew such things were only given as tokens of authority to persons who had dealings with the sable potentates, and by the devices upon it he recognised the insignia of one of the savage Benin chiefs. He knelt down and held his flask to the blackened lips. A faint glow of colour came into the sufferer's hollow cheeks, but he only babbled incoherent nonsense, as the officer, himself too weak with fever, made a vain attempt to raise the wasted form. Then the Haussa gathered his master in his arms like a child, and carefully picking their way they returned on board.

A case of provisions was hastily opened: soup and wine were brought out; and after bathing the sick man's face with vinegar the Lieutenant fed him with a spoon, until the glittering eyes closed and the trader fell peacefully asleep. Then Wayne went on deck, and found the launch steaming slowly through low-lying vapour, out of which the forest rose in black walls on either hand, while a flood of silvery light shone down as the moon swung slowly above the cotton-woods. "Open that throttle; she's only going half-speed," he said, moving forward to the engine-cockpit.

The black artificer, who never ceased to regret the day he left the comfortable Mission launch at Lagos to enter this wild region of bloodshed and pestilence, answered nervously: "No fit to see, Sah; be many snag, Sah."

"I said, open the throttle," repeated the officer sternly, and as the trembling negro gave her every pound of steam and forced the twinkling fires, the launch leaped forward, shivering through every plate to the rapid vibration of her engines. Then Wayne threw himself down beside the tiller, striving to pierce the low-lying mist ahead, and listening to the gurgling wash of the propeller lapping noisily among the reeds ashore. He knew well enough the risk of ripping open the thin plates against a drifting cotton-wood log, or ramming a bank of putrefying ooze; but he also knew that if the river-tribes had news of his passing that way, there would be a flotilla of canoes ready to intercept him coming down. Therefore there was no time to lose.

"Deep water must be this side; it's eddying yonder," he said, and sheered the launch in towards the massy branches of the cotton-woods which rose above the mist overhanging the stream. The next moment he felt a jarring crash, and the launch stopped dead, rolling down until the water washed high about her deck. There was a hoarse shout from the Yorubas crouching forward, and a heavy splash in the muddy stream, followed by a roar of escaping steam as the black engineer, fearing for his boilers, opened the valve. Then the propeller beat hard astern, whirling up the foam, and a dripping Yoruba crawled on board; but the launch stubbornly refused to move; her bows were wedged hard and fast in the mud.

"It's no use," said the Lieutenant; "we can't do anything more till daylight, when we'll jettison something

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and heave her off, for the river's rising fast. Bank up, and close the fire-door, engineer; put every light out; and see to it that no man speaks, or we'll have all our throats cut, if the river-men find us now." Then he went below into the tiny, high-roofed cabin where the heat was almost unendurable, though even that was to be preferred to the mist outside, which brings disease and death to the unfortunate European who breathes it. Veiling the glass towards the river he lighted the swinging lamp and turned to the sick man who feebly stretched out his hand.

"I'm better now," he gasped; "the delirium has gone; you're very kind."

"Never mind that," answered Wayne shortly. "Drink this,—down with it. You're not to talk yourself back into the fever; but if you can explain how you managed to get through those creeks without an expedition, I'd like to hear."

A faint smile flickered in the glittering eyes as the trader spoke again. "You Government men don't know all about the creeks yet, nor the natives either. If it had not been for the fever and those cowardly canoe-men, I'd have come down with a thousand pounds' worth of ivory. Some of the Benin headmen sell a little on the sly, though it travels to the Atlantic through the swamps behind Lekki and Lagos." Here he stopped abruptly, gasping for breath.

"There, there, don't talk any more," said Wayne; "but that game's not worth the candle. There was Johnson found wandering in the swamps—mad; and Thornton never heard of again."

"As I should have been if you had not come," was the answer. "When I got sick the canoe-boys bolted, taking everything they could lay their hands on—but my head's going round—and round," and the adventurer sank slowly back on the locker.

Wayne turned out the light, and, sliding back the scuttle-hatch, looked out into the night. The mist was thinning fast, and already the river lay shimmering and flashing in the radiant moonlight of the tropics, though the launch was wrapped about in the shadow of the bank. Sombre masses of foliage rose up on either hand, and a dense, steamy atmosphere, wherein the fragrance of lily flowers and an odour as of all manner of spices mingled with the sour emanations of rotting vegetation, lay heavily over all. A silence that could be felt, the silence of the African forest, brooded over cotton-wood and river, emphasised, not broken, by the faint, oily gurgle of the water, and the dry rustle of the palm-boughs shivering before an unfelt breeze.

"How this climate gets on one's nerves," said the officer half aloud; "or perhaps it's the fever. There's something in that silence which crushes one's spirits down." Even as he spoke, a Yoruba crawled quietly along the deck and observed, "Bush-man live, Sah."

For some moments the Lieutenant listened eagerly, then the distant stroke of paddles came faintly out of the shadows, drawing nearer and nearer until it was evident that a flotilla of canoes was descending the stream. Swinging himself up on deck the white man called his half-dozen Yorubas together. "If the heathen see us, we must fight hard for our lives," he said in the tongue of the North, "but it may be the river-men will pass. See to it that no man fires without my word." There was a grim murmur in reply, for the Yorubas were fighting men, born and reared in a wild land of midnight foray on the fringe of the Western Soudan. Then the officer knelt silently beneath the shield of the machine-gun in the bows, and the black soldiers clustered

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round, their fingers tightening on the Snider stocks, as the splashing thud of many paddles grew louder and louder. The Lieutenant glanced anxiously about him. The launch still lay wrapped in the black shadow of the cotton-woods, close by the misty bank, while the vapour had drifted away from the farther side of the river, and water and forest lay clear in the moonlight.

Nearer and nearer came the flotilla, until the white man could plainly hear the paddle-hafts grinding against the gunwales of the canoes, and the gurgling beneath the bows as the light craft leaped ahead at each steady stroke. Then he caught his breath, and his hands closed round the crank of the gun as one after another a flotilla of long craft, each hollowed out of a single cotton-wood log, shot round a bend and swept out into the moonlight. He could hear the men breathing hard as they whirled the carved paddles aloft; then, bending forward with a hiss, they dipped the dripping blades together, and the light canoes forged ahead, the yellow water breaking into foam beneath the thrust of the bows. The crews were muscular negroes of great stature and breadth of shoulder, their naked, ebony skin covered with quaint devices in blue tattoo, and their hair knitted up into innumerable plaits; while in the stern of every craft a pile of flintlock guns and keen matchets sparkled and flashed as they caught the rays of the moon.

The Lieutenant felt every nerve quivering and his heart throbbing fast as he waited with set teeth, his hand upon the gun; then he heard a hissing sound as the men drew in a long breath, and the tension slackened, for the canoes held steadily on and passed them by.

"Thank heaven!" he said as the beat of many paddles died away, far down the misty river. "Helpless as we are, I could have made no stand against a crowd like that. I wonder if they're looking for us, or are only on their way to burn the village of a peaceable tribe."

Wrapping himself in a thin waterproof, he leaned back against the hatch, with the mist, which still clung to the swampy bank, slowly drifting past him, and, his head swimming with malaria, kept close watch as the dreary hours went by. All night long there was a noise of paddles as canoe after canoe descended the muddy stream, for the river-men were rising at last, and their light craft stole out from every fever-haunted creek and oozy backwater, to form part of the fleet which afterwards sacked Akassa, and kept three of Her Majesty's gunboats occupied for a time before the storming of Sacrifice Point.

But even the longest night comes to an end at last, and when a faint grey light filtered down and a rosy glow flushed the brightening East, the Lieutenant rose stiffly to his feet, and shaking the drenching dew from him said sharply: "Stir them fire, engineer; hundred pound 'team one time. Yorubas, throw over that coal, and swim off with them rope to tall palm."

Two black soldiers stepped forward; stripping off their *karki* uniform they glanced doubtfully at the thick, turgid water for a moment, and then, seizing the end of a coil of line, sprang out over the rail, while their comrades jettisoned sack after sack of precious coal. Wayne shivered a little as he watched the swimmers; he understood the meaning of that hesitating glance, for he knew that scaly alligators lurked in the ooze below.

By the time the early rays of the sun fell shimmering across the river, lighting up the gloomy forest, all

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was ready. A pulsing jet of steam roared away from the escape-pipe: the Yorubas shouted and yelled as they hauled upon the ropes made fast to the opposite bank; and the propeller whirled and splashed as it churned up the foam astern. The launch shivered and trembled, then stirred a little in her oozy bed, for the rains had begun in the interior and the creeks were rising hour by hour. Presently one of the Yorubas raised a hoarse cry, "River-man come, Sah;" and as he glanced down the stream the Lieutenant's heart stood still, for he saw a fleet of canoes stealing quietly through the patches of drifting mist and stretching from bank to bank. Next moment there was a patter of naked feet, and the black engineer fled by in a panic, ready to dive into the after-locker out of harm's way. The Lieutenant stretched out his arm and caught the man by the collar; in a sudden burst of rage he shook off his weakness and flung him violently back against the boiler-casing. "Stir a foot and I'll kill you," he said. "Sergeant Amadu, put a bullet through him the moment he leaves the cockpit;" and then his voice rang out in the Yoruba tongue: "Courage my children! Show what the men of the North can do—heave!"

The men panted and hauled upon the straining ropes until the veins stood out upon their ebony foreheads, while a long shrill yell of derision and hate rose from the approaching flotilla, and was echoed by a smaller fleet which, having traversed a backwater, was approaching from behind.

The Lieutenant smiled very grimly. "They needn't have taken the trouble," he muttered. "I'm going down that creek with the news, though all the heathen in Africa bar the way." Then his voice rose sharp and clear, for the grasp of the fever loosened before the call of stern necessity, a thing by no means unusual in the swamps; "For your lives—heave!"

The launch shivered again; a low gurgling noise rose from beneath her, and at last she dragged her keel out of the mud and shot away into deep water, safely afloat. It was only just in time, for a chorus of yells, whistles, and hisses rose from the river-men, and the canoes came surging through the water, a short fifty yards away.

"Stand by the machine-gun, Amadu! Every man flat on deck with his rifle! Hard astern, engineer!" The sharp commands rang out clearly, and the black engineer trembled as he obeyed, wishing himself, more devoutly than ever, back again in the snug Mission launch at Lagos. The launch backed away stern first, accelerating her speed as she went, and the tribesmen looked on in amazement; then they whirled their paddles madly lest the prey should fall into the hands of their comrades higher up the river. The Lieutenant, who sat with drawn face, gripping the iron tiller until the knuckles shone white through his yellow skin, started as he felt a touch on his arm, and saw the sick trader lying on the deck behind him, a mere bundle of torn rags and thinly covered bone, cuddling the stock of a Snider in his claw-like hands. "Get below, man—quick! This is no place for you," he said hoarsely.

"Blue tattoo,—circles and dots in relief," the figure replied in a hollow voice; "three cheek-slashes,—I know them well; that's the tribe that killed poor Thornton and stole my rubber; I've a long score to settle;" and the gaunt scarecrow, raising itself on one hand, said something in an unknown tongue at which the Yorubas shouted in grim delight.

"Silence there!" said the Lieutenant sternly, carefully estimating the distance between the launch and

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the approaching canoes. Then his voice rose harsh and cracked: "Full speed ahead, engineer! Wait the word to fire, then hold on all!" The black artificer pulled over the link, the launch slowly stopped and then, gathering way again, swept on faster and faster, straight for the centre of the flotilla, the muddy river roaring apart beneath her bows, while each man held his breath.

There was a great flashing and spluttering of flint-lock guns; the front of the flotilla was veiled in whirling smoke, and a shower of ragged iron screamed by overhead, tearing the awnings to ribands. But, fond as he is of firearms, the West African is a most indifferent marksman, and glancing quickly at the prostrate figures along the deck the Lieutenant saw there was no one touched. The next moment he raised his hand; there was a ringing report, a jarring vibration followed by a rapid crash of firing, and the launch was wrapped about in acrid, blue vapour. Then the roar of the machine-gun ceased, and a choking voice came out of the smoke, "Breach-block jam, Sah."

"The usual nigger trick with a machine-gun; remember Jawtoun," said a voice at the Lieutenant's feet; but the only answer was a wild yell of "Hold on, there—then give it them with the Snider!" and the launch rushed at top speed into the smoke. "You would have it, and by George you shall!" hissed the Lieutenant through his teeth. The next moment there was a crash, a loud rending of timber and snapping of paddles, followed by screams, shouts, and curses, as the launch plunged right into the midst of the canoes, her steel stem crushing in the soft cotton-wood like cardboard, and piling the light craft one over another in a chaos of ruin, while, either by accident or intent, the black engineer had opened the whistle, and a splitting scream shrilled through the pandemonium. But the savage inhabitants of the Niger swamps are not all cowards and swim like fishes; and, as the little vessel sawed her way through the frail barrier, black arms rose from amidst the wreckage, and dripping, naked figures made desperate attempts to climb on board, while the Sniders flashed and hammered, or the brass-bound butts rose and fell like flails, as each man fought hard for his own right hand.

The old savage blood stirred again in the heart of the cowardly engineer, and, forgetting the teaching of the good missionaries at Lagos, he laid about him left and right with the keen edge of a coal-shovel; while the sick trader, lying at full length upon the hatch, fired as fast as he could thrust the cartridges into the hot chamber of his rifle.

How long it all took the Lieutenant could never be sure—perhaps one minute, perhaps two; and then, with her whistle still screaming shrill defiance, the launch was flying down the river, while the yellow waters astern were cumbered with a mass of overturned canoes and swimming heads among which the uninjured craft were frantically paddling. There was blood upon her rail and the awnings were rent and tattered; but though several of the Yorubas were wounded no one was seriously hurt.

"Thank goodness we're through," said the Lieutenant hoarsely, as he wiped the powder-grime from his blackened face. "It's surprising with how little bloodshed you can get up a gorgeous fight, under favourable circumstances. Stop that infernal noise, engineer!" Then he sat down very limply on the hatch, and leaned his throbbing head against an awning-spar, while the sick trader was carried

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below in a state of total collapse. The officer nodded as he saw the feeble form laid upon the lockers, and then, ill as he was himself, crawled down to do what he could for his companion. He was in no way surprised, for the malaria fever is a strange disease, and he had seen men almost at the last gasp do extraordinary things under the influence of excitement.

So, unmolested and free from pursuit, the launch held on her way through the tangled creeks, until she safely reached the Protectorate outpost of Kanu.

There is little more to tell. Soon afterwards a well-armed flotilla churned its way inland through many a winding creek, and for a time the power of the river-tribes was broken, and there was, not peace but a kind of armed neutrality in the land.

Lieutenant Wayne recovered from the malaria, as he had already recovered from previous attacks, and still assists a harrassed Consul in maintaining, or trying to maintain, some kind of order throughout a savage district.

Trader Jevons was taken care of at the Kanu Consulate until he too recovered, when he departed again for some unknown destination, far away among the rotting swamps, in another attempt to open trade with some of the headmen of the King of Benin. Nothing has since been heard of him, and the Protectorate officials shake their heads when questioned about his probable fate. Lieutenant Wayne, however, says that it would take a very wily bushman to circumvent Jevons, and believes he may yet come out of the fever-haunted swamps with precious tusks from Old Benin.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

II.—The Shop.

Behind stretches a wind-swept common with a pond on it, a flock of geese, a cluster of tumbling cottages, and a little inn. In front runs a lane called the street with a prospect of neglected churchyard and the shop itself, a cottage which is not quite a house, or a house which is not quite a cottage, with a couple of windows wherein is no vain display or mean attempt to cheat the rustic into needless purchases. One frontal is indeed exclusively postal, exhibiting a notice to recruits, wholly superfluous remarks on the means to convey parcels to Van Dieman's Land (no one in the village having the slightest connection with Van Dieman's Land or any money to send parcels to it if he had), and pleasantries about the Post Office Savings Bank (saving out of ten shillings a week being so very alluring and likely). The whole window and the wooden box for letters (cleared every day at eleven, says a printed notice proudly,) present indeed a careless, fly-blown appearance, and a nonchalant air of being uncommonly little use to anybody. The other window, which the shop-assistant of nine and a half years "dresses" about once in ten days by throwing into it apparently all such objects as happen to be bursting out the most aggressively from the drawers and cupboards within, is comparatively gay on this autumn Saturday. There are red cotton stays, vast in proportions and blushing, as it were, in a front seat for their own impropriety. There is a violent magenta check, possibly a flannel or a gingham (whatever a gingham may be), rolled very hard and tight on a board, artistically posed in the immediate neighbourhood of the stays, and presumably destined to make every kind of inner or outer garment which a customer requires. Trampling down the check are a pair of boots, rustic boots with vast nails in them, the which if one put on one would put on also (or so one fancies) a heavy taste for adulterated beer, a clod-hopping walk, a great slowness, a little wisdom, a temporary, or Sunday afternoon, belief in the doctrines of Radical tub-thumpers, a normal condition of respect and hair-pulling for the Squire and the Parson, a great fondness for a great number of grubby children, much patience, much silence, much agriculture, and, it may be, a very simple and honest heart. Near the boots is a heterogeneous collection of bull's-eyes, packets of cornflour, cheese, buttonhooks, nankeen trousers, peppermints, and ninepenny umbrellas, the whole bearing witness to the versatility of the little Ben's infant fancy, while some cynic has strung up on high gay cards with inscriptions on them such as *Ask for Tidman's Sea Salt*, *Insist on having Reckett's Blue*, being perfectly aware that, however much one might demand these and the like commodities, there is not the remotest chance of ever getting them.

Old Joe, the proprietor of the shop, is standing at his door this afternoon, very ruddy and wholesome about the cheeks, with his white apron tied about his lean person and a kindly, smiling, toothless old mouth. Very honest, self-respecting, and respectful

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is Joe. He owes no man anything, is not very good at business, taking half an hour to make out a shilling postal order (wrong), never particularly recommends his wares, and sends in his bill for sixpennyworth of sugar, perhaps, to the little lady at the White House after a correct interval and with his very grateful duty, service, and thanks. He looks up the road a little speculatively, but without eagerness. This is, or should be, his busiest afternoon; but with a town only seven miles distant, and the villagers uncommonly sturdy and even shrewd, what can one expect? "The goods is better in them big places," says Joe simply, "through their not a-keeping on 'em years and years same as we do here." He is therefore mildly surprised, as well as mildly pleased, when he descries quite a little crowd with perambulators and children coming slowly up the straight road past the church, and goes within to tell Ben, who is immensely impressed with the importance of his position and wears a white apron (of whose likeness on his chubby person to a pinafore he is fortunately quite unconscious) to "look alive."

Ben is looking very alive indeed with his small head and shoulders just reaching above the high counter when, after a lengthy inspection of the goods in the window, with head first on one side and then on the other and a good deal of consultation in a ripe dialect, a girl separates herself from the group and comes in with a desire for white ribbon. Rather a pretty girl is Polly, two or three and twenty perhaps, with a fine colour on rather high cheek-bones, and uncommonly bright, shrewd, dark eyes. She doesn't think much, being quite candid and pleasant, of the ribbons offered for her inspection. Joe, who has reached up for the boxes with much fumbling and difficulty and not half such a good notion of where they are to be found as the practical Polly herself, says as how it air wonderful (ain't it?) the cheap way they gets them goods up, up town, and as how he *do* hear say that in Lunnon———. Polly fingers the ribbons thoughtfully. She hasn't time to go to the town, she says; she's to be married to-morrow, in fact; a stoopid day, Sunday, but Tuck's that busy (she alludes to her lover always by the surname which will be her own, and regards him with a delightful absence of silly sentimentality), as no other day don't soot. She looks up from the ribbons sometimes through the open shop-door to where she can see him, a stolid and clodhopping person, smoking a pipe remorsefully in the thin sunshine with his back against the rickety churchyard fence and a heavy sense of being expected to wait Polly's pleasure in an east wind now, and from to-morrow in many more bracing and not unwholesome domestic east winds through life. The glance of Polly's pretty eye is even now perfectly brisk, managing, and practical, and one can imagine a future in which she will push the submissive Tuck into some position much superior to his abilities, see to him and his house, his clothes, his money, and his character with the soundest and a not unkindly common sense, take to herself with perfect justice the entire credit of their prosperity, love him in a fashion not so very much the worse for being exclusively practical, and be a clever woman though she can hardly spell her own name or write an intelligible letter to save her life. She is adding up her bill in her own head to her own entire satisfaction, when other customers from the gossiping group outside fill up the narrow shop and claim the fumbling attention of Joe and the dubious arithmetic of Ben.

Yull (a common name in these

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parts), with his old nose very nearly meeting his old chin, wants "two penn'orth o' tea for my ole woman, as'll be that spiteful if it air dusty like the last as I'd be afeared to go back with it." He tastes the tea scientifically between his front teeth, and then shakes his head lugubriously, having been very possibly told by his old woman, who, though bedridden, is like Polly and many other of these East-country women, passing shrewd, that the most effective way of shopping is to test the goods on the spot and evince a mean opinion of them. A girl with her apron over her head, who is the servant perhaps of the little farmer in the forlorn farm near the Vicarage, wants a halfpenny stamp, which it takes old Joe a perturbed ten minutes to hunt out of a broken box containing pins, needles, and a piece of brown Windsor soap, and which, when found, presents the appearance of having been licked and discarded by a great number of previous customers with agricultural fingers. This customer does not notice its defects however. She has simple, anxious eyes as if she were always fearing the inconstancy of that soldier-lover at Gibraltar to whom she will write to-night perhaps with her spluttering pen, her poor clumsy fingers, her unaccustomed spelling, and her frightened heart, and for whose answer she will wait, it may be, for ever. A practical Mary Anne of thirteen, who manages a whole family of small brothers and sisters entirely by slaps, and is devoted to them with the strength of a most obstinate little soul, buys pennyworths of sugar, starch, and rice with the sublime air of a connoisseur, finishing off with a farthing portion of soft soap with which, very likely, she designs to scrub Charlie and Tommy and Susan and Bill in readiness for the coming Sabbath. A village politician sits on a tub of oatmeal and reads extracts for Joe's benefit, of which Joe does not hear a word, out of an elderly local newspaper. A mother, in a shawl and with a careful eye on a perambulator full of infant humanity outside, fingers with great leisureliness and a vague idea of buying something like it in about two years' time, a coarse grey material lying on the counter underneath a very pink Dutch cheese. Everyone buys slowly and without bargaining or keenness. They gossip a good deal comfortably among themselves. That push, turmoil, and hurry which come to all dwellers in great towns is conspicuously absent from these people, who live in lonely cottages on the windy commons or in hamlets scarcely less solitary, and are influenced by the calm of God's works instead of the fever of His creatures.

Joe, indeed, is a little perturbed at times as the shop gets fuller and darker, but his simple patrons help him as Polly did, by making out their own bills, and very likely do not cheat him half so much as he would cheat himself. Once he hobbles over to Ben's side of the shop to give a handful of sticky peppermints to a sticky little boy clutching his mother's forlorn skirt, or to give that mother, who is a wan woman with a very old shawl drawn across her shrunken chest and a lean baby in her arms, the very best and unfairest measure for the poor pence in her hand. Her listless eyes scarcely follow her benefactor perhaps. Her life with a drunken husband, many children, and an uncertain income of twelve shillings a week has crushed her; or at least the hopes and interests, joys, loves, and desires such as she must have had in some far-off youth have not survived her fate. She hushes the fretful baby mechanically under her shawl at length, gathers up her little parcels, shakes Tommy, engrossed with peppermints, to follow her, bids Joe absently good-day, and goes

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out dull, patient, and slipshod into the darkening afternoon. His kindly eyes follow her perhaps for a minute before he turns to some rustic Strephon who wants, and explains the want with much stumbling confusion and colloquialism, a gift to propitiate the hard heart of a coquettish Phyllis. The politician on the tub (who has been there the whole afternoon, has bought nothing, and has no intention of ever buying anything,) jokes the lover in broad East Anglian and with some lack of refinement, which pleasantry so confuses the honest youth that he decides hastily on a pair of drab thread gloves as the meetest offering for his divinity, and escapes with them, red and content.

As the chilly afternoon darkens, Ben, still full of importance and in his white apron, fetches a couple of tallow candles from the parlour behind the shop. Two old gaffers choose some snuff (which still has a fair sale in these benighted places) with their heads together. An old woman buys the last penny stamp in the drawer, and carries it away done up in a grubby and careful newspaper parcel. The shop is almost empty by now. Little Ben goes outside, where the lights from a few cottages are flickering in the darkness and returns to say as there don't seem to be no more folk a-coming, not as he see, and shall we have them shutters up? They have them shutters up accordingly. Ben also has what he miscalls a tidying, which consists of putting the wares one on the top of each other in dark corners and in such a manner that on Monday morning it is usual to discover the hob-nailed boots in the soft soap, or the nankeen trousers decently buried in semolina. Joe locks up the postal drawer containing exactly one soiled postcard and a shilling order, with as much fumbling old care and importance as if it held the revenue. He puts the contents of the general till, with Ben's assistance, into a baize bag, locks the door, lifts up a tallow candle for a last look round and goes into the little back-parlour, where a little fire is burning cheerfully, with the exclamation, "Praise the Lord, Benny, there's trotters for supper!"

The two, not uncompanionable, count out Joe's very little gains over a pleasant meal, Joe saying quite cheerfully that "Them shop carts, as have took to coming round, 'll be the ruin of the village business afore long and for sure," and Ben assenting with a fine air of gravity and importance. Then Joe produces a very old newspaper and Ben a battered book of thrilling adventures. The fire crackles gaily; the odour of pigs' trotters still lingers not unpleasantly in the little parlour with its horsehair sofa and cheery grocers' almanacs. Joe is in Ireland with an enthusiastic and unpunctuated Home Ruler: Ben is in a remarkable desert and much weltering gore; and without, the Shop is left for the while to darkness and oblivion.

S. G. Tallentyre.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BLACK BRUNSWICKER.

My family had an ancient connection with the south of Scotland, and the days of my boyhood were spent in the heart of the wild moorlands and valleys of Galloway, a district of the country which was, in the early part of this century, probably even more remote from the influences of modern civilisation than many parts either of the northern or western Highlands. Indeed it has been an almost unknown land till within comparatively recent times, leading a life of its own, keeping up in a remarkable way the ancient Scottish customs, dispensing an open hospitality to the stranger, but happily altogether free from the daily excursionist and, despite its wildness and beauty, a region as yet undiscovered and unhaunted by the tourist, either British or American. It is true that it holds the scenes of Guy Mannering, but in my time it had not been explored by the modern novelist, with the inevitable accompaniments of cheap tours and gaping crowds to see the newly discovered land, and, in my humble judgment, happily so.

But however that may be, at the age of fifteen I came to Edinburgh, and forthwith proceeded to fall violently in love with a young lady of comparatively tender years, who lived somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. Bernard's Well. This young lady was, not long afterwards,—perhaps in order to cure her of those pronounced ideas of romance which were peculiar to the times, and of the evident symptoms of a foolish attachment—sent off suddenly to school at Dresden, and I never saw her again. But in an access of boyish passion and disappointed hopes I secretly resolved to follow her thither, and, by dint of much planning and persuasion, I at last accomplished my object in so far that I was in the winter of the same year sent by my parents to study in Germany. There, however, my success came to a sad and fateful conclusion, for neither in Dresden nor elsewhere near could she be found; all trace of my fair young friend had vanished, and my love-lorn quest had, perforce, to be abandoned in despair. Yet it was essentially due to her that I became, not many years later, a Black Brunswicker.

It is said that summer storms are short, and I suppose that my passion for the vanished fair one must, in the course of time, have blown itself out, for my next vivid recollection is of being quartered in the house of one Pastor Pessler at Badenhausen in the Hartz Mountains, where I was supposed to lead a quiet, regular, and studious life. He was a good old man, this Pastor, and did his best for me; but he had, fortunately or unfortunately as one may choose to look at it, strong military leanings, with a traditional and absorbing interest in the noble profession of arms. He had himself lived through stirring times, and his father, Captain Pessler, had been killed with the Black Brunswickers at Quatre Bras, when their chief, the Duke Frederick William, "foremost fighting fell." I am afraid, too, that in those days I myself cared more about soldiering than books, while the somewhat awful mysteries of the German grammar were to me

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but a continual source of weariness and irritation. And so it came about that some time between 1830-35 I had given up my studies and had come to live, at the age of eighteen, in the ancient German city of Brunswick, where I was comfortably lodged in the house of a certain Colonel Metzner, a cousin of my friend the Pastor of Badenhausen.

My readers may perhaps remember, for it is matter of history, that the practical founder of the House of Brunswick was Henry the Lion, whose kingdom originally embraced the extensive duchies of Saxony and Bavaria. This Prince, however, had refused to support the Emperor Barbarossa in his quarrels with the Pope, or to join in the wars which the former waged against the Holy See; and in punishment for this offence Henry, somewhere towards the end of the twelfth century, had these duchies taken from him by the Emperor, and was left in the possession only of his ancestral domains of Brunswick and Luneburg. But in 1285 the first Duke of Brunswick was created in the person of Otho, grandson of Henry, who thereafter held Brunswick Luneburg as a feudatory vassal of the Empire. In later times again the principality thus formed came to be divided between the duchy of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, or Brunswick proper, and Brunswick-Luneberg, or Hanover, and in 1754 the city of Brunswick was made the capital of the former duchy under Duke Charles. His successor, Duke Charles William, married Augusta, daughter of George the Third of Great Britain, and thus established those closer and more intimate relations between the little duchy of Brunswick and England, which subsisted for many years after. Another incident of this national association, which it is interesting now to recall, but one of somewhat earlier date, is that in 1756 our own regiment of Scots Greys served under the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick in the seven years' war with France, partaking in the glories of Minden, at which the Duke led the allied armies, and the subsequent liberation of Hanover.

At the great battle of Jena in 1806, Duke Charles William, who commanded the Prussian army, was mortally wounded, at a most critical time, almost towards the close of the fight, when it seemed as if the French were being beaten at every point. The fortunes of the day, however, were changed by a chance bullet, and this born commander died, not many days afterwards, in the arms of the father of my host, Colonel Metzner, in a squalid inn at Ottensen near Altona, to which he had been carried after the battle. Napoleon, victorious in this campaign, was not long in seizing upon the two duchies and adding them under the peace of Tilsit, to the kingdom of Westphalia. Of this kingdom they remained a part until after the defeat of Leipsic, when they were again restored to Duke Frederick William, who, seeking to avenge the death of his father, fell himself at Waterloo, and is immortalised in the famous lines of CHILDE HAROLD. His son, Charles Frederick, was then a minor, and was placed under the guardianship, it is curious to remember, of our own George the Fourth, then Prince Regent,—surely a somewhat strange tutelage!

But such is the irony of fate, many soldiers of the conquered Brunswick duchies went to form part of Napoleon's Grand Army, and so it happened that my old friend, Metzner, and his brother both fought through the disastrous campaign of 1812, including the fatal retreat from Moscow. Many incidents of that campaign, as he told them to me, stand out yet in my memory, so vivid

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was the impression of them made upon my boyish mind at the time,—the toiling over the snow-clad wastes, the cheerless bivouac, the baseless alarms, the hopeless breakdown of artillery-tumbril and commissariat-waggon, the sunken spirit even of the heroic Old Guard of France. One of these incidents was the passage of the Beresina. The bridge was crowded with retreating soldiers, some wounded, all faint, weary, famished with hunger, and almost dead with cold. Metzner was helping his brother, who was wounded in the leg, along as best he could, and was making his way slowly across, when the cry arose, loud and prolonged, "Make way for the Emperor!" and, without further warning, the Imperial escort dashed upon the crowded bridge, trampling a way for themselves, and clearing a passage by the flat of their sabres to right and left! Metzner and his wounded brother, who were near the further end of the bridge, just managed to escape from it in time; but the cowardice and inhumanity of the act made an indelible impression on his mind which years never effaced.

In mourning for their losses at Jena and the death of their Prince, the Brunswick Hussars adopted the famous black uniform, with its light blue facings and its badge of a death's head and cross-bones of silver, by which they have always since been known, and which gained for them, from their French foes, the sobriquet of Les Chasseurs de la Mort. Sombre it undoubtedly was, but striking and effective, especially when seen in the mass; and a brave show they made as the black shakos with the tall plumes moved out from their own city in line of march on a bright morning in spring, or charged across the manœuvre-ground on their Duke's field-days. To many of my readers the uniform is probably most familiar from Millais's well-known and romantic picture of the Black Brunswicker. But it is also interesting to recall the fact that many years before that picture was painted the associations of the regiment, and its sombre garb and crest, would seem to have had their own attractions for Sir Walter Scott. Commenting in a somewhat forcible letter to James Ballantyne upon what he calls "Blackwood's impudent proposal" that he should alter the conclusion of THE BLACK DWARF, Sir Walter says, "Tell him and his co-adjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism,"—which, by the way, Ballantyne, in his transmission and transmutation of the message, renders into the "Death-Head Hussars."

The Brunswick of 1835 was, as became a city of the Guelphs, essentially a German town, and the conditions of life in it then were, like the appearance of the town itself, still almost medieval in some of their aspects. Especially quaint and interesting were its old Gothic churches, its timber-houses of the Renascence with their variegated sides turned towards the street front, and its pleasant promenades along the ancient fortifications of the town, by the August-Thor and the Wenden-Thor, which always formed an attractive resort to us officers and the young *frauleinen* of the city (always carefully escorted) in the long summer evenings.

But to reach Brunswick from England in those days required some patience and implied a certain amount of bodily discomfort, for the passage was from Hull to Hamburg by vessels of but slow speed, small size, and no great sea-going qualities, and thence by a diligence journey of at least two or three days' duration, part of which, over the Luneburg-Heide (Luneburg

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Heath) had no road better than a rough moorland track. Yet it was a pleasant city enough when you got there, the centre of interest being of course the Court life of a small German principality, distinguished by the somewhat rigid etiquette, but open hospitality, of the age. For one other thing it was also particularly celebrated, namely, the excellence of its beer, the special brew invented by a certain Mümme who flourished in the city some time in the fifteenth century; and certainly no beer I ever drank before or since could surpass its fine qualities.

In course of time I made my appearance at Court under the guidance of Colonel Metzner, and was duly presented to the Duke. We had an old family connection with the Court of the Netherlands through the Mackays of Ophemert, a family closely associated with that gallant Scots Brigade which had kept up so well, in the wars of the Low Countries, the fighting qualities and traditions of the race, and whose colours, brought from the Hague, now hang in the historic church of St. Giles in Edinburgh. This, and the influence of my host, may possibly have been of some service to me, or I may, perhaps on other grounds, have made some favourable impression at the Palace; I cannot tell, but at any rate the intimation was conveyed to me, after I had been resident for some little time in Brunswick, that the Duke had been pleased to offer me a commission in the Black Hussars. I at once and gratefully accepted the offer, and soon after joined the regiment, which was then quartered in the city and enjoyed of course a great reputation and an enviable popularity.

My initiation and formal reception took place, I recollect, on the feast of St. Hubert, which was always most solemnly kept, the Duke being much devoted to the chase; and I remember also that one of the most trying ordeals I had ever to undergo was when, at a given signal from the Duke, who presided at the mess, two of the royal servants, dressed in the green livery of the Patron Saint, entered the dining-hall bearing a large double-handled gold cup filled with red wine, which I had to quaff at a draught while they held the cup to my lips! It was a Herculean task, and yet not one to be easily evaded, for the tradition was that the new Brunswicker must receive the generous red wine either *into* him or *over* him! I struggled through it somehow: my initiation was declared complete; and from that day I received from my brother officers the sobriquet of "*Der Schotte* (the Scot)" by which I was always afterwards known in the regiment.

The Black Brunswickers had fallen upon a time of peace when I joined them, but in the preceding quarter of a century they had had enough of fighting and to spare. With Duke Frederick William they had fought for Austria against France in Saxony and Bohemia throughout the war of 1809, and, but fifteen hundred strong all told in horse and foot (for, like the Guides, the regiment was composed of both arms of the Service), had cut their way up from Zwittau through Germany. At Halberstadt and Brunswick they severely defeated, after a fierce fight, the Westphalian troops in the service of France which had been sent by Napoleon to intercept them, and at Bremen they embarked for England. There they were practically joined to the British army for a time, and were sent to do garrison duty in Ireland. But their swords were not long allowed to rust in their scabbards, for very soon again they had sailed for Spain to fight under Wellington, and to add to their battle-

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roll the names of the Peninsula, and, in 1815, of the crowning victory of Waterloo. This connection with the British army was a somewhat curious one, for twenty years after, when I joined them, and they had altogether ceased to serve under the British Crown, all the senior officers were, nevertheless, still receiving half-pay from the Government as carried on the strength of our army.

Our commander in 1839 was Colonel Normann, a gallant soldier, who had, as a subaltern, been through all the fighting of the campaigns of 1809-15, and whose father had been adjutant to Von Ziethen, the famous cavalry general of Frederick the Great. Normann had been severely wounded, and was reported missing after the engagement at Halberstadt, but he had found refuge in a farm-house and been kindly and skilfully treated. On his recovery he made his way to London to rejoin the regiment, and repaired at once to the Duke's headquarters to report himself. On being ushered into the presence of his chief, the latter stared at his officer, whom he had long ago regarded as dead; but the only observation he made was,—"What the devil do you mean by coming here, Normann, when I'll swear I paid for your funeral expenses at Halberstadt!"

Normann had a characteristic story of Frederick the Great, which he had heard from his father. The King had asked Von Ziethen, on one occasion during a campaign, how many men there were fit for service in his division. "Sixteen thousand, your Majesty," answered Ziethen. "How many Protestants?" "I do not know, your Majesty, but I'll ask my adjutant, Normann. He knows everything." The adjutant was accordingly called and saluted, when the King repeated his questions. "Sixteen thousand, your Majesty," was the answer. "How many Protestants?" "Seven thousand, your Majesty." "How many Catholics?" "Three thousand, your Majesty." "What are the rest?" "Nothing, your Majesty." "*What*, nothing? Then we must make them something. See to that, Ziethen!" "Yes, your Majesty." But the gallant Normann really knew as little about it as his chief, only, as he said to his son when telling him the story: "When a King asks you anything, always see that you answer him something, *mein sohn!* Whether it be true or not, is of less consequence."

The Duke in those days dispensed a regal hospitality at his palace in the Schloss Platz, and Court balls, banquets, and State functions were of frequent occurrence. The banquets were always extremely portentous feasts, of long duration and served with almost medieval magnificence; and one had to cultivate a vast capacity in eating and drinking before one could hope to pass creditably through them. The Duke was, however, specially fond of the chase, and many pleasant royal hunting and shooting parties there were, to which some of us Black Brunswickers were always invited. Of course the hunting in the forests around Brunswick was in the good old Teutonic fashion; and the Duke with his personal suite, the courtiers, the royal huntsmen in their green and gold liveries, mounted on stalwart Hanoverian or Belgian weight-carriers and wearing their huge hunting-horns slung behind them, with the stag-hounds of true German breed leashed in couples, their keepers beside them, long hunting-pole in hand and knife at side, made a gallant and imposing show as we left the city on a fresh autumn morning.

But I can remember also a shooting party of another kind. We were in camp on Luneburg Heath in the autumn, and the weather was hot. It was an off-day (most probably, I

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fear, a Sunday), and after breakfast three of my brother officers (all subalterns), Von Becken, the doctor of the regiment, and myself, started out to look for partridges, of which we had seen a few about during our out-post rides over the moorland and rough grass. Von Becken was a good shot, but very portly in person, and ill adapted to rough walking in a hot sun. We had tramped over many acres of ground for several hours without seeing a bird, when suddenly we flushed a covey of partridges within easy range. All of us fired as the birds flew straight from us in a beautiful line. Either four or five birds fell, when Von Becken, hot and perspiring, but fully equal to the occasion, and without a moment's hesitation, shouted out, "My birds, gentlemen! Mark the rest!" and proceeded without delay to put his claim into a practical shape by retrieving them himself, one by one, and deliberately transferring them to his own game-bag, while we all looked on foolish and dumbfounded. We were young and inexperienced in those days, no doubt, but we could not let the good old Æsculapius have his own way altogether, and so we fell back on strategy and said not a word. The time for luncheon had now come, and we were all glad enough to rest and refresh our somewhat exhausted bodies. Dr. Von Becken enjoyed his lunch immensely, and we added several tots of rum (which was then our universal beverage when out soldiering) to his usual allowance. By and by the good Doctor dropped off into a sound slumber, and in a few brief moments of time we had transferred the birds from his game-bag, and filled its emptied space with little grass bundles and other counterfeit presentments of the dead partridges. The *ruse* was completely successful, but I fear that the worthy Frau Von Becken, who was living for the time in the little village near the camp, was long in forgiving us for her disappointment some hours later, for we saw no more partridges that day; while the Doctor looked as black as thunder at us for days to come, being, however, much too wise to noise the story abroad to his own certain discomfiture.

I had several times, during my service, the honour to accompany the Duke as one of his aides-de-camp when on State visits to foreign Courts. Among other latter-day celebrities I met Prince Bismarck in Paris in 1844. He was then, of course, a young man and was attached, if I remember rightly, to the German District-Administration of Aix-la-Chapelle under Count Von Arnim,—most probably, I think, the uncle of that unfortunate Count Harry Von Arnim of whom the world heard much in later times when Bismarck had become the arbiter of German policy and the virtual dictator of the nation. At the time of which I write, however, he was but an undistinguished Referendar, but of marvellous physique, much given to foreign society, and pronounced, it is said, by the Duke of Cleveland to be "quite an Englishman." However that may be I grieve to say that my most vivid recollection of the great Prussian statesman and empire-maker of after years is that his favourite drink, which he then seemed to consume in fairly liberal quantities, was a curious compound made up of porter and champagne. When I saw him next, thirty or more years later, at his favourite Kissingen, what a change had taken place in his position and in the Germany which I had known!

In 1846 we were on service on the borders of Holstein during the troubles in the duchy between the North German States, Austria and Denmark, which culminated in the insurrection of 1848. There was, however, little

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or no fighting to be done, and ere many months had passed the regiment was once more quartered in Brunswick, when I resigned my commission, family affairs obliging me to return to Scotland.

But 1848 came and found me again in Germany. It was a time of revolutions everywhere, and on a certain morning we awoke to find that one had taken place in Brunswick. I heard two shots fired in quick succession and a great commotion in the streets, and hurrying out found that, the Duke and his sons having left for Blankenburg in the Hartz Mountains some days before, taking the Black Brunswickers with him, the citizens had suddenly risen. The town was in their possession, and they had already formed a provisional government; but it was evident that there was to be more talk and excitement in it all than real business, and that the citizens were already more than half afraid of what they had done. However they passed regulations for the public safety, took over the military duties, and mounted the city guards.

One of the leaders was a certain Baeneker, a Court butcher, whose father had been a distinguished non-commissioned officer in the regiment. Baeneker *fils* was enormously fat, good-humoured, especially fond of his native beer, and a great favourite with everyone in the city. Now it so happened that one of the chief duties imposed by the Provisional Government upon the citizens was that of mounting the guards, and it was decreed that anyone appointed to this duty who left his post, except when relieved, should forthwith be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, should be shot. Very early during the Revolution it came to Baeneker's turn to perform this duty. In order to save trouble it had been the custom during that and the previous day to leave a musket in the sentry-box, and also one of the bear-skin shakos which formed part of the uniform adopted by the citizen soldiers. But alas, when Baeneker arrived to do his turn of duty he found, to his dismay, that he could not, by reason of his size and weight, get into the sentry-box! So being somewhat hot and thirsty, and of an easy-going disposition, he betook himself, without more ado, to the nearest *Bier-Keller*, there to enjoy himself until his time of guard-duty should be up. Meantime the relieving guard appeared and no Baeneker was to be found. A search was made, the unfortunate Hof-Fleischer was arrested, and next day he was tried by court-martial for desertion of duty. The court, however, taking a lenient view of his offence in the circumstances, which were fully explained to them, only imposed a fine. At the same time, in order to keep within the letter of the citizens' law, they formally decreed that if the fine were not paid within twenty-four hours Baeneker should be shot. But Baeneker stoutly declared that he would pay no fine and would rather be shot, for how could he do sentry-duty when he could not get into their wretched little sentry-box? Here was a dilemma! To carry out the full penalty of the law against a leader of the Revolution, and so popular a leader, was impossible. "What, shoot Baeneker? Never!" and so the Court-butcher was set free. But it killed the Revolution, and the citizens soon begged to have the Duke and the Princes back again from Blankenburg, and to see the black uniforms once more in Brunswick.

But changes came upon Brunswick and its dynasty, and among others the famous Black Hussars have now been transformed into Prussian Dragoons, and have exchanged their sable

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uniform, and the shako with its silver crest, for the all-prevailing Prussian blue and the helmet of black leather. Only the riflemen of the regiment were allowed to retain the old uniform, and the whole now forms part of the tenth corps of the great German army.

One result of my joining the Black Brunswickers was that I learned to speak the language like a native-born Teuton. And yet that facility in the German tongue has, upon occasion, had its drawbacks. During the war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia, wishing to see something of the fighting, I found myself on the borders of Moravia and Silesia in company with an old brother-officer. From thence we moved into Bohemia, and having passes from General Steinmetz we had witnessed the fighting at Trautenau on the 27th of June. That night we found quarters for ourselves in a small village on the right flank of the Prussian army-corps which had been engaged all day with General Gablenz and had finally been repulsed, but for whom considerable reinforcements were now fortunately coming up. Next morning early I rode out alone to see whether I could make out the Austrian position, but mistaking my way I suddenly heard a challenge, a couple of bullets ploughed up the dust beneath my horse, and before I had quite realised my danger, or could effect an escape, I found myself a prisoner in the hands of an Austrian patrol. It was in vain that I explained in my best German that I was a non-combatant officer and merely a spectator of the war. The officer in command gruffly told me that he must arrest me as a Hanoverian spy. To General Gablenz's headquarters therefore I had perforce to go. But I missed, through my own stupidity, seeing the battle which that day waged round Soor, and ended in the defeat of the Austrians; and I endured a considerable amount of trouble, hardship, and even danger, before I was set at liberty again and enabled once more to plant my feet on the soil of old Scotland. Among other experiences as a prisoner of war, I travelled one day, on my way to the frontier, in an ammunition-train, part of which blew up.

The days when Scottish gentlemen, for love of the noble profession of arms, served abroad in the armies of other nations, are now for ever gone, and we may not perhaps regret it. But the Archers of the Scottish Guard of the Kings of France (the famous Le Garde du Corps Ecossais) the Scottish soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, the staunch infantry of the Scots Brigade in Holland, have added nothing but lustre to the military annals of their country. I cannot, I am afraid, pretend that my own service with the Black Brunswickers has added any such lustre, even in a minute degree, for apart from other considerations we had few opportunities of distinction or of glory in those later and more peaceful days; but it is somewhat curious to note that, so far as I have been able to discover, no other Scottish gentleman had up to my time held a commission in that famous corps.

When I last saw my old regiment it was in Metz, not long after the surrender of Bazaine; and I messed with them then within that great fortress. I am not now likely to see it again, but I keep laid up in a drawer, with pleasant recollections of Les Chasseurs de la Mort, the black tunic with the light blue facings, and the shako with the badge of death, and some day, I suppose, I shall fitly wear the former again.

J. A. S. M.

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MIRABEAU IN LONDON.

THE year 1784 is an important date in our political annals. It saw the triumph of Pitt and the hopeless defeat at the polls of the Fox and North coalition. "Fox's martyrs" had lost one hundred and sixty-four seats and the long era of Tory rule had commenced; but the Toryism of Pitt's early years is not to be recognised in the Toryism of Liverpool and Eldon. Reform, correction of abuses, and sound finance were the promise of the future, and they were all sorely needed. The humiliating Peace of Paris had a few months earlier closed a disastrous war. We had lost half our Colonial Empire. A second Pitt was now called upon to reinstate his country in, at least, as lofty a position as that to which his father had raised her. A more interesting juncture could not have been chosen for the visit of a foreigner, himself a political genius, dowered with the highest gifts of statesmanship, though the possession of them was as yet hardly known to himself and not at all to the world at large. It was exactly at this point in our national life that Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, set foot on our shores and, owing to one of the strange hazards of his strange career, passed six months with us. It would be interesting to trace the evolution in this sagacious intellect of the political ideas which may have been planted there while he was in England. This, however, would furnish enough material for a separate study; but the incident itself, the habits of the man, his friends, his letters, and adventures during that six months give so accurate a presentment of his whole character, of his faults and of his genius, that the stray records when collected and set down help one to understand better the sins, the failures, and the triumphs of his life.

School-boy friendships have often influenced men's lives, and the fact that Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto sent two sons, Gilbert, the eldest, and Hugh, to school in France, was the cause of our shores receiving so illustrious a guest as Mirabeau. Of these young men, Gilbert held many public offices, becoming finally Governor General of India, and Hugh, after filling diplomatic posts at Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Paris, Dresden, and Naples was made Governor of Madras. The school chosen was kept by a certain Abbé Choquard. The boys were all the sons of French noblemen, and, before the arrival of the young Scotchmen, the worthy Abbé called his pupils together and gave them a very sensible exhortation as to their behaviour towards the newcomers. Among the reasons which he gave, above and beyond the ordinary rules of courtesy prevailing among gentlemen, was this, that, as war prevailed every few years between France and England, it might be the lot of some among them to find themselves prisoners in England and it would then be well for them to have friends on the other side of the Channel. Probably the natural generosity of French gentlemen, and not a nice calculation of this nature, secured the boys an enthusiastic welcome. According to David Hume,

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who went to see them while there, they were the favourites of the whole school; and among their chosen companions was young Mirabeau, who became Gilbert Elliot's closest friend. When they parted they took very different roads; Elliot followed the usual course of the steady-going Scotchman of good family and means with a taste for politics; Mirabeau plunged, perhaps as much owing to his father's fault as his own, into the wild career of licence which obscured, until the last two years of his life, his profound political genius. They did not meet again until November, 1784. Earlier in that year Mirabeau had undertaken his suit before the Parlement of Aix for the restitution of conjugal rights with his wife, whose society indeed he had seemed to value but little when it was open to him. His marvellous powers of oratory had been then for the first time made clear to the world, and had almost succeeded in wresting his Eurydice from the judicial gods against her will. But certain indiscretions in his pleading had ruined his chance, and he then commenced an appeal in Paris.

About this time Elliot, having perhaps heard some rumours about the pecuniary straits of his old schoolfellow, applied for information about him to Brissot, a French journalist whose acquaintance he had made in England, afterwards the Republican theorist of the Legislative Assembly, and intimated that he might be instrumental in procuring some employment for Mirabeau in the diplomatic service. To this offer Mirabeau eagerly responded. France had been a harsh mother to him; he had made acquaintance at his father's instigation with the interior of most of her more famous prisons and he suspected, with what foundation it is not easy to say, that at that particular time another *lettre de cachet* would shortly consign him to the Bastille. He was therefore ready enough to try his luck in England in some regular employment; at present his pen was his only means of subsistence. Elliot's reply showed that he had cooled down considerably since he had first issued his invitation. The tale of Mirabeau's indiscretions had probably been told in England, or some rumour of them had reached Elliot's ear, and they did not need the exaggerations usually added by repetition to render them startling to a sober, highly respectable, and rising politician. But Mirabeau's situation in France was sufficiently precarious to lead him to take the chance of any welcome he might meet with in England. In the month of August, 1784, he crossed the Channel and seems, from his own account, to have had but a poor passage. He did not come alone. Some months before he had made the acquaintance of a lady, who perhaps, alone among those with whom his name has been associated, would have been able, had they met in earlier years, to have saved him from himself and preserved his life for France. Madame de Nehra, whose name was an anagram of her father's, was the daughter of the diplomatist, William von Haren, who had been the ambassador of the Dutch Republic in Brussels. When she first met Mirabeau in Paris it was at the house of a common friend. She was far from fascinated at her first interview with the man with whom her name will be for ever linked.[1] "His face," she wrote afterwards, "displeased me immensely. I shrank from him with horror. I have since noticed that I am not the only one who, after having received this unfavourable impression, has not only become accustomed to his face, but has ended by finding that his features

[1] ESQUISSES HISTORIQUES ET LITTERAIRES; by Louis de Loménie. Paris, 1879.

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suited the tone of his mind. His countenance was full of expression, his mouth charming and his smile full of grace." Indeed he was one of those men who fascinate by conversation, not by looks; and he might have boasted with Wilkes that, with a quarter of an hour's start, he could beat the handsomest man in London.

It was no merely vulgar desire of intrigue that drew together this strangely matched couple; strangely matched, if to be totally unlike in character and gifts were not often the passport to happy unions. Madame de Nehra was one of those fair women of equable temper who are the exact antitheses of fiery ebullient natures like Mirabeau's. She was graceful and gentle, endowed with every gift necessary to conduct a peaceable household in decency and order. It was a mystery to many of his friends how a woman with all the tastes for quiet domesticity could have consented to share her lot, and to share it irregularly, with a man whose every instinct would have seemed likely to jar upon her. Her own account of the matter, written in after years, would give us to understand that it was pity, and pity only, that induced her to fly with him to Holland, whither they went first. It was only a counterpart to similar tales, sometimes more tragic. Mirabeau's strange adventures and the treatment he had received from his family were enough to interest her, especially when one remembers that, bad as his reputation was from our point of view, it was truly said of him, "M. de Mirabeau has never out of pure levity destroyed a woman's character, not even those against whom he had cause of complaint." His immoralities had been startling enough to any well regulated mind, but they lacked the unpardonable baseness which is to be found in some sinners who suffer less. If we are to believe Madame de Nehra (and the reports of contemporaries would lead us to conclude that her account was a true one), it was a half maternal and protective interest that first influenced her. "I came to love him," she wrote, "more tenderly afterwards; I preferred him to all other men, but I was not in love with him. I dared to believe that I was the woman his heart needed; I hoped sometimes to calm the outbursts of his too fiery imagination; but the determining influence was his misfortune. At that moment everything had combined against him; relatives, friends, fortune, all had given him up. I alone remained to him, and I wished to stand to him in place of all." Her whole history shows that this was no mere sophistry to justify culpable indulgence, and it is difficult to avoid feeling some admiration for the woman who was ready to take the step she did for these reasons. Mirabeau knew what he owed her in his better moments. "I swear to you," he wrote to Chamfort, "with all the sincerity of my heart that I am not worthy of her, and that that heart is of a higher order than most by its tenderness, its delicacy, and its kindness." His friends bear out his testimony. "Those who knew her," writes Dumont in his invaluable SOUVENIRS DE MIRABEAU, "never forgave Mirabeau for having abandoned this interesting woman." Sir Gilbert Elliot paid a visit to them in November and wrote to his wife on November 19th: "I have been all this morning with Mirabeau whom I found as little altered either in looks or manner as possible in twenty years. He is an ardent friend and, I believe, a sincere one, and I confess I have great pleasure in seeing him again. His present dependence is on his pen. He is a very eloquent writer, but an English pen is but a bad provider in London, and the best French one must

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be still worse. The lady is not his wife, but not the less a modest, gentle, and virtuous woman. She has the merit of fidelity to one of the ugliest and most unfortunate dogs in Europe; and being a gentlewoman has not the manners of her condition, which, if Mirabeau is to be trusted, is, however, as good and as sacred a marriage as any formality could make it. Mirabeau was married young to a great match, but has been long legally separated from his wife, though the French purity on these points does not allow another marriage." To his brother Hugh he wrote more fully and gave a more exact picture of their old friend. "Mirabeau, though considerably ripened in abilities, is as overbearing in his conversation, as awkward in his graces, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, and withal as perfectly *suffisant*, as we remember him twenty years ago at school. I loved him then, however, and so did you, though, as he confesses, you sometimes quarrelled with him, being always somewhat less patient in admitting extreme pretensions than I." Shortly after this Elliot left London for Bath, where his family were residing, and he took Mirabeau with him. The impression this fiery personality made upon a prim Scotch household may be imagined. "He made such hearty love to Harriet [Lady Elliot's sister] whom he had little doubt of subduing in a week, and so totally silenced my John Bull wife, who understands a Frenchman no better than Molly housemaid, and so scared my little boy by caressing him, so completely disposed of me from breakfast to supper, and so astonished all our friends, that I could hardly keep the peace in his favour." Some months later he proposed to join the Elliots at Minto, but Lady Elliot insisted that, if he did, two rooms should be prepared for him at the gamekeeper's, as no power on earth should induce her to admit him under her roof.

In spite of his extravagance of language and behaviour Mirabeau both felt, and attracted, strong friendships; it is the prerogative of great men to do so. For Elliot he had a sincere attachment, which showed itself once in a somewhat ridiculous light, for his vivid imagination played him at times strange tricks. In a letter written by him to Madame de Nehra in February, 1785, after that lady had left for Paris to try to make his peace with the Minister, occurs a graphic description of a panic in London over an outbreak of fever. "They have posted sentries at the hospital, and are talking of walling up the wards and of drawing a cordon round it of troops. It did not need as much as that to put the town in a panic, and especially to set the criminal classes to work. I have had, as you see, a pretext for following you at once, but, besides the fact that the plague is in my opinion not the greatest of dangers by any means, how can one desert the country on which so terrible a calamity has descended? I know that, being neither a public man, nor an Englishman, I could have excused myself from regarding Great Britain as the post of duty, although Fortune has placed me there at such a moment. But I am afraid that that would be an evasion rather than a sound argument. I am not an Englishman, but I am a man, and everyone who does not lose his head is a public man in the days of public calamities. Besides, Elliot is so truly a brother to me, I owe him a devotion so complete and tender, and he would find himself in such terrible embarrassment the only man of his family, burdened with women and children, that I should not have

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the courage to abandon him." What was the occasion for this fine rhetorical outburst, this grand self-devotion for the sake of his friend? We should imagine that some awful pestilence was sweeping off Londoners by hundreds. The annals of the day record nothing of the kind, but there is a passage in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for March 6th, 1785, which may indicate the very slender foundation on which Mirabeau's imaginative powers reared the superstructure of his heroic determination. "The Metropolis having been disturbed with a report of the plague having been in the Lock Hospital, owing to a putrid fever having seized some of the inhabitants, the following notice will serve to show the pains taken by the committee to undeceive the public. '*Lock Hospital, March 4th*, 1875. Whereas a report prevails that there is an infectious disease now raging in the hospital, this is to assure the public that every person in the hospital both servants and *patients*, are in *perfect* health.'"[1] The vivid picture drawn for Madame de Nehra of Elliot, the only man amid a terrified family of women and children, in a plague-stricken city, had its origin in this report. No one who knows anything of Mirabeau's character will for a moment believe that he was consciously penning a falsehood; but the whole story is so curiously illustrative of his fiery imagination, as well as his magnanimity, that it is worth recording, and it is beyond doubt that, if the pestilence had in very fact been stalking abroad, Mirabeau would have remained at the side of his friend.

It was indeed impossible for him to avoid exaggeration, in his actions as well as in his writings. It is very doubtful, for instance, if he was actually in such abject poverty while in London as might be inferred from his own statements. This is a matter on which an interesting light is cast by one of his compatriots who was here at the time. It need hardly be said that all Frenchmen resident in London were not fugitives from justice or their creditors. The intercourse between England and France was far more intimate then than it is to-day, as the Anglomania that prevailed shortly before the Revolution proves; and in the earlier days of the great upheaval itself Paris was crowded with English visitors. Society in each city was smaller, and an introduction on either side opened the doors at once to most good houses. Among the young Frenchmen who paid us a visit about this time was a medical student named Des Genettes, who was afterwards attached to Buonaparte's Egyptian expedition, became a baron and a leading figure in Parisian society. He left numerous works behind him, principally medical, but among them is a volume of SOUVENIRS published only under initials. Having come to London to study medicine, or, rather to complete his medical course, the schools of Paris being then under a cloud, he first met Mirabeau at a friend's house. "I saw," he writes, "a man remarkable for his athletic form, the expression of his face, and the elegance and volubility of his language. He was speaking of Louis XV.: 'I have chastised that Sardanapalus in a few words and in the style of Tacitus in my work on LETTRES DE CACHET.' I saw then that I was before Mirabeau." A few evenings later he was in the stalls at the opera near to Mirabeau, whose attention someone was trying to attract. The young man pointed this out to the Count, and a conversation followed between them during which Mirabeau poured forth a stream

[1] Quoted in vol. i. of Lord Minto's LIFE AND LETTERS.

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of information, mostly inaccurate, on medical matters. Des Genettes was invited to pay him a visit, and was delighted with Madame de Nehra, who was alone. Her simplicity, which was her greatest charm, struck him as it had struck Elliot. They seem then to have been living in a very pleasant lodging looking over St. James's Park, it is to be presumed in Bird-Cage Walk. Mirabeau entered soon after, and at once began with his usual expansiveness to discuss his situation with this young man whom he had only met once before. "I have nothing," he cried, "but my pen. One must live, and if it is possible add some little pleasure to the dull life of this adorable friend!" and he then threw himself into her arms. In the midst of this affecting scene a publisher was announced and, after some talk with Mirabeau, departed, leaving some bank-notes on the mantelpiece. "The Count took them with indifference and handed them over to Madame, whose heart appeared to beat high with joy." She introduced what order she could into the terrible confusion of the Count's finances, but, as she tells us herself, her efforts were of little avail. The gratitude of her lover would continually express itself in charming little presents, and the money for these she had to find out of that put by for household expenses.

Des Genettes continued to see a good deal of this odd *ménage* during its residence at St. James's Park, and was present on one or two occasions which furnished material for scandal to the London gossips. It appears that Mirabeau had as a valet a young man named Hardy, whose life was anything but an easy one with so tempestuous a master. One day he came to Des Genettes's lodgings, poured forth his woes, and implored protection. According to his own story he was originally engaged by the Count as a secretary, "led away by his infernal wit which beats anything I ever knew, and by his promises, for he promised me the wealth of Peru." Not contented with putting him to menial offices his master (according to Hardy's account) never paid him any wages and beat him when he asked for them. Des Genettes went back with the young man to Mirabeau's lodging to try and calm the storm which was still raging when he arrived. Madame de Nehra did her best to soothe the Count, though for a long time "his voice could be heard growling like distant thunder." This scene was a precursor of worse ones. A few days later Des Genettes found a terrible uproar in progress. The valet had been unmercifully knocked about, and had been rescued by a gigantic fencing-master who lived on the upper floor and was holding aloft the struggling Mirabeau "like Hercules overcoming Antæus." The valet went off to the Westminster Police Court to lay an information, and a few days later Mirabeau made his appearance before the magistrate. Des Genettes, with a discretion to which he probably owed his success in life, refused to give evidence for either party, but was present at the hearing. Lord Peterborough, and some others of Mirabeau's friends, were also in court. There seems to have been some justification for a suspicion on their part that the valet had been paid by Mirabeau's enemies to lay a trap for him; if it was so, he fell an easy victim for, after Hardy had stated his plaint, Mirabeau accused him of "culpable indiscretions" and "making away with his linen." "I never knew you to have more than six shirts," replied the young man, which repartee hugely delighted the crowded court. Mirabeau then swore his information and

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the young man was about to be committed for trial when Lord Peterborough pointed out to Mirabeau the danger of commencing these criminal proceedings without evidences of Hardy's guilt, of which there was no proof forthcoming. Mirabeau was convinced and implored the magistrate to allow him to retract his oath, made when he was "drawn on by a vivacity, the effects of which I often have to regret." Hardy agreed to allow it if the Count would admit his brutal conduct and pay all he owed him. Mirabeau probably owed his escape from the consequences of his ill-considered action to the good relations he had established with the magistrate whom he complimented on his French. "I do not flatter myself," said the magistrate, evidently delighted with the Count's politeness, "that I speak French like you, but like nearly all well educated gentlemen who have travelled on the Continent. I have only said three words in English, those of the oath. The national dignity demands that our enquiries and judgments should be expressed in English." "A great uproar in court followed the unexpected termination of this most scandalous business;" this was all Des Genettes knew about it, but the magistrate probably found that the case had to go for trial, for in THE WEEKLY REGISTER for February 28th, 1785, there is a full report of the appearance of Hardy before Justices Gould, Perryn, and Buller at the Old Bailey. Sir Gilbert Elliot appeared for Mirabeau and explained the circumstances, which seem to have been somewhat different in reality from the version given by Des Genettes. Mirabeau, having applied for a warrant against Hardy first, and the latter having retaliated by summoning the Count for his wages, the latter wished now to withdraw the case against Hardy. He (Elliot) had known Mirabeau from his childhood and had as thorough a reliance on his honour as on his own. Justice Buller, in directing an acquittal, said that "nothing had appeared which could warrant the slightest imputation on the character or honour of the Count, and that he did himself great credit by the candid manner in which he had dropped it." Knowing what one does of human nature, it is not perhaps surprising, but it is disappointing, to find Buller,[1] who was at all events a good lawyer, giving out at London dinner-tables in 1790, that "Mirabeau had had the villainy, because his servant demanded his wages, to charge him with a felony, for which there was so little foundation that it was proved in the trial that he never had so many shirts as he had accused his servant of stealing." Little men delight in publishing any chance encounter with great ones and, if to the discredit of the latter, perhaps find accuracy is no great sacrifice to make to their own vanity.[2]

In the middle of November the Mirabeau household seems to have migrated to Portland Place, according to Des Genettes into vast and sumptuous apartments: "I found the Count giving almost diplomatic audiences such as an ambassador or a minister might give." Des Genettes thought Madame de Nehra had lost the simplicity which formed one of the chief attractions of her character. In the midst of her adorers was the most fashionable doctor in London; he had on a "waistcoat of cloth of gold, a black velvet coat and wore lace ruffles. He was a perfect coxcomb, witty, good style and well read. [Who can this

[1] Romilly's MEMOIRS OF HIS OWN LIFE, vol. i.

[2] Hardy afterwards went to France and wrote an atrociously libellous account of Mirabeau's life in England.

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have been?] I found the time for my retreat had come and I made it with courage." The refusal of Des Genettes to give evidence was probably the cause of the coolness, and we must remember that he too was a doctor. Mirabeau evidently had some acquaintance with London doctors; we find him lamenting over their high charges in one of his letters, "It is paying a high price for the loss of one's peace of mind." Whatever the cause, there seems no doubt that circumstances had improved for Mirabeau and his friend. Des Genettes puts this down to the fact that he was being generously rewarded by the Dutch Government for writing up their case regarding the proposal of the Emperor Joseph for throwing open the Scheldt. That monarch, inspired by the conviction of his own good intentions, was, as usual, making his way towards his purpose in absolute disregard of all promises and treaties. Ever since 1648 the Scheldt had been closed beyond the bounds of Holland to the ships of all nations, save those of the United Provinces, thereby of course leaving the trade of Antwerp and the Austrian provinces in Dutch hands alone. It is strange to see Mirabeau on this occasion writing against freedom, and it is difficult to explain his action by any other theory than that he was handsomely paid for doing so. This was Linguet's story, but then he was living in Brussels at the time, and as vigorously engaged on Joseph's side.

It is perhaps doubtful whether Mirabeau was in reality paid heavily for his pamphlet, and he certainly denied it himself. He seems to have been inspired rather with the idea that there was at that time a deliberate attempt being made by the Northern Powers to subjugate the Southern, and he afterwards expressed great satisfaction that the policy pursued by Pitt and the Triple Alliance supported the views which he had maintained. According to his own account Champguyon, a publisher of Amsterdam proposed the work to him; and it is quite as likely that Mirabeau's own gift of statesmanship, which made him regard all questions from the statesman's point of view, forbade him to welcome any policy which was directed towards the highest ends if it was to attain its purpose by the rupture of obligations and at the risk of a sanguinary war. The consummate skill with which he conducted French foreign policy in 1790, when Montmorins was acting under his direction, is sufficient proof of this. On the other hand he was no purist in money affairs; when in distress he did not know how to curtail the least of his personal pleasures, and self-restraint he never at any time practised. When in later years he was receiving the money of the French Court, legitimate pay for splendid services, he was not contented to live in greater comfort, but must needs plunge into the wildest extravagance and flaunt his newly-acquired wealth in the eyes of the Parisians. A small surplus over what was required at the moment made him lavish. It is not easy to understand exactly how he lived as he did in London. He did not write much while there; but among his literary efforts was a sermon penned for a refugee Genevese pastor, in which the doctrines of orthodoxy are expounded with as fervid and convincing an eloquence as those of liberty were by the author at a later period. He also projected a work to instruct us in the elements of political economy. "We must also," he writes to Chamfort, "initiate these gentlemen into those sane ideas of political economy which they have hitherto treated only as empty speculations." This was nearly ten

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years after the publication of THE WEALTH OF NATIONS! At one time he is said to have been agent for a French wine-merchant; but to the present age such an occupation would be held in no way incongruous with the possession of the proudest name, if one may judge from circulars on one's table. Elliot doubtless advanced him money, and also introduced him to some of the leading spirits among the Whigs. He became intimate with Lord Landsdowne and, according to a letter from Burke to the Abbé Maury,[1] he had visited the former at his place at Beaconsfield. But the man of whom he saw most was the high-minded Romilly. His opinion of Mirabeau should be recorded and set against the squalid or ridiculous pictures drawn of this period of his career by some of his countrymen. Romilly was introduced to him by Elliot and undertook to translate for him into English a work he had written on an American society called the Order of Cincinnatus, now forgotten. "I had," writes Romilly (in his MEMOIRS) "such frequent opportunities of seeing him at this time, and afterwards at a much more important period of his life, that I think his character was well known to me. I doubt it has been as well known to the world, and I am convinced that great injustice has been done him. His vanity was indeed excessive, but I have no doubt that in his public conduct, as well as in his writings, he was desirous of doing good, that his ambition was of the noblest kind, and that he proposed to himself the noblest ends. . . . A mode of refuting his works, open to the basest and vilest of mankind, was to represent him as a monster of vice and profligacy. . . . Mirabeau's indifference as to the enemies he made was shown in various instances during his residence in England. He attacked Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, and he arraigned the Court of King's Bench for its judgment in the case of the Dean of St. Asaph." Mirabeau was the means of introducing Romilly to Lord Lansdowne, filling that nobleman's ears with his praises, and imploring him to find his friend a seat in Parliament, on which stage alone his great abilities might have full scope. "In all this," says Romilly, "he was actuated by the most disinterested motives, and by the purest friendship for me."

There is on record another strange instance of Mirabeau's fertility of imagination worthy to rank with that already related regarding the supposed pestilence in London. A letter is published in Romilly's MEMOIRS giving an account of a heated dispute with Gibbon at Lord Lansdowne's table. The letter bears date March 8th, 1785. "You must know my dear friend," writes Mirabeau, "that I am become so philosophical, so rational, and so indifferent, that such a speedy and complete conversion is positively a phenomenon. You must know that yesterday I heard Mr. Gibbon talk like one of the most arrant knaves in existence upon the political state of Europe, and that I did not utter a word, although I was infinitely disgusted with the air of insolent confidence which accompanied his very first sentence. You must know that, urged by your candid friend the Marquis of Lansdowne to give my opinion, I contented myself with delivering these few sentences. 'I understand nothing of politics, and especially of Mr. Gibbon's politics; but I think I can pretty well guess the motives of political writers, because, solitary and studious in my habits, I am accustomed in the

[1] Quoted by de Loménie in LES MIRABEAU, vol. iii.

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writings of a man of letters to make out his principles, and principles are the key to everything.'" After a long attack on Gibbon's support of despotism against liberty he concludes thus: "I never could read his book without wondering that it should be written in English. At almost every moment, I was tempted to address Mr. Gibbon and to say to him, 'You an Englishman! No, that you are not;' and his admiration for an empire of more than two hundred millions of men, where there is not a single man who has the right to call himself free,—this effeminate philosophy which bestows more praise upon luxury and pleasure than upon virtue, — this style, always elegant but never energetic, — proclaims, at the very best, the slave of an Elector of Hanover! Could you have supposed, my friend, that words so softened down could have appeared to irritate Mr. Gibbon, and that he could have told me that he had no reply to make to abuse? As for me, I laughed. Oh! I assure you I make great progress in conciliating men."

When we remember the famous encounter between Gibbon and Johnson as recorded by Boswell, this account of Gibbon's reception of Mirabeau's criticisms does not surprise us; but what is astonishing is the undoubted fact that Gibbon was living at Lausanne at the time, that he was not at Lord Lansdowne's at all, and never had any controversy with the Count! That the whole scene was deliberately invented is highly improbable, but whom did Mirabeau mistake for the great historian? Was there ever any controversy of the kind with any one at Lord Lansdowne's? Or, was the whole scene entirely a figment of Mirabeau's brilliant imagination? Fancy reluctantly abandons an encounter between these two immortals, and has to content herself with the undoubted fact that Mirabeau once met John Wilkes and severely trounced him in argument at Mr. Brand Hollis's table. Wilkes, probably from love of paradox, was stoutly supporting the brutalities of the existing English criminal code, maintaining that it inculcated a fine contempt of death, and putting forward similar sophistries. Mirabeau easily vanquished him in argument but, "not satisfied with this was determined to crush him with his eloquence. He declaimed with vehemence, talked of Wilkes's profound immorality, and with a man less cool, less indifferent about the truth, and less skilled in avoiding any personal quarrel than Wilkes, the dispute would probably have been attended with very serious consequences."

This love of controversy with celebrated men must have made Mirabeau anything but a welcome guest at most dinner-tables. His qualities, no less than his defects, demanded a larger stage than the chance encounters of society afforded. Of his countrymen resident in London Mirabeau did not see many.[1] He spent much time in studying the political institutions of this country, and as to these his profound sagacity and faculty for statesmanship led him to conclusions marvellously accurate, which bore fruit later on. Some of the most important proposals made by him in the National Assembly owe their conception to the lessons he had learned here; notably

[1] This is not surprising when we read what de Loménie, in his work on LES MIRABEAU, says of the French journalists in London at that time: "Almost all the French journalists in London were adventurers who shrank from no brutality, no slander, no lies even; the most feared of all, Morande, had made a regular business of black-mailing."

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his scheme for choosing some of the Ministers from among the Deputies, which the insane jealousy and short-sightedness of his fellow-members prevented by the decrees of the 6th and 7th of October. He was present at the opening of Parliament in January, 1785, and saw Lady Hastings blazing with jewels worth £50,000, the spoils of provinces which the ineptitude of the French Government had lost to his own countrymen. The splendour of these ill-gotten gains fascinated Mirabeau, recalling to him Pliny's celebrated account of Lollia Paulina the consort of Caligula; for the charges against Warren Hastings were already common talk. The parliamentary spectacle itself he did not find very imposing.

As to the actual literary work he accomplished in London, it was small. DOUTES SUR LA LIBERTE DE L'ESCAUT, some notes on Necker's Budget, and the ESSAY ON THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS were all he had to show; but he had studied and reflected, and he carried away with him a vivid impression of the true sources of the political freedom of his temporary residence.

He was no Anglomaniac, and saw clearly all the disadvantages under which our Government was labouring at that time. In his view the freedom of speaking and writing which we enjoyed redeemed the many and grievous abuses which still flourished. Shortly before leaving us he wrote thus to Chamfort: "No, my friend, I am no enthusiastic admirer of England, and I know enough of it now to say that, if its Constitution is the best known, its Administration is the worst possible, and that, if the Englishman is the freest social being in the world, the English people is one of the least free that exists. I believe that, as individuals, we are worth more than they. I believe they have no justification for their fierce pride. But what after all is Liberty when the little there is of it in one or two good laws places in the first rank a people so little favoured by Nature? What cannot a Constitution do since this one, though incomplete and defective, saves, and will save for some time yet, the most corrupt nation on earth from its own corruption? What is not the influence of a small number of favourable gifts to the human race worth when this people, obstinate, ignorant, bigoted (it is all that) greedy, and almost tainted with 'Punic faith,' is worth more than most existing nations, because it has civil liberty? In that it is admirable."

Thus accurately, on the whole, had he gauged the true source of our greatness. Later, he sought to confer the same boon on France, and might well have succeeded had he not cruelly expiated the sins of his earlier days at the very time when his life became of inexpressible value to his country.[1] But, as has been truly said, the sins of his youth remained the sins of his maturer years. He never shook off that fatal coil. Even Madame de Nehra, the only woman who would have seemed capable of affording him the love and care which his nature demanded from a companion, met him too late in life. He left England in March, 1785, and not long after his own errors brought about a separation. Many of his ephemeral infidelities she forgave; but when he almost entirely abandoned her society for that of a creature like Madame Lejay she left him for good. When they separated, all hope for Mirabeau of ever enjoying anything approaching domestic peace van-

[1] Dumont tells us that he often saw Mirabeau during the last year of his life weeping bitterly and saying, "I am cruelly expiating the follies of my youth."

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ished for ever. Too truly he had written to her from this country, when she had gone to France to make his peace with the government: "Your absence takes away the best part of my life. Ah, Henriette, if ever some evil spirit were to step between us, if ever you were to abandon me to my fate, I could seek distraction only in the whirlwind of pleasure. There would be no more happiness for me; but there would soon be death." After a succession of painful and intolerable scenes, the lady left France and returned for a time to England. She received much help and kindness from Lord Lansdowne, and indeed she deserved all the gratitude that Mirabeau's friends had to give. She had abandoned to him a large part of her own slender resources: she had been instrumental in securing his return to his own country by her insistence with the Baron de Breteuil; and she had consecrated to him the best of her life. Yet, in spite of the ill return she met with, she had the sweetness of disposition and the clearness of vision to recognise the greatness of the man amid all the vices and follies of his life. "If to defend my own cause and principles," she wrote in later years, "I must speak of the errors of him whom we have loved, let us remember that M. de Mirabeau must never be confounded with ordinary men. From the fiery nature of his passions sprang also that energy which produced so much that was good and great. I dare affirm that his heart was sound, that he admired virtue more than anybody, and that he enthusiastically loved everything noble." The elder Mirabeau, the Friend of Man and the worst enemy of his son, had said truly long before: "If that man had a wife not spoiled, or only possessed of common sense, she could do with him what she liked." How different might the future of France have been had Mirabeau met a Madame de Nehra before his disastrous marriage! Among all the love-stories of great men there is perhaps hardly one more tragic than this episode in Mirabeau's wild and Titanic career.

The history of his sojourn in this country gives in truth an epitome of his whole life; what he had been and was to be are all found here in miniature. The grossness, the licence, the arrogance, the intolerable self-assertion and self-deception which furnish the darker shades to his character were abundantly present; but on the other hand we have the personal charm, the power of winning and bestowing affection, the marvellous insight into affairs, and the profound judgment which were to make him immortal.

W. B. Duffield.

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A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

It seems certain that our trade is being taken from us in many quarters; and that this is happening because our rivals are better equipped for the work to be done, in a word, are better educated than we are. A schoolmaster is bound to ask himself why, and in what particulars, this is so, and how it can be remedied, for, as the result of long observation, I cannot accept the prevalent theory that schools are too few, or that schoolmasters are perversely adhering to obsolete methods and subjects of teaching. The fault would seem to lie rather with the curious system on which our business-houses enrol recruits in the great army of British commerce. This system might have been expressly devised to exclude all young fellows gifted with brains and energy from a mercantile career; it is at all events disastrously successful in barring the way against all who have not special interest at their backs, and in paralysing the brains and energy of those whom it does not bar. For instance in September last The Times published a list of sixty-six successful candidates for appointments in the Home and Indian Civil Services. These young men, nearly the pick of their year at Oxford and Cambridge, have been specially chosen to do the business of the Empire; and yet if they had hawked themselves for employment round the City of London, they could not have found it on any terms at all, always supposing that they were without interest; for no firm will look at a young man of two-and-twenty who has not already learned the routine of the factory or office.

Some firms object to what they call "a gentleman," and prefer to take boys from the elementary schools; and they would be right, if the commerce of a great nation could be administered by men whose schooling had been cut short in their thirteenth or fourteenth year. But at the present time most firms prefer boys of about sixteen or seventeen with a better accent and manner, boys, in short, of a gentlemanly address, as the saying goes. It is unfortunate that, while taking boys at this more advanced age, they are not careful to secure that their education shall be proportionately advanced. So long as the applicant shows some knowledge of arithmetic and can write and spell tolerably, no further demands are made; a sixth-form boy has no better chance of obtaining a good appointment than his schoolfellow of the same age who is several forms below him. Of course I shall be told that this is inevitable, because the particular firm can make no use of the extra acquirements of the sixth-form boy, a point to which I will return later; but for the present I may take it that every firm desires and could make use of such qualities as industry, energy, and intelligence, of the habit of facing and overcoming difficulties, and of honestly and punctually performing the duties that present themselves, whatever they may be. Now the boy who has worked his way to the sixth form of a good school has thereby given public proof that he possesses a fair measure of these qualities, and he may be reasonably expected to go on as he has begun; on

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the other hand the boy who has stagnated in a low form has given equal proof that he lacks some or all of these qualities, and he too may be reasonably expected to go on as he has begun; hard necessity may compel him to do some work, but it will be the irreducible minimum; he will be at best a reluctant, and therefore an inefficient, slave. Now the average British boy is not naturally such a creature as that; but he can be, and very often is reduced to such a state. Consider his circumstances: he is born in a family living on an income of from £300 to £500; he is destined for a mercantile career, but will not be sent to work till he is sixteen or seventeen, which will allow him at least nine years of school life; at the end of that time he is not required to have learned any more than an elementary schoolboy in the sixth standard, who will be twelve or thirteen years old. In fact when taken to be introduced to his prospective employer, if he is indiscreet enough to mention that he has been doing any more advanced work, be it even mathematics or science, he will be coldly told, "We have no use for that here." When employers adopt that position, it is only natural that boys and parents should also accept it, and act upon it, as they do. Then, when the schoolmasters, feeling responsible for these additional four years of school-life, try to get some corresponding result to show for them, they are met by the parent's objection that the higher work, whatever it may be, will never be of any use to the boy. By the employment of prizes and punishments (bribes and coercion), and by appealing to the spirit of emulation, a certain modicum of work is extorted from a few of these boys; but most of them are prepared to believe that they could not win a prize if they tried; and after all, why should they try to excel in doing what they believe not to be worth doing at all? To be sure, the teacher professes that the subject is both useful and interesting; but other people, apparently in a position to know better, vehemently deny the usefulness. Thus on one side stands the boy's natural objection to work, and especially to futile work; on the other side there is only the coercive power of the master,—which alone can never produce good work. Hence a large proportion of boys leave school extremely ignorant of what they have spent years in nominally learning.

Unfortunately they have learned something else. During the most impressionable years of their life their schooling has been their business; but instead of doing it with their might, they have done it as slaves; in place of acquiring habits of working heartily, strenuously, and to the best of their power, they have attained considerable skill in shirking and scamping their work, and have grown content to shirk and scamp it. They have acquired not only the bad habit of making excuses, but the still worse habit of believing in them; so that when they encounter some trivial obstacle, instead of overcoming it, and thereby gaining strength of character and intellect, they nurse the difficulty and make the most of it, their one fear being that the schoolmaster may not think it big enough even to pass muster as an excuse. Yet the worst specimens of this type seem to find employment as readily as the best boy we can produce, and more readily, if the best boy has not equal influence behind him. Since I have had charge of this school above a thousand boys must have left it to enter on some form of business-life; perhaps fifty of them have found employment with firms who applied

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to me to recommend candidates; but, so far as I know, not one boy of all the rest has been either helped or hindered by his school-record, which could hardly have been obtained without my knowledge. It is true that the various Guarantee Societies ask me if the boy has been sober, steady, and honest; but they take no trouble about his efficiency, neither does any one else. In fact these first appointments are clearly a matter of favour and patronage, without regard to merit, and there is practically no other road into mercantile life. The inevitable result is that the mercantile world is vastly overstocked with hopeless, helpless drudges, but very scantily furnished with men capable of holding their own in competition with the educated foreigner. Meantime, because in England everyone must "begin at the beginning" and "not be above his work," and so forth, want of employment drives from our shores yearly many young men of far better habits, better brains, better physique, better manners, and better education in every sense than the average recruits of commerce. They are turned into Colonial police, farm-labourers, bushmen, and the like, while we are losing our trade for lack of the enterprise and education which they could supply were they allowed. They are barred because as boys they showed such brains and industry that their education was continued; if at fourteen or fifteen years old they had proved themselves to be incurably idle and stupid their parents would not have kept them longer at school, and they would have been forthwith eligible as recruits to the ranks of British commerce.

My contention then is that our commerce is paralysing itself by deliberately excluding from its ranks, so far as possible, all those who as schoolboys have shown ability, industry, and the desire to make use of their opportunities or to do the duty that lay before them; and perhaps even more by the moral and intellectual injury the system does to those it admits, by leading or compelling them to believe that their schooling, beyond the elementary stage, is a mere device for killing time till they are old enough for business.

It will be answered that the whole of the trouble arises from the perversity of schoolmasters, who persist in teaching (or failing to teach) mere accomplishments that are of no practical use in the world. Boys would willingly learn, and parents and employers would urge them to learn, anything useful; but Greek and Latin, —or if you come to that, Euclid and Algebra—who wants them?

What then is useful knowledge, that is to say, knowledge which *directly* ensures to its possessor a larger salary than he would otherwise command? For, in plain words, that is what men of business mean by useful knowledge as contrasted with accomplishments; knowledge that can be *immediately* turned into money. To find this out, nine years ago I printed a series of questions and sent them round to some two hundred and fifty of the leading firms in Bristol. Not only was I always answered courteously, but it was clear that a large proportion of the writers had been sincerely interested, and taken much trouble to reply fully, clearly, and accurately. But I learned nothing new, except that Bristol trade can make use of seven or eight languages, including French and German. This, however, suggested a line of reflection which is worth following. Russian is one of the languages specified. Every now and then it appears some young man in Bristol urgently needs a knowledge of Russian, and nothing else will serve his turn: French or German

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will be as useless to him as Latin or Greek. Now Russian is obviously not needed by everybody; but then, neither is any other branch of knowledge that can be named, beyond the three R's. Of those most commonly found useful, each one is after all useful only to a very small percentage of the persons who have learned it; nor is it possible, while a boy is at school, to map out his future so precisely as to foresee which of these subjects, if any, will prove directly lucrative to him, and which must be learned for other reasons, if at all. Hence, although numberless branches of knowledge are highly useful to individuals, all branches alike must for the majority of schoolboys be reckoned as accomplishments, being useful only in what must be regarded as exceptional and accidental instances; to learn any one or other of these things, merely on the chance of some day being able to convert it into cash, would be but a reckless speculation,—sheer gambling against heavy odds.

The truth is that men of business are seeking the Philosopher's Stone. They are in quest of knowledge convertible into cash on demand; knowledge moreover of which the value shall be obvious to children, and which children can acquire without toil and pain, because every stage of its acquisition shall be interesting. The quest is vain. Nothing of the kind exists, and if our children are to learn, they must learn things which perhaps may, but most probably will not, directly bring in money; they must learn that in which they can see no kind of value, taking the need for learning it solely on the word of their parents and teachers; lastly, they must learn what can only be acquired at the cost of infinite pains and hours of weary drudging. The great misfortune of our time is the prevalent delusion that these conditions can be escaped, and that knowledge worth having can be got somehow without paying Nature's price for it. Then is it worth its price? If it is likely to have no direct cash-value, what value has it at all? For what practical purpose is a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who can translate a chapter of Thucydides into tolerably accurate English, better than his schoolfellow of the same age who can do nothing of the sort? May not the latter even be the cleverer fellow of the two, and possibly also, in his own line, the more vigorous? Perhaps he may be; but where is the evidence for it? For the larger half of his life, in fact ever since his father took him out of the nursery and put him to school, probably at a cost involving considerable self-denial, that boy's duty, work, business, opportunity, or what you will, has been his schooling. The result shows that the duty has been left undone, the work shirked, the business postponed to pleasure, the opportunity thrown away. If he be naturally clever and active he has not the excuse of stupidity or indolence; he can be explained only on the hypothesis of perversity, a much commoner bar to usefulness and success than is generally supposed. Numbers of men who are neither stupid nor idle fail in life because the thing they are wanted to do is the one thing in the world which they will not do on any terms. But has not the other boy, by means of his very virtues, been led into a misdirection of his ability and a waste of his time? Might he not at least have been better employed than in learning Greek?

On this point some light may be obtained by considering on what grounds the study of any subject is to be desired for our children. These grounds seem to be four. The subject may be chosen: (1) As the means of earning money. (2) As an accom-

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plishment, raising them more or less in the estimation of those around them and adding to the fulness and pleasure of life by widening their interests. (3) As a moral discipline. (4) As an intellectual gymnastic.

As already said, No. 1 seems to me not worth taking into account (except as an indirect result of Nos. 3 and 4), because the large majority of those who do take account of it are certain to be disappointed. Thirty years ago chemistry was going to prove the Philosopher's Stone, and now I suppose every well-found school has its laboratory; but it is probably far in excess of the fact to reckon that five per cent. of those who work in these laboratories will ever make any part of their living by chemistry. Happily No. 2 seems to attend impartially on every branch of knowledge; so much so that whoever has followed any line of study evidently finds it difficult to believe that life without it can be other than insipid. Assuming then that No. 1 is generally unattainable, and No. 2 common to all studies, we need not consider them in judging the value of Greek or any other subject. Thus we are thrown back on moral discipline and mental gymnastic. For practical life, for a business career, what a boy wants is the mental gymnastic and the moral discipline which he ought to get out of his schooling, and would get, whatever subject he took up, if he worked at it honestly and strenuously. But what moral discipline does the boy meant for business now miss, and the studious boy get? First of all there is the habit of doing the duty of the moment (that is to say, of attending to business), not because it is pleasant, for it very rarely is so, but because it ought to be done. The successful student, the boy who is really getting on at school, has learned to practise this voluntarily, and to a degree far beyond what a schoolmaster can demand of him under threat of punishment. Secondly, there is the habit of obedience; the boy does the work because it is enjoined upon him by competent authority, and in deference to the better informed opinion of his parents and teachers; for it is impossible for a schoolboy to know or understand the reasons why he is set to do this or that particular piece of work. These habits, without which success at school is unattainable, strike the plain man as the best possible equipment for a beginner in commerce. The lack of them, the want of diligence and seriousness in work, was strongly complained of in many of the answers returned to me in 1888. Now these essential habits can only be got by practice, and that any sort of work will afford, if only it be done with diligence. School-work is as good as office-work, and of school-work, so far as I can judge, one subject is the same as another; Greek is neither better nor worse than French, or Mathematics, or Chemistry, as a moral discipline. Thus there remains only the 4th point,—mental gymnastic. Now the mention of mental gymnastic is apt to be received with impatience by practical men, who demand what they are pleased to call useful knowledge; yet they are content with the physical exercises taught in every gymnasium, though the value of these is purely indirect; for who wants in his ordinary life to revolve round a horizontal bar, or balance himself head downwards on his hands? At the same time every one who has the muscular power gained by these quaint exercises is very glad to possess it, and finds many occasions for turning it to account. And so it is with study. Men of business may protest that a knowledge of the Theory of Equations, let us say, or the ability to translate Thucydides, is of no use

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in their office; yet the boy who has acquired either of these seemingly futile accomplishments, has in the process acquired also certain intellectual powers and habits which the man of business would be no less pleased than surprised to find in most of his subordinates; for they, if I may be pardoned for saying it, are often sadly deficient in mental gymnastic, and are therefore beaten by their better trained competitors from Germany.

But what, it may be asked, does the intellect gain by such a course of gymnastic? Firstly, the power of concentration is very greatly increased, —the power, in fact, of not wasting time while professedly at work. No doubt everyone wastes some part of his time, even when he thinks he is working at high pressure; but for the unpractised brain anything like continuous effort is impossible. But while the studious boy is by hard practice gaining a daily increasing power of concentrating his attention, his fellow, who is sure that schoolwork "is of no use," is gaining a daily increasing power of letting *his* wits go woolgathering. Which of the two should be reasonably expected to make the better man of busiuess? Secondly, the studious boy learns to grapple with and to master, while the other learns to shirk, intellectual difficulties. He finds out by experience that he *can* master them by an effort; and this experience, combined with the additional strength of will and intellect gained in acquiring it, will stand him in good stead on any future occasion. The student, in short, has learned how to learn; as will become apparent when he goes to "learn the business," whatever it may be. Thirdly, he will have learned the difference between knowing and not knowing; for of some subject or other he will have acquired a fair knowledge, sufficient, probably, to make him feel how ignorant he still is of that particular subject, while realising how much less he knows of everything else. These two powers of recognising his own ignorance and of going the right way to acquire the knowledge of which he finds himself in need, would seem likely to prove a useful combination in business. But, like the power of fixing the attention, they can be gained only by hard and long practice,—in other words by a regular course of mental gymnastic; and such a course is afforded by any serious study systematically pursued.

A boy then of sixteen or seventeen who can give an intelligent translation of Thucydides thereby proves himself able and industrious, capable of forgoing many opportunities of enjoyment, and of concentrating his mind instead on long spells of uninviting and arduous labour, the purpose of which he had necessarily to take on trust. Is not this the very essence of "good business-habits"? And if Greek were otherwise as useless as the practical man imagines, yet since it affords means of practising these habits and of proving that they have been successfully established, is not Thucydides as useful to the character and intellect as dumb-bells or the horizontal bar are to the muscles of the body? I specify Greek because Greek incurs the special scorn and dislike of the practical man; but if any non-elementary study is to be defended at all as a school-subject, it can only be defended by similar arguments. None will be directly useful except to a few specialists; but any of them may be of the highest value as a moral discipline and intellectual gymnastic; and in life knowledge counts for less than intellectual power, and both together are of less consequence than character, which is formed, in most cases irrevocably, by the discipline or indiscipline of boyhood.

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But your practical man of business cares for none of these things; he fails to distinguish between education and the acquisition of some scraps of more or less useless knowledge, and is confident that business-habits cannot be learned at school. On the other hand I maintain that school is the very place where habits of business ought to be, can be, and in some cases are learned; and that to teach these habits is infinitely the most important part of the schoolmaster's duty, while the instrument he uses (languages, mathematics, or science) is a secondary detail. I further maintain that un-business habits can be, and far too often are learned at school, and that the responsibility for this rests mainly with the men of business, because of their short-sighted refusal to pay any attention to the school-record, which robs boys of their strongest and most intelligible, if not their highest, motive for doing their duty during the eight or nine years they spend at school. If it be answered that commercial men know their own business best, I ask whether existing facts bear out the statement. Who thought of German competition twenty-five or even twenty years ago? But now we are told constantly of some fresh market which the Germans have wrested from us in fair fight. Then the cry goes up for Parliament to give protection, or for our ambassadors to secure valuable concessions for Englishmen, or for our consuls to put them in the way of doing business. But the consuls retort that the difficulty lies in the ignorance and stupidity of the men sent abroad to represent British commerce. For example: they do not know the language of the country; but why then do not they learn it? Probably they could not in any reasonable time, because they have never learned how to learn a language or anything else. The drudgery of learning is a hardship which they have not been used to face; what they have learned is how to shirk such tasks, and to offer a passable excuse for shirking them, and then to feel themselves happily freed from all further responsibility. The employer at home may fume, but has only himself to thank; he "had no use for" anything different from what he has got, and the more active brains have therefore drifted off to some over-crowded profession, or into the service of the Government.

It may now be asked what can men of business do to remedy this state of things? It is clearly impossible for the commercial community, and still more impossible for the individual firm, to inspire public opinion with juster views of the value of knowledge, or of disciplined intelligence. Yet it is easily in their power to help themselves; they have only to insist that any boy who asks them for employment must be able to produce a satisfactory school-record. If the boy had been in other employment only eight or nine months, he would not be taken without careful inquiry into his efficiency in his former situation; why then is there no enquiry into his efficiency, or lack of it, as shown in the eight or nine years spent at school? He will not undergo any magical change on leaving school; if he has been a dolt or an idler up to Christmas, he will not be anything different at the New Year in virtue of having changed his school-desk for an office-desk. This record, however, should not be taken from his schoolmaster, or not from him alone. Schoolmasters cannot be expected to point out, or always even to see the defects in their own pupils; and of those defects which they do see they will be liable to take an exaggerated view. Their report needs verification certainly, and probably

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correction, from some independent and impartial authority. In the case of the elementary schools this is supplied by H.M. Inspectors and their standards; for secondary schools it is offered by Local and other examinations of the Universities, and attested by the formal certificates which the Universities give. I would suggest that no boy from a secondary school should be admitted to a post in which anything more than mere mechanical drudgery will ever be needed, unless he can produce a certificate of having passed at least the Oxford or Cambridge Junior Local Examination. This would represent a standard of attainment within the reach of even a dull boy who worked, and much lower than a fairly intelligent boy ought to achieve; but it is above the present average attainment of boys going into business. The individual firms which insisted on this qualification would at once effect an economy of time and trouble by excluding the host of inferior applicants for junior posts, and would also avoid the risk of taking them into their service. This last is aimed at, but not reached, by the sort of examination which some private firms attempt to conduct for themselves, and which is really unfair to both sides; because judicious examining requires time, thought, and experience, which cannot possibly be forthcoming where the examiner is an amateur at best, and engrossed in other more urgent business.

But if it became the regular thing for firms to demand this qualification, and if it was known to boys and their parents that it had to be acquired, then the boys would have a motive they could understand for attending to their school-work, where now they have none; and such an improvement, not to say revolution, would be wrought in English schools as can never be effected by any schemes for organising secondary education. For most boys, like most men, are neither very good nor very bad: a few can hardly be prevented from working and learning; a few cannot be made to work or learn; but the majority will work if they have a motive; and for many of these the need of passing an examination would make all the difference; they would grow up to be reasonably industrious where they now become incurably idle. This change,—which needs no Parliamentary powers, no reports of Royal Commissions, no new machinery of any kind, no increased expenditure—would appreciably raise the mental standard of the rank and file of our commerce, and be still more valuable by its effect on their tone, and the tone of the schools from which they are drawn. Working, instead of shirking, would become the keynote. Yet it would not probably have any perceptible tendency to bring into the commercial service a higher class of recruit; commerce would still enlist identically the same recruits as at present, only they would have to come unspoiled by idleness, and more or less improved by what they had learned.

But is a higher class of recruits necessary? All the commercial men whose opinions I have been able to learn would say that the boys they now get, if only they were pushing enough, are just what they want, and all they want; but there, I venture to suggest, current commercial opinion is mistaken, and is shown to be mistaken by our failure to compete with the Germans. When a boy has once got his neck in the collar he will not learn much more beyond what he can acquire in the course of his daily work; and this is undeniably valuable, so far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. Wider knowledge and better-trained brains are

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needed; and if they are to be attracted into the service, then men of business will have to emancipate themselves from some superstitions, and instead of shutting the door against educated men, as at present, must compete for the services of those young men who now find employment in Government offices at home or abroad, or in schools, or other professions. It is indeed remarkable that men of business have not long since been struck by the value a leaven of such men might have in their service, when it is apparent that they are conspicuously successful in the various civil professions, and enjoy a monopoly of access to the upper grades of the Civil Service. Purblind students they may be; but in India they have fought plague and famine combined as plague and famine have never been fought before. Again in the ranks of commerce itself are to be found here and there stray specimens of University men, some of them winners of the highest honours, who to all appearance succeed in holding their own very comfortably. Most frequently perhaps they are to be found at the head of banking-firms, which we may assume is no place for amateurs or *dilettanti*; but they may also be found among our leading manufacturers and merchants, and it is to be remembered that they entered on a mercantile life in circumstances that might easily have prevented their success. They came in as the sons of their fathers, well-off at least, if not rich, from the beginning, and yet had resolution to drudge at the work as hard as any clerk. But the class from which I should like to see recruits enrolled is not encumbered with wealth. It consists of young men whose only capital is their own energy, brains, and education; who must enter on any business or profession knowing that they must work, and succeed, or starve; men whose school-record shows that they can work to some purpose, and as a matter of fact for the preceding ten years have worked, not fitfully, but steadily and resolutely. They would have everything to learn, no doubt; but they would be aware of it, and the rapidity and thoroughness with which they would learn would be a revelation to their employers. And then, when they had familiarised themselves with the business, they would meet the German on his own ground with his own weapons, and would beat him. But he is not to be beaten by boys of the sixth or seventh standard who have been taken from school at twelve or fourteen and thenceforward had their minds confined within the narrow limits of their employer's business, or rather such small part of it as he allows them to see. Still less will victory attend on those others who have indeed had a longer school-life, but have made no use of it, or worse than none.

There is of course, and always must be, a vast amount of mere routine work to be done, for which this cheap unskilled labour is probably good enough; but the forces of commerce, just as much as of the army and navy, need educated officers. The time is gone by for trusting to mere good conduct and mother-wit. These things are indispensable, no doubt, but they cannot stand up against good conduct and mother-wit strengthened by education, any more than cast iron can compete with steel, or flint muskets with Maxim guns. If our manufacturers and merchants will appreciate this indisputable fact and find means to act upon it, well and good; if not, their defeat is inevitable. But it is they, and they alone, who can do anything. No tinkering at our educational system will have any effect;

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nor will it profit us to lavish money on building more schools, or to teach more subjects in those we already have. What alone can save us from disaster is for employers to grasp the difference between educated and uneducated labour, and to find courage to make free use of the better kind, even though its prime cost be greater. They should reflect that they are selling the privilege of entering their service to the boys whom they take. The boys buy the privilege with the brains and attainments they can offer; when the seller has once named his price he may be driven to take less, but it is quite certain he will not get more. The firms have named the price they are willing to take: it is handwriting and quickness at figures; as in other dealings, the price they actually get is generally a good deal less. Since they find the business does not pay at these rates, their obvious remedy is to raise their price. They should demand in addition guarantees that the applicant possesses some degree of ability, and has acquired the habit of using it; still better, they might select out of all the applicants for a post the one who showed the highest guarantees. Let us suppose that half a dozen candidates had passed the Local examination; they should prefer the boy who had gained a first class to the one who had gained a second, and either of them to those who had merely "passed."

But these, it will be said, are the unpractical dreamings of a schoolmaster; men of business know better. Being over-weighted with ignorance and stupidity among their servants they propose to lighten the load by improving education out of existence. For that is the true meaning of making it "technical": it means abandoning the attempt to develope a boy's faculties, and substituting for it a system of "cramming" in the worst sense of the word; it means teaching him a few practical applications of principles which he does not understand, and is assumed to be incapable of understanding, than which it would be hard to devise surer means of preventing his intellectual growth. Surely there is a more excellent way than this. Or is there no longer grit enough left in Englishmen to insist that for all boys alike, and not only for those who are intended for professional careers, schools shall become places of serious, persistent, self-denying labour, instead of being treated as a sort of glorified *crèches* for big babies?

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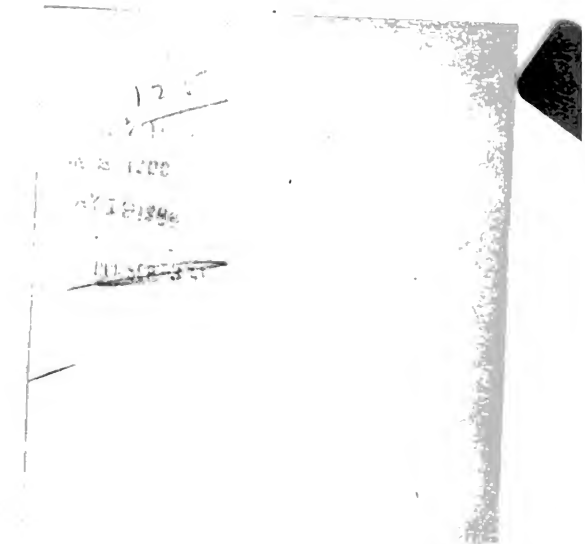
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